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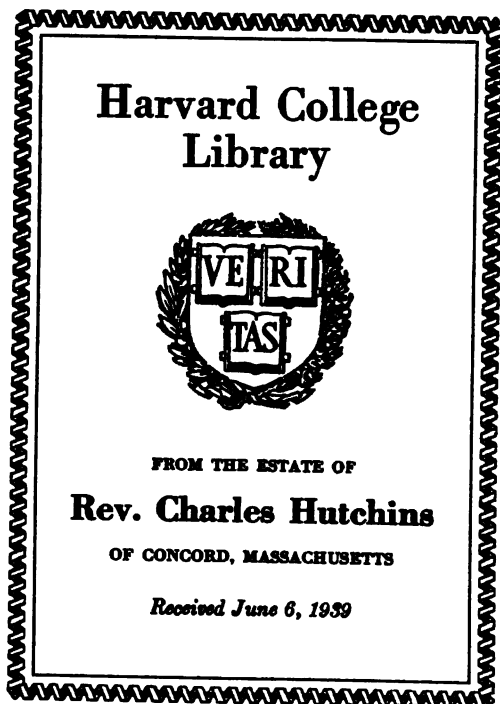
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THE HYMNAL

REVISED AND ENLARGED

BEING THE PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE
COMMITTEE ON THE HYMNAL, APPOINTED
BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION OF 1886

NEW YORK
JAMES POTT & CO., PUBLISHERS

1889

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PREFACE.

THE Committee on the Hymnal has been occupied for nearly two years and a half in the discharge of the duty intrusted to it by the General Convention. It is not prepared, nor is it yet required by the resolution under which it was appointed, to publish its full report, with the final shape in which the Hymnal may be recommended to the Convention. But the work has so far progressed that it has been decided to print the results at present reached, in order that the Church may have abundant time for a careful examination of them.

In its task of selection and arrangement, the Committee had it in view:

To make a distinction between hymns for common and hymns for special use, placing the latter in an Appendix, yet with continuous numbering, so that they may be available at any and all times;

To make larger provision than heretofore for Holy Days and for special events;

To secure a number of hymns appropriate to the later portions of the longer festival seasons;

To place as many as possible of the hymns for the various seasons under the heading of "General," where they can be readily found by means of the first-line references, and yet where they will more naturally come into use throughout the year;

To group together, as far as possible, the hymns placed under that heading, according to their thought, and to arrange them generally after the plan of the book itself;

To use plural pronouns wherever it was possible;

To separate slightly between the fourth and fifth lines of eight-line hymns so as to facilitate the use of single tunes; also, to secure an even number of verses in four-line hymns, so that double tunes might be available when preferred;

To print *Amens* only when following a petition or an ascription of praise.

An Index of Subjects has been provided as well as references by first lines.

Thanks are due and rendered for permission to use Hymns from other selections.

Committee.	{	W. C. DOANE, D.D., Bp. of Albany, <i>Chairman</i> ,
		B. H. PADDOCK, D.D., Bp. of Massachusetts,
		F. COURTNEY, D.D.,
		SAMUEL BENEDICT, D.D.,
		A. Z. GRAY, D.D.,
		H. W. NELSON, JR., <i>Secretary</i> ,
		HENRY COPPÉE,
		JAMES S. BIDDLE,
W. K. ACKERMAN.		



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HYMNS.

I. Daily Prayer.

MORNING.

- 1 L. M.
- 1 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
- 6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.
Amen:

PART I.

- 2 L. M.
- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

- 3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 4 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

PART II.

- 1 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

- 3 L. M.
- 1 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face.
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night
- 2 Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above;
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

DAILY PRAYER—MORNING.

4 So gladly let us pass the day,
With thoughts as pure as morning ray,
Our faith as strong as midday light,
Our souls undimmed by shades of night.

5 O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts be borne;
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.
Amen.

4 5.5.10.5.5.10.

1 Framers of the light,
Who from out the night
The dawn of joyous day again dost bring,
On our darkened eyes,
Bid Thy bright beams rise;
Of endless glory teach us, Lord, to sing.

2 By Thy mercy still
Spared our place to fill,
O Father, be it ours Thy name to bless;
Sheltered by Thy power,
In each fleeting hour,
Thy children guide to paths of holiness.

8 Raised from death-like sleep,
Ever may we keep
Alive within us thoughts of that great day!
Grant the ready mind,
Give us grace to find,
The strait gate unto life—the narrow way.

4 Onward to the goal
Lead each striving soul,
Upheld by strength divine Thy grace supplies;
While it still is day,
May we win our way
Towards the mark and our high calling's prize. Amen.

5 P. M.

1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to Him who made this splendor
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With His care thy helpless hours.

8 Think that He thy ways beholdeth,
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

6 L. M.

1 Now that the daylight fills the sky,
We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say,
Would keep us free from harm to-day;

2 Would guard our tongue in every word,
Lest sounds of angry strife be heard;
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,
And close our ears from vanities;

8 Would keep our inmost conscience pure;
Our souls from folly would secure;
Would bid us check the pride of sense
With due and holy abstinence.

4 So we, when this new day is gone,
And night in turn is drawing on,
With conscience by the world unstained,
Shall praise His Name for victory gained.

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

7

7s.

- 1 Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day:
For Thy mercies, Lord, are sure;
Thy compassion doth endure.
- 2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.
- 3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.
- 4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unailing prayer and praise. Amen.

8

7s.

- 1 As the sun doth daily rise,
Brightening all the morning skies,
So to Thee with one accord
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.
- 2 Thou, by Whom all things are fed,
Give us for the day our bread;
Strength unto our souls afford
From the Bread of heaven, O Lord.
- 3 Be our guard in sin and strife;
Be the leader of our life;
While we daily search Thy Word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.
- 4 When the sun withdraws his light,
When we seek our rest at night,
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.
- 5 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured
Save the tempted ones, O Lord. Amen.

[FRIDAY.]

L.M.

9

- 1 O Jesus, crucified for man,
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan
The mystery of Thy love unknown.
- 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly for Thine own dear sake
In paths of pain to follow Thee.
- 3 As on our daily way we go,
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,
Oh! may we bear Thy marks below
In conquered sin and chastened life.
- 4 And week by week this day we ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.
- 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the cross attain the crown.
Amen.

Also the following:

- 404 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty.
360 Shine on our souls, eternal God.
359 Creator of mankind.
444 Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.
664 My Father, for another night.

EVENING.

10

10.6.10.6.

- 1 O brightness of the immortal Father's face,
Most holy, heavenly, blest,
Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and
grace
Are visibly expressed:
- 2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one
The lamps of evening shine:
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son,
And Holy Ghost divine.
- 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive
Our hallowed praises, Lord:
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,
Through all the world adored. Amen.

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

11

L. M.

- 1 All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee;
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
All praise to Thee, eternal King?
- 7 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12

7.7.7.5.

- 1 Holy Father, cheer our way
With Thy love's perpetual ray:
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening-time.
- 2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears:
Grant us in our later years
Light at evening-time.
- 3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.
- 4 Holy, blessed Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee:
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

4

13

8.8.8.4.

- 1 The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.
- 2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.
- 3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky;
- 4 Where light, and life, and joy, and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;
- 5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,
Art Lord of all. Amen.

14

L. M.

- 1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

15

10s.

- 1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy
victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to
the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.
Amen.

16

L. M.

- 1 At even, when the sun did set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!
- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour, Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care;
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions bear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

- 5 And some have found the world is vain.
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 6 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 7 O Saviour, Christ, Thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;
- 8 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

17

C. M.

- 1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky,
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie;
- 2 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.
- 3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
- 4 The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.
- 5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our hearts
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart;
- 6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine:
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

7 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend:

8 Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose. Amen.

18

8s.

1 Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

4 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;
Let not our works by strife be soiled.
Nor by deceit our hearts ensnared.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

6 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels wretch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light. Amen.

19

7s.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee:

2 Thou, Whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:

4 Thou, Who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye. Amen.

20

8.7.

1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

DAILY PRAYER—EVENING.

5 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, Who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;

6 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light. Amen.

21 6.4.6.6.

1 The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast;

5 Save that His will be done,
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine. Amen.

22 7.6.7.6.8.8.

1 The day is past and over:
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee:
We pray Thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And save us through the coming night.

2 The joys of day are over:
We lift our hearts to Thee;
And call on Thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over;
We raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be:
O Jesus, keep us in Thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
For Thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.
Amen.

23 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.

1 God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night:
May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping.
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

24 S.M.

1 Our day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here ;
Too soon of praise we tire :
But oh, the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir !

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy Name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end ;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

25

10s.

1 The day is gently sinking to a close,
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight
glows :
O brightness of thy Father's glory, Thou
Eternal Light of Light, be with us now :
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be ;
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with
Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end ;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend :
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide,
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide ;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms
assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail :
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,
And hear Thy voice—" Fear not, for it is I."

8

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away ;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.
Amen.

26

6.5.

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh ;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky ;

2 Jesus, grant the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes. Amen.

Also the following :

667 Tarry with me, O my Saviour.
668 Inspirer and hearer of prayer.
669 Great God, to Thee, my evening song.

The Lord's Day.

27

7s.

1 On this day, the first of days,
God the Father's Name we praise ;
Who, creation's Lord and Spring,
Did the world from darkness bring.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 On this day the eternal Son
Over death His triumph won ;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

3 Oh that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light.

4 Father, Who didst fashion me
Image of Thyself to be,
Fill me with Thy love divine,
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy Jesus, may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee ;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

6 Thou, Who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart ;
Best of gifts, Thyself bestow ;
Make me burn Thy love to know.

7 God, the blessed Three in One,
Dwell within my heart alone ;
Thou dost give Thyself to me ;
May I give myself to Thee. Amen.

28

L. M.

1 This day, by Thy creative word
First o'er the earth the light was poured ;
O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again ;
O Jesus, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came,
With fiery tongues of cloven flame ;
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of light and life and grace,
From earthly toils sweet resting-place !
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,
We give again to God above.

29

14s.

1 As Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's
finished birth,
As Thou didst in Thy work rejoice, and bless
the new-born earth,
So give us now that Sabbath-rest, which
makes Thy children free,
Free for the work of love to man, of thank-
fulness to Thee.

2 But in Thy worship, Father, O lift our souls
above,
By holy word, by prayer and hymn, by eu-
charistic love ;
Till e'en the dull cold work of earth, the
earth which Christ hath trod,
Shall be itself a silent prayer, to raise us up
to God.

3 So lead us on to heaven, where in Thy pres-
ence blest,
"The wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest ;"
Where faith is lost in vision, where love hath
no alloy,
And through eternity there flows the deep-
ening stream of joy.

4 To Thee, Who giv'st us freedom, our Father
and our King ;
To Thee, the risen Lord of life, our ran-
somed spirits sing ;
Thou fill'st the Church in earth and heaven,
O Holy Ghost :—to Thee
In warfare's toil, in victory's rest, eternal
glory be. Amen.

30

L. M.

1 Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness,
On this day risen to set no more,
Shine on us now to heal and bless,
With brighter beams than e'er before.

2 Shine on Thy work of grace within,
On each celestial blossom there :
Destroy each bitter root of sin,
And make Thy garden fresh and fair.

3 Shine on Thy pure, eternal word,
Its mysteries to our souls reveal ;
And whether read, remembered, heard,
O let it quicken, strengthen, heal.

THE LORD'S DAY.

- 4 Shine on the temples of Thy grace:
Thy priests in righteousness be clad;
Unveil the brightness of Thy face;
And make Thy chosen people glad.
- 5 Shine on all those for whom we mourn,
Who know not yet Thy healing ray:
Quicken their souls and bid them turn
To Thee, "the Life, the Truth, the Way."
- 6 Shine, till Thy glorious beams shall chase
The blinding film from every eye;
Till every earthly dwelling-place
Shall hail the Dayspring from on high.
- 7 Shine on, shine on, eternal Sun!
Pour richer floods of life and light,
Till that bright Sabbath be begun—
That glorious day which knows no night.

31

7.6.

- 1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing, holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.
- 8 Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

10

- 4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls:
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls;
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams:
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One. Amen.

32

C.M.

- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God hath called His own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at His throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here Thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.
- 8 Spirit of grace! Oh deign to dwell
Within Thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.
- 4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.
- 5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which Thou hast called Thine own:
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at Thy throne.

33

S.M.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

THE LORD'S DAY.

2 The King Himself comes near
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here may we seek and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day of prayer and praise
His sacred courts within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And wait to hail the brighter day
Of everlasting bliss.

34

S.M.

1 This is the day of light:
Let there be light to-day;
O Day-spring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O vanquisher of death! Amen.

35

C.M.

1 And now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee;
Here lingering still, we ask for naught,
But simply worship Thee.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To mortals as we are;

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

36

10s.

1 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
Once more we bless Thee ere our worship
cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of
peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the
day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy
Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming
night,
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children
free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict
cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.
Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

37

L. M.

- 1 Almighty Father, bless the word,
Which through Thy grace we now have
heard:
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.
- 2 We praise Thee for the means of grace,
Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at last, in heaven appear.
Amen.

38

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
 - 2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.
 - 3 So that when Thy love shall call us,
Saviour, from the world away,
Fear of death shall not appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey.
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.
Amen.
- Also the following:

497 Lord of the worlds above.

II. The Christian Year.

ADVENT.

39

6.5.

- 1 Hark! the voice eternal,
Robed in majesty,
Calling into being
Earth and sea and sky;
Hark! in countless numbers
All the angel-throng
Hail creation's morning
With one burst of song.
High in regal glory,
Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite.

12

- 2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity;
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.
- 3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendor
Of that opening day.
Whilst in regal glory,
Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.
- 4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Jovously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of His hallowed life.
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King immortal,
Holy, infinite.
- 5 Lo! again He cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to His footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
Mid eternal light
Reign, Thou King immortal,
Holy, infinite.
- 6 Jesus! Lord and Master,
Prophet, Priest and King,
To Thy feet triumphant
Hallowed praise we bring.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

Thine the pain and weeping,
Thine the victory;
Power, and praise, and honor,
Be, O Lord, to Thee.
High in regal glory,
Mid eternal light,
Reign, O King immortal,
Holy, infinite. Amen.

[This hymn may be sung with or without the refrain,
as a Processional or not, as desired.]

40

8.7.

1 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

2 Wakened by the solemn warning.
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven:

4 That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

41

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 Lo, He comes with clouds descending,
Once for our salvation slain;
Thousand angel-hosts attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, returns to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear:
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air:
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear.

4 Yea, Amen; let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:
Alleluia!
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.
Amen.

42

8s.

1 Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all;
For, awful though Thine Advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of Thee:
Come, quickly come: for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin;
Come, quickly come: for Thou alone
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Come, quickly come, true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Come, quickly come: for grief and pain
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come: for round Thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known. Amen.

43

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding.
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

8 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling, they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, to Thee my spirit clings,
Thy boundless love declaring,
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,—
The Judge my nature wearing.
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

44

88.

1 Day of wrath! oh day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophets' warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

2 Oh, what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth.

3 Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth;
Through earth's sepulchers it ringeth;
All before the throne it bringeth.

4 Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

5 Lo! the book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded:
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

6 When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

7 What shall I, frail man, be pleading?
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing?

8 King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

9 Think, good Jesus, my salvation
Cost Thy wondrous incarnation;
Leave me not to reprobation!

10 Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the cross of suffering bought me.
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

11 Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

12 Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

13 Thou the sinful woman saved'st;
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

14 Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

15 With Thy favored sheep O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

16 While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

17 Bow my heart in meek submission,
Strewn with ashes of contrition;
Help me in my lost condition.

18 Day of sorrows, day of weeping,
When, in dust no longer sleeping,
Man awakes in Thy dread keeping!

19 To the rest Thou didst prepare him,
By Thy cross, O Christ, upbear him;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him.

Lord, all-pitying, Jesus blest,
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

45

L. M.

1 On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh;
Awake, and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without Thy grace we waste away,
Like flowers that wither and decay.

4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whose Advent doth Thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore. Amen.

46

7.6.

1 Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
And let your lights appear;
The evening is advancing,
And darker night is near.

The Bridegroom is arising,
And soon He will draw nigh;
Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle!
At midnight comes the cry.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
Look now for your salvation,
The end of sin and toil.

The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With alleluias clear.

3 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till, in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel choir.

The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

4 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!

With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with Thee! Amen.

47

8.7.8.7.4.7

1 Christ is coming! let creation
From her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase:
Christ is coming!
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory.
When Thou comest back to reign:
Christ is coming!
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long Thine exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee;
But in heavenly vestures shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see:
Christ is coming!
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that blessed hope before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty Advent-chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue:
Christ is coming!
Yea, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

48

8s.

1 O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel;
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

2 O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

3 O come, Thou Day spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ADVENT.

4 O come, Thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of might!
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

49 S.M.

1 Come, Lord, and tarry not!
Bring the long-looked-for day!
Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

4 Come, and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded paradise,—
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin Thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,
Great King of Righteousness! Amen.

50 6.6.8.6.6.6.8.6.6.

1 The Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits;—
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in garb of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to rest, and wake
Upon the glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the signs of grief,
Until her Lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

4 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!
Amen.

51 C.M.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim:
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

52 8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 O'er the distant mountains breaking
Comes the reddening dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
'Tis thy Saviour,
On His bright returning way.

2 O Thou long-expected! weary
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,
Where Thy light I do not see;
O my Saviour,
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour,
In Thy bright, Thy promised land.

4 With my lamp well trimmed and burning,
Swift to hear and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home.
Come my Saviour,
Thou hast promised: quickly come.

Amen.

Also the following:

423 The world is very evil.
424 Brief life is here our portion.
442 O heavenly Word, eternal Light.
363 Jesus came,—the heavens adoring.
563 Jesus, Life of those who die.
362 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.

CHRISTMAS.

53 P.M.

1 O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels:
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created:
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing, in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest;
O come, let us adore Him, etc.

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesus, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

54

7a.

1 Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

5 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

6 Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

17

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

55

78.

- 1 Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Unto us a Child is born,
Unto us a Son is given,
God Himself comes down from heaven;
Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn,
Jesus Christ to-day is born.
- 2 God of God, and Light of Light,
Comes with mercies infinite,
Joining in a wondrous plan
Heaven to earth, and God to man.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.
- 3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Deigns for ever now to dwell;
He on Adam's fallen race
Sheds the fulness of His grace.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.
- 4 God comes down that man may rise,
Lifted by Him to the skies;
Christ is Son of Man that we
Sons of God in Him may be.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.
- 5 Oh, renew us, Lord, we pray,
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That we ever one may be
With the Father and with Thee.
Sing, oh, sing, etc.

56

8.7.8.7.8.7.7.

- 1 Of the Father sole-begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore!
- 2 O that ever-blessed birthday,
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the Holy Ghost conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First displayed His sacred face,
Evermore and evermore!
- 3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!
Praise Him, angels in the height!
Every power and every virtue
Sing the praise of God aright:
Let no tongue of man be silent,
Let each heart and voice unite,
Evermore and evermore!

18

- 4 Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,
Thee let choirs of infants sing;
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
And the children answering:
Let their guileless song re-echo,
And their heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore!
- 5 Laud and honor to the Father!
Laud and honor to the Son!
Laud and honor to the Spirit!
Ever Threes and ever One:
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run,
Evermore and evermore! Amen.

57

C. M.

- 1 While shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
- 2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign;
- 4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease." Amen.

58

P. M.

- Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king;
- 1 Sion, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His
birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling.
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon
earth:
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—CHRISTMAS.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round:

How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are
crowned:

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bring-
ing,

And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and
the skies:

Shout the glad tidings, etc.

59

P.M.

1 O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

4 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel! Amen.

60

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

61

8.7.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly alleluias rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!"
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name to magnify,
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"

62

8.7.

- 1 Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
- 3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Amen.

63

C.M.

- 1 To hail Thy rising, Sun of life,
The gathering nations come;
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.
- 2 For Thou our burden hast removed;
The oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 3 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.
- 5 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard His throne above,
And peace abound below.

Also the following :

- 364 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy
kingly crown.
571 Once in royal David's city.

64

6.5

EPIPHANY.

- 1 From the eastern mountains
Pressing on they come,
Wise men in their wisdom
To His humble home;
Stirred by deep devotion,
Hasting from afar,
Ever journeying onward,
Guided by a star.
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man.
- 2 There their Lord and Saviour
Meek and lowly lay,
Wondrous Light that led them
Onward on their way,
Ever now to lighten
Nations from afar,
As they journey homeward
By that guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.
- 3 Thou Who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.
- 4 Gather in the outcasts,
All who have gone astray.
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way,
Those who never knew Thee,
Those who have wandered far,
Lead them by the brightness
Of Thy guiding Star.
Light of Light, etc.
- 5 Onward through the darkness
Of the lonely night,
Shining still before them
With Thy kindly light,
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,
Homeward from afar,
Young and old together,
By Thy guiding Star:—
Light of Light, etc.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

6 Until every nation,
Whether bond or free,
Neath Thy starlit banner,
Jesus, follows Thee
O'er the distant mountains
To that heavenly home,
Where nor sin nor sorrow
Evermore shall come.
Light of Light that shineth
Ere the worlds began,
Draw Thou near, and lighten
Every heart of man. Amen.

[This hymn may be sung, either with or without the refrain, as a Processional, or not, as desired.]

65

8.7.

- 1 Earth has many a noble city;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.
- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 Jesus, Whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father
And the Spirit, glory be. Amen.

66

C. M.

- 1 O Thou, Who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay;
- 2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below,
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

3 As yet we know Thee but in part;
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord.

4 O Saviour! give us, then, Thy grace,
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter, as Thou art. Amen.

67

L. M.

- 1 When from the East the wise men came,
Led by the Star of Bethlehem,
The gifts they brought to Jesus were
Of gold and frankincense and myrrh.
- 2 Bright gold of Ophir, passing fine,
Proclaims a King of royal line;
For David's son in David's town,
Is born the heir of David's crown.
- 3 The incense-clouds, with fragrance rare,
The presence of a God declare;
Lo! kings in adoration fall,
For Mary's Son is Lord of all.
- 4 The myrrh, with bitter taste, foreshows
A life of sorrows, wounds and woes;—
The deadly cup, that overran
With anguish for the Son of Man.
- 5 Our gold upon Thine altar lies;
Our prayers to Thee, as incense, rise;
Accept as myrrh our tears and sighs:
O King, O God, O Sacrifice!

68

P. M.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
ing,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine
aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the
stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

8 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morn-
ing,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine
aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

69

8.7.

1 Hail, Thou source of every blessing!
Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy truth possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.

2 Grateful now we bow before Thee,
In thy Church obtain a place,
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

8 Once far off, but now invited,
We approach Thy sacred throne;
In Thy covenant united,
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

4 Now revealed to eastern sages,
See the Star of mercy shine,
Mystery hid in former ages,
Mystery great of love divine.

5 Hail, Thou manifested Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring,
In Thy temples seek Thy favor,
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

3 May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise,
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise! Amen.

70

78.

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

71

78.

1 Songs of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the star
To the sages from afar;
Branch of royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EPIPHANY.

8 Manifest in making whole
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;
Manifest in valiant fight,
Quelling all the devil's might;
Manifest in gracious will,
Ever bringing good from ill;
Anthems be to Thee addressed,
God in Man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;
Christ will then like lightning shine,
All will see His glorious sign:
All will then the trumpet hear;
All will see the Judge appear;
Thou by all wilt be confessed,
God in Man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Present in Thy holy word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest. Amen.

72

S. M.

1 Within the Father's house
The Son hath found His home;
And to His temple suddenly
The Lord of Life hath come.

2 The doctors of the law
Gaze on the wondrous child,
And marvel at His gracious words
Of wisdom undefiled.

3 Yet not to them is given
The mighty truth to know,
To lift the earthly veil which hides
Incarnate God below.

4 The secret of the Lord
Escapes each human eye,
And faithful pondering hearts await
The full Epiphany.

5 Lord, visit Thou our souls
And teach us by Thy grace
Each dim revealing of Thyself
With loving awe to trace;

6 Till from our darkened sight
The cloud shall pass away,
And on the cleansed soul shall burst
The everlasting day;

7 Till we behold Thy face,
And know, as we are known,
Thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

73

S. M

1 All praise to Thee, O Lord,
Who by Thy mighty power
Didst manifest Thy glory forth
In Cana's marriage hour.

2 Thou speakest: it is done:
Obedient to Thy word,
The water reddening into wine
Proclaims the present Lord.

3 Blest were the eyes which saw
That wondrous mystery,
The great beginning of Thy works,
That kindled faith in Thee.

4 And blessed they who know
Thine unseen presence true,
When in the kingdom of Thy grace
Thou makest all things new.

5 For by Thy loving hand
Thy people still are fed;
Thou art the Cup of blessing, Lord,
And Thou the heavenly Bread.

6 Oh, may that grace be ours,
In Thee for aye to live,
And drink of those refreshing streams,
Which Thou alone canst give:

7 So, led from strength to strength,
Grant us, O Lord, to see
The marriage supper of the Lamb,
Thy great Epiphany. Amen.

74

S. M

1 Fierce raged the storm of wind,
The surging waves ran high,
Failed Thy disciples' hearts with fear,
Though Thou, their Lord, wast nigh.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—SEPTUAGESIMA.

2 But at the stern rebuke
Of Thy almighty word,
The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,
And owned Thee God and Lord.

3 So, now, when depths of sin
Our souls with terrors fill,
Arise, and be our helper, Lord,
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

4 When death's dark sea we cross,
Be with us in Thy power,
Nor let the water-floods prevail
In that dread trial-hour.

5 And, when amid the signs,
Which speak Thine Advent near,
The roaring of the sea and waves
Fills faithless hearts with fear;

6 May we all undismayed
The raging tempest see,
Lift up our heads and hail with joy
Thy great Epiphany.

75

S. M.

1 Not by Thy mighty hand,
Thy wondrous works alone,
But by the marvels of Thy Word,
Thy glory, Lord, is known.

2 Forth from the eternal gates,
Thine everlasting home,
To sow the seed of truth below,
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

3 And still from age to age,
Thou, gracious Lord, hast been
The bearer forth of goodly seed,
The sower still unseen.

4 And Thou wilt come again,
And heaven beneath Thee bow,
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,
Sower and reaper Thou.

5 Watch, Lord, Thy harvest-field,
With Thine unsleeping eye,
The children of the kingdom keep
To Thy Epiphany;

24

6 That, when in Thy great day
The tares shall severed be,
We may be surely gathered in
With all Thy saints to Thee.

Also the following:

369 O One with God the Father.
370 Joy to the world, the Lord is come.
371 Hail to the Lord's anointed.
372 God of mercy, God of grace,
578 Saw you never in the twilight.

SEPTUAGESIMA, Etc.

76

8.7.

1 Alleluia, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding.
Thus they sing eternally.

2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us blessed Trinity,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully. Amen.

77

7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.

1 In exile here we wander
In heaven is our abode,—
The city of the angels,
The city of our God.
And here we toil, and strive, and fight,
With sin and woe oppress;
There God will give the sons of light
Eternal joy and rest.

2 Through many sore temptations,
By many sorrows torn,
We strive to win the glory;
Our many falls we mourn.
But faith holds out the vision bright
Of our eternal home;
And hope assures that realm of light,
When we have overcome.

3 Jesus, our joy and gladness,
To Thee for aid we flee:
Give tears of true contrition;
Our souls from guilt set free:—
And we shall see that glad some day,
Where, bathed in joy divine,
Among Thy saints, and bright as they,
We shall forever shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,
Who here as exiles groan,
God's praises shall be telling
Before His glorious throne:
There in our endless home shall rest
From strife and sorrow free,
And join the anthem of the blest,
For ever, Lord, to Thee.

78 S. M.

1 Lord of the hearts of men,
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless.
From age to age, Thy chosen saints
With fruits of holiness.

2 Here faith, and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied;
There, when this little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

3 Here, bearing the good seed,
'Mid cares and tears we come;
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bring
Our harvest-treasures home.

4 O give us mighty Lord,
The fruits Thyself dost love;
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment seat
Crown Thine own gifts above.

79 7.7.7.5.

1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost
Holy, heavenly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong.
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing.
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

80 8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 Blessed Saviour, Thou hast taught us,
Taught us in Thy Word divine,
That our doings are but nothing
If they be not linked with Thine;
If we be not bound to Thee
With the bond of charity.

2 Though with tongues of men and angels,
Soaring may our voices rise;
Though we have the gift of knowledge,
Understanding mysteries;
All will still as nothing be.
If we have not charity.

3 Though with faith, that even mountains
At our word we may remove,
Though our bodies to be burnèd
Yield we,—and possess not love,
We have nothing—till we be
Bound with bonds of charity.

4 Bind us with the bond that bindeth
Human hearts to God above.
Bind us with the bond uniting
Rich and poor with heavenly love.
With the bond that binds to Thee,
Never failing charity.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—LENT.

81

8.5.8.5.

- 1 Thou, Who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st Thy face to die,
By Thy holy, meek example
Teach us charity !
- 2 Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee ;
O most loving of the loving,
Give us charity !
- 3 Thou, Who reignest, bright in glory,
On God's throne on high,
Oh, that we may share Thy triumph,
Grant us charity !
- 4 Send us faith, that trusts Thy promise ;
Hope, with upward eye;
But more blest than both, and greater,
Send us charity ! Amen.

LENT.

82

8s.

- 1 Bowed down with sorrow, sin, and shame,
In faith, O Lord, we come to Thee,
That Thou wilt by Thine own dear Name
From sin and sorrow set us free;
That Thou, in this Thy mercy's day,
Wilt hear, and wash our sins away.
- 2 In wondrous love Thou cam'st as man,
For man to suffer and to die,
To live on earth a little span,
To teach us how to live thereby ;
We come for strength, Thou Strength of
God,
To tread the path that Thou hast trod.
- 3 Thou cam'st to this poor earth and there
Wast tempted ; and, though Lord of all,
Didst poverty and hunger bear,
Yet ne'er didst yield to Satan's thrall ;
O give us grace, Thou Grace divine,
To sanctify our fast by Thine.
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast known the bitter throe,
The saddened heart, the falling tear,
The lowest deep of human woe,
With none to aid, and none to cheer:
Then pity take, and pitying, prove
The wealth of Thy redeeming love.

5 Thine, Lord, the life that paid the cost
For all the lives Thou cam'st to save;
And Thine the life that bought the lost
From all the terrors of the grave :
Thou Lord of life, Thou Life divine,
Give us the life that lives in Thine.

6 Thou on the bitter cross didst bear
For us the burden all alone,
And on the cross Thou hast died,—and there
True life o'er death the victory won ;
Victorious Lord, to Thee we cry,
Give us o'er death the victory.

7 Mould Thou the weak and wayward will,
And every hallowed thought supply;
And may Thy Holy Spirit fill
Our spirits with all purity;
That these frail bodies, Lord, may be
Fit habitations, meet for Thee.

8 O grant that when this Lent is past
We still may live the life divine,
Thrice hallowed here while life shall last ;
And then e'en death shall own us Thine !
O death! where then shall be thy sting ?
O grave! where then thy triumphing ?

83

C. M.

- 1 Lord ! Who throughout these forty days,
For us didst fast and pray,
Teach us with Thee to mourn our sins,
And close by Thee to stay.
- 2 As Thou with Satan didst contend,
And didst the victory win,
Oh, give us strength in Thee to fight,
In Thee to conquer sin.
- 3 As Thou didst hunger bear and thirst,
So teach us, gracious Lord,
To die to self, and chiefly live
By Thy most holy Word.
- 4 And through these days of penitence,
And through Thy Passion-tide,
Yea, evermore, in life and death,
Jesus ! with us abide.
- 5 Abide with us, that so, this life
Of suffering overpast,
An Easter of unending joy
We may attain at last! Amen.

84

L.M. 86

78.

- 1 Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee
Into the desert would we flee;
Awhile upon the barren steep
Our fast with Thee in spirit keep :
- 2 Awhile from Thy temptation learn
False Satan's wilful fures to spurn,
And in our hearts to feel and own
"Man liveth not by bread alone."
- 3 O Thou once tempted like as we,
Thou knowest our infirmity;
Be Thou our helper in the strife,
Be Thou our true, our inward life.
- 4 And while at Thy command we pray,
"Give us our bread from day to day,"
May we with Thee, O Christ, be fed,
Thou Word of God, Thou living Bread.
Amen.

85

8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 O Thou Who dost to man accord,
His highest prize, his best reward,
Thou hope of all our race;
Jesus, to Thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek Thy face.
- 2 With self accusing voice within
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought, and word, and deed :
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again,
From every burden freed.
- 3 If Thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live?
'Tis Thine alone to spare;
With cleansed hearts to pray aright,
And find acceptance in Thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.
- 4 'Tis Thou hast blessed this solemn fast;
So may its days by us be passed
In self-control severe,
That, when our Easter morn we hail,
Its mystic feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience clear.
- 5 O Blessèd Trinity, bestow
Thy pardoning grace on us below,
And shield us evermore;
Untill, within Thy courts above,
We see Thy face, and sing Thy love,
And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

1 Saviour! when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee,
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below;
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power:
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By the burden Thou didst bear,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany! Amen.

87

L.M.

- 1 With broken heart and contrite sigh
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry:
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

- 2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed ;
Christ and His cross my only plea :
O God, be merciful to me.
- 3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies ;
But Thou dost all my anguish see :
O God, be merciful to me.
- 4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone ;
To Calvary alone I flee :
O God, be merciful to me.
- 5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God has been merciful to me.

88

P.M.

- 1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere from us it pass away,
On our knees we fall and pray.
- 2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere the hour of doom appears.
- 3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.
- 6 Judge and Saviour of our race,
When we see Thee face to face,
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.
- 7 On Thy love we rest alone,
And that love shall then be known
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

Also the following:

- 816 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.
817 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost.
819 Weary of earth and laden with my sin.
822 O Thou the contrite sinner's friend.
825 In the hour of trial.
875 Sinful, sighing to be blest.
876 Out of the deep I call.
877 Jesus, Lord of life and glory.
878 Have mercy, Lord, on me.
879 Lord when we bend before Thy throne.
880 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.
881 Son of Man, to Thee I cry.
882 O Jesus, Thou art standing.
883 Lord I beseech Thee, on this day.
405 God my Father hear me, pray.
557 Pity on us, heavenly Father. Litany.
558 Son of God, for man decreed. "
559 God the Father, God the Son. "
560 Father hear Thy children's call. "
614 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend.
624 Thy life was given for me.

HOLY WEEK.

89

7.6.

- 1 All glory, laud, and honor,
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.
- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.
All glory, etc.
- 3 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high ;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went :
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.
- 5 To Thee before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To Thee, now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.

90

L. M.

1 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
Upon the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign,
Amen.

91

L. M.

1 The royal banners forward go;
The cross shines forth in mystic glow;
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled water flowed, and blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old:
Amidst the nations God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the tree.

4 O tree of beauty, tree of light:
O tree with royal purple dight!
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest;

5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung:
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

6 To Thee, Eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done:
Whom by the cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore. Amen.

92

C. M.

1 O Thou, Who through this holy week
Didst suffer for us all:
The sick to heal, the lost to seek,
To raise up them that fall:

2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear:
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hand the victory won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 To God, the Blessèd Three in One,
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee. Amen.

93

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1 O sinner, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning;
Upon the crucified one look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

2 Look on His head, that bleeding head,
With crown of thorns surrounded;
Look on his sacred hands and feet
Which piercing nails have wounded:
See every limb with scourges rent—
On Him, the just, the innocent,
What malice hath abounded!

3 'Tis not alone those limbs are racked,
But friends too are forsaking:
And, more than all, for thankless man
That tender heart is aching:
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn,
By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

4 None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction,
None ever felt a grief like His
In that dread crucifixion :
For us He bore those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes,
In oft-renewed infliction.

5 O sinner, mark, and ponder well
Sin's awful condemnation ;
Think what a sacrifice it cost
To purchase thy salvation ;
Had Jesus never bled and died,
Then what could thee and all betide
But uttermost damnation ?

6 Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
Jesus, we thank Thee, and entreat
To rest forever at Thy feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing. Amen.

94 L. M.

1 Lord Jesus! when we stand afar,
And gaze upon Thy holy cross,
In love of Thee, and scorn of self,
O may we count the world as loss!

2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,
Make us to hate the load of sin
That lay so heavy on our God.

3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe
Embracing in Thy wondrous love
The sinful world that lies below ;

4 Give us an ever-living faith
To gaze beyond the things we see ;
And in the mystery of Thy death
Draw us and all men unto Thee. Amen.

95 7s.

1 See the destined day arise!
See, a willing sacrifice,
Jesus, to redeem our loss,
Hangs upon the shameful cross!

2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,
Lifted on that tree of scorn,
Every pang and bitter throes,
Finishing Thy life of woe?

8 Who but Thou had dared to drain
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,
And with tender body bear
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,
Mingled from Thy side with blood ;
Sign to all attesting eyes
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace
In that sacrifice to place
All our trust for life renewed,
Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.

96 L. M.

1 We sing the praise of Him who died,
Of Him who died upon the cross:
The sinner's hope let men deride :
For this we count the world but loss.

2 Incribed upon the cross we see
In shining letters, God is love :
He bears our sins upon the tree :
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross—it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above

97 L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—HOLY WEEK.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

98

C. M.

1 This day the wondrous mystery
Is set before our eyes,
Of Jesus stretched upon the cross
In dying agonies.

2 O deed of love! the Prince becomes
A victim for the slave;
The sinner an acquittal finds,
The innocent a grave.

3 O Blessèd Jesus, valiant chief,
We hail the triumph won
O'er sin, the world, and hell, and death,
By Thee, the incarnate Son!

4 Be Thine the banner under which
From this time forth we fight
Against the depth of Satan's guile,
And all the powers of night.

5 So, dead to our old life, may we
A better life begin;
And through Thy cross, O Christ, at length
A heavenly crown attain.

99

7. 6.

1 O Sacred head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigor,
Bereaving Thee of life;

O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesus, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy face on me.

8 In this, Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:

Beneath Thy cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me:
And to my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.

These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he, who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

100

8.8.7.8.8.7.

1 At the cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that Mother blessed
Of the sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction,
When she saw the crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

8 Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

4 For His people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son despised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns en-
twined;
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resigned.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTER EVEN.

5 Jesus, may her deep devotion
 Stir in me the same emotion,
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
 That my heart fresh ardor gaining,
 And a purer love attaining,
 May with Thee acceptance find. Amen.

101

8.7.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross we spend ;
 Life and health and peace possessing
 Through the sinner's dying friend.

2 Kneel we here, in wonder, viewing
 Mercy poured in streams of blood ;
 Precious drops, for pardon suing,
 Make and plead our peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is the station,
 Low before His cross to lie,
 While we see divine compassion
 Beaming in His dying eye.

4 Here we find our hope of heaven,
 While upon the Lamb we gaze ;
 Loving much, and much forgiven,
 Let our hearts o'erflow with praise.

5 Lord, in loving contemplation
 Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,
 Till we taste Thy full salvation,
 And Thine unveiled glories see.

6 For Thy sorrows we adore Thee,
 For the griefs that wrought our peace ;
 Gracious Saviour, we implore Thee,
 In our hearts Thy love increase. Amen.

102

L M.

1 O come and mourn with me awhile ;
 And tarry here the cross beside ;
 O come, together let us mourn ;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
 While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
 Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;
 And all three hours His silence cried
 For mercy on the souls of men ;
 Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 O love of God ! O sin of man !
 In this dread act your strength is tried ;
 And victory remains with love :
 For Thou, our Lord, art crucified !

Also the following:

384 Glory be to Jesus.
 385 There is a green hill far away.
 386 O Jesus, we adore Thee.
 387 O Jesus, Lord most merciful.
 388 Christ, the life of all the living.
 561 Jesus, Who for us didst bear.
 562 Jesus, in Thy dying woes.

EASTER EVEN.

103

7a.

1 Resting from His work to-day
 In the tomb the Saviour lay ;
 Still He slept, from head to feet
 Shrouded in the winding sheet,
 Lying in the rock alone,
 Hidden by the sealed stone.

2 Late at even there was seen
 Watching long the Magdalene ;
 Early, ere the break of day,
 Sorrowful she took her way
 To the holy garden glade,
 Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,
 I would solemn vigil spend :
 Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine
 In this rocky heart of mine,
 Where in pure embalmed cell
 None but Thou may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,
 True affection's offering ;
 Close the door from sight and sound
 Of the busy world around ;
 And in patient watch remain
 Till my Lord appear again.

104

8.7.

1 It is finished ! Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,
 Teaching us, the sons of Adam,
 How the Son of God can die.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTER EVEN.

- 2 Lifeless lies the broken body,
Hidden in its rocky bed,
Laid aside like folded garment :
Where is now the Spirit fled?
- 3 In the gloomy realms of darkness
Shines a light unknown before,
For the Lord of dead and living
Enters at the open door.
- 4 See ! He comes a willing victim,
Unresisting hither led ;
Passing from the cross of sorrow
To the mansions of the dead.
- 5 Lo! the heavenly light around Him
As He draws His people near :
All amazed they stand, rejoicing
At the gracious words they hear.
- 6 For Himself proclaims the story
Of His own incarnate life,
And the death He died to save us,
Victor in that awful strife.
- 7 Patriarch and priest and prophet
Gather round Him as He stands,
In adoring faith and gladness,
Hearing of the pierced hands.
- 8 Oh, the bliss to which He calls them
Ransomed by His precious blood,
From the gloomy realm of darkness
To the Paradise of God!
- 9 There in lowliest joy and wonder
Stands the robber at His side,
Reaping now the blessed promise
Spoken by the Crucified.
- 10 Jesus, Lord of dead and living,
Let Thy mercy rest on me ;
Grant me too, when life is finished,
Rest in Paradise with Thee. Amen.

105

4.4.7.7.6.

- 1 So rest, our Rest!
Thou ever blest!
Thy grave with sinners making :
By Thy precious death, from sin
Our dead souls awaking.

- 2 Here hast Thou lain
After much pain,
Life of our life, reposing :
Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.
- 8 Breath of all breath!
We know, from death
Thou wilt our dust awaken :
Wherefore should we dread the grave.
Or our faith be shaken?
- 4 The body dies,
(Naught else), and lies
In dust until victorious
From the grave, it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.
- 5 Meantime we will,
Our Saviour, still
Deep in our bosoms lay Thee,
Musing on Thy death ; in death
Be with us, we pray Thee. Amen.

106

C.M.

- 1 The grave itself a garden is,
Where loveliest flowers abound ;
Since Christ, our never-fading life,
Sprang from that holy ground.
- 2 O give us grace to die to sin,
That we, O Lord, may have
A holy, happy rest in Thee,
A sabbath in the grave.
- 3 Thou, Lord, baptized in Thine own blood,
And buried in the grave,
Didst raise Thyself to endless life,
Omnipotent to save.
- 4 Baptized into Thy death we died,
And buried were with Thee,
That we might live with Thee to God,
And ever blest might be.
- 5 Lord, through the grave and gate of death
May we, with Thee, arise
To an eternal Easter-day
Of glory in the skies! Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

EASTERTIDE.

107

11s.

- 1 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age
shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-
day!
Lo! the dead is living, God for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age
shall say.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for
spring,
All these gifts returned with her returning
King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every
bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph
now.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-
day.

- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthen-
ing light,
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in
their flight;
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields
and sea,
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise
to Thee!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age
shall say.

- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's
fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-
day.

- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst un-
dergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength
to show;
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill Thy
word;
'Tis Thine own third morning, rise O buried
Lord!
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age
shall say.

- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with
Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Shew Thy face in brightness, bid the nations
see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with
Thee!

Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-
day!

[Both the first and second lines of verse 1 may be
sung as a refrain after each verse, if desired.]

108

7.6.

- 1 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

- 2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

- 3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's resurrection.

- 4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;

Alleluia, with the Son
God the Father praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the Spirit raising. Amen.

109

7s.

- 1 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens and earth reply.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesu's agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

8 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

110

7a.

1 Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once upon the cross
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

111

8.7.8.7.7.5.7.5.8.7.8.7.

1 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
For our gain He suffered loss
By divine decree;
He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is He.
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!

2 See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above
Joy in each amazing token
Of His rising, Lord of love:
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till He comes to earth again,
Comes to claim His bride.
Christ is risen! etc.

8 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies:
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation, find a voice;
He o'er all shall reign."
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen,
O'er the universe to reign.

112

7a

1 Christ the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

2 He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

3 He Who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

4 He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia!

5 Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia!

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day
Alleluia.

113

7.6.

1 The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.

From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;

And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;

Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

114

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 He is risen, He is risen;
Tell it out with joyful voice:
He has burst His three days' prison;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice:
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.

2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow:
Lent's long shadows have departed;
All His woes are over now.
And the passion that He bore:
Sin and pain can vex no more.

36

3 Come, with high and holy gladness
Chant our Lord's triumphal lay;
Not one touch of twilight sadness
Dims yon gloricus morning ray
Breaking o'er the purple east:
Brighter far our Easter feast.

4 He is risen, He is risen;
He hath opened heaven's gate:
We are free from sin's dark prison,
Risen to a holier state.
Soon a brighter Easter beam
On our longing eyes shall stream.

115

78.

1 At the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side;

Praise we Him, Whose love divine
Gives His sacred blood for wine,
Gives His body for the feast,
Christ the victim, Christ the priest.

2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.

Praise we Christ, Whose blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky!
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:

Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthal;
Thou hast opened Paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

4 Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Soule new-born, O Lord, in Thee.

Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

116	P.M.	117	P.M.
1 The foe behind, the deep before, Our hosts have dared and passed the sea: And Pharaoh's warriors strew the shore, And Israel's ransomed tribes are free.		1 The strife is o'er, the battle done ! The victory of life is won ; The song of triumph has begun, Alleluia !	
2 Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoices now! The Lord hath triumphed gloriously : The Lord shall reign victoriously!		2 The powers of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions hath dispersed: Let shout of holy joy outburst, Alleluia!	
3 Happy morrow, Turning sorrow Into peace and mirth! Bondage ending, Love descending O'er the earth!		3 The three sad days are quickly sped ; He rises glorious from the dead: All glory to our risen Head! Alleluia!	
4 Seals assuring, Guards securing, Watch His earthly prison : Seals are shattered, Guards are scattered, Christ hath risen !		4 He closed the yawning gates of hell, The bars from heaven's high portals fell ; Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell! Alleluia!	
5 No longer must the mourners weep, Nor call departed Christians dead : For death is hallowed into sleep, And every grave becomes a bed.		5 Lord! by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee, Alleluia! Amen.	
6 Now once more Eden's door Opened stands to mortal eyes ; For Christ hath risen, and man shall rise!		118 7.8	
7 Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and peace begin : For Christ hath won, and man shall win!		1 Jesus lives! thy threatening woe, Death, no longer need appal us: Jesus lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us. Alleluia!	
8 It is not exile, rest on high: It is not sadness, peace from strife : To fall asleep is not to die : To dwell with Christ is better life.		2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death But the gate of life immortal ; This shall calm our trembling breath, When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!	
9 Where our banner leads us, We may safely go : Where our chief precedes us, We may face the foe.		3 Jesus lives! for us He died; Then, alone to Jesus living, Pure in heart may we abide, Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!	
10 His right arm is o'er us, He our guide will be : Christ hath gone before us, Christians follow ye!		4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well Naught from us His love shall sever; Life, nor death, nor powers of hell Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!	
		5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne Over all the world is given : May we go where He has gone, Rest and reign with Him in heaven. Alleluia!	

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—EASTERTIDE.

119

8.7.

1 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Hearts and voices heaven-ward raise;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness.
Sing to God a hymn of praise:

He, Who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,
Now is risen from the dead.

2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death to life is born, Glorious life, and life immortal, On this holy Easter morn:

Christ has triumphed and we conquer
By His mighty enterprise,
We with Him to life eternal
By His resurrection rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ, the first-fruits Of the holy harvest-field, Which will all its full abundance At His second coming yield:

Then the golden ears of harvest
Will their heads before Him wave,
Ripened by His glorious sunshine
From the furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen! Shed upon us heavenly grace, Rain and dew and gleams of glory From the brightness of Thy face:

That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,
We on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory be to God on high,
To the Father, and the Saviour
Who has won the victory;

Glory to the Holy Spirit,
Fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia!

To the Triune Majesty. Amen.

120

8.7.

1 Sing, with all the sons of glory, Sing the resurrection-song! Death and sorrow, earth's dark story, To the "former days" belong.

88

Even now the dawn is breaking,
Soon the night of time shall cease,
And, in God's own likeness waking,
Man shall know eternal peace.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding All that eye has yet perceived! Holiest hearts, for ages pleading, Never that full joy conceived.

God has promised, Christ prepares it,
There on high our welcome waits;
Every humble spirit shares it,
Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 "Life eternal!" heaven rejoices, Jesus lives Who once was dead; Join, O man, the deathless voices, Child of God, lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from distant ages,
Saints all longing for their heaven,
Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages
All await the glory given.

4 "Life eternal!" Oh, what wonders Crowd on faith—what joy unknown. When, amidst earth's closing thunders, Saints shall stand before the throne!

Oh! to enter that bright portal,
See that glowing firmament,
Know, with Thee, O God immortal,
"Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent!"

121

8.7.

1 Hark! ten thousand voices sounding Far and wide throughout the sky; 'Tis the voice of joy abounding, Jesus lives, no more to die!

2 Jesus lives, His conflict over, Lives to claim His great reward; Angels round the victor hover, Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 Yonder throne for Him erected Now becomes the victor's seat; Lo, the Man on earth rejected, Angels worship at His feet!

4 All the powers of heaven adore Him, All obey His sovereign word; Day and night they cry before Him, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—ASCENSIONTIDE.

Also the following :

- 251 On the resurrection morning.
 389 To Him, Who for our sins was slain.
 390 Glory, glory everlasting.
 392 Christ, above all glory seated.
 420 Those eternal bowers.
 458 Alleluia! sing to Jesus.
 459 Jesus, our risen King.
 463 Come, let us sing the song of songs.
 474 Rejoice, the Lord is King.
 541 Come ye faithful, raise the anthem.

ASCENSIONTIDE.

122

8.7.

- 1 See the conqueror mounts in triumph;
 See the King in royal state,
 Riding on the clouds His chariot
 To His heavenly palace gate!

Hark! the choirs of angel voices
 Joyful alleluias sing,
 And the portals high are lifted
 To receive their heavenly King.

- 2 Who is this that comes in glory,
 With the trump of jubilee?
 Lord of battles, God of armies,
 He hath gained the victory!

He Who on the cross did suffer,
 He Who from the grave arose,
 He has vanquished sin and Satan,
 He by death has spoiled His foes.

- 3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
 He was parted from His friends;
 While their eager eyes behold Him,
 He upon the clouds ascends;

He Who walked with God and pleased Him,
 Preaching truth and doom to come,
 He, our Enoch, is translated,
 To His everlasting home.

- 4 Now our heavenly Aaron enters,
 With His blood, within the veil;
 Joshua now is come to Canaan,
 And the kings before Him quail;

Now He plants the tribes of Israel
 In their promised resting-place;
 Now our great Elijah offers
 Double portion of His grace.

- 5 Thou hast raised our human nature
 On the clouds to God's right hand:
 There we sit in heavenly places,
 There with Thee in glory stand.

Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
 Man with God is on the throne;
 Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,
 We by faith behold our own.

123

7s.

- 1 Hail the day that sees Him rise
 To His throne above the skies;
 Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
 Enters now the highest heaven.
 Alleluia!

- 2 There for Him high triumph waits;
 Lift your heads, eternal gates;
 He hath conquered death and sin;
 Take the King of glory in.
 Alleluia!

- 3 Lo! the heaven its Lord receives,
 Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still He calls mankind His own.
 Alleluia!

- 4 See! He lifts His hands above;
 See! He shews the prints of love;
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on His church below.
 Alleluia!

- 5 Still for us He intercedes,
 His prevailing death He pleads,
 Near Himself prepares our place,
 He the first-fruits of our race.
 Alleluia!

- 6 Lord, though parted from our sight
 Far above the starry height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking Thee above the skies.
 Alleluia!
 Amen.

(The Alleluia may be sang at the end of each line
 if desired.)

124

L. M.

- 1 O King eternal, King most high,
Who for lost man didst freely die,
Thy warfare with the grave is done,
Thy last and greatest glory won.
- 2 Ascending by the starry road
This day Thou wentest home to God ;
Henceforth upon the throne divine
The powers of heaven and earth are Thine.
- 3 The triple frame of earth and heaven
And things beneath to Thee is given,
And every tongue confesseth Thee,
And at Thy Name bows every knee.
- 4 Be Thou our joy on earth, O Lord,
Be Thou in heaven our great reward ;
Earth's joys to Thee are nothing worth,
The joy and crown of heaven and earth.
- 5 We pray Thee to unloose the chain
That binds us to a world of pain.
And draw our hearts by cords of grace
To Thy celestial dwelling place:
- 6 So at Thy last most dread return
When skies in wrathful glory burn,
Our sins wiped out for evermore,
Thou shalt our forfeit crowns restore.

125

8. 7.

- 1 Christ our King to heaven ascendeth,
Past the blue sky's utmost bound ;
Christ our King to heaven ascendeth,
Clouds of angels close Him round.

Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia loud they cry :
Christ our King to heaven ascendeth,
Glory be to God on high!
- 2 Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the Lamb, as it were slain!
Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
On God's throne He lives again;

Pleads His sacrifice of wonder,
Claims the fruit of all His pain :
Our High-Priest to heaven ascendeth,
Peace on earth, good-will to men!

3 Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Cloven tongues of fire appear.
Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
Lo! the rushing wind is here!

Mighty armies forth with banners
Conquering and to conquer go :
Christ our Lord to heaven ascendeth,
He shall reign o'er all below.

4 Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
All His foes before Him fall ;
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
He alone is all in all.

King of kings shall men behold Him,
Lord of lords for evermore :
Christ now reigns, the King of glory,
Bow before Him, and adore!

126

L. M.

- 1 O Saviour, Who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory, left for us to die.
- 2 A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet ;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.
- 3 The angel-host enraptured waits:
" Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God and Man! the Father's throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.
- 4 Our great High Priest and Shepherd, Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious blood
Once poured on earth, a cleansing flood.
- 5 And thence the Church, Thy chosen bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.
- 6 O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign. Amen.

127

L. M.

- 1 Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Captain is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as His right;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,"
Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed.

Also the following:

- 391 Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done.
- 392 Christ above all glory seated.
- 393 The Head that once was crowned with
thorns.
- 394 Thou art gone up on high.
- 395 Crown Him with many crowns.
- 459 Jesus, our risen King.
- 469 All hail the power of Jesus' name.
- 473 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.
- 474 Rejoice, the Lord is King.
- 575 Golden harps are sounding.

WHITSUNTIDE.

128

6.5.

- 1 Hear us, Thou that broodedst
O'er the watery deep,
Waking all creation
From its primal sleep;

Holy Spirit, breathing
Breath of life divine,
Breathe into our spirits,
Blending them with Thine,
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.

- 2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel Thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting Thy will.
Light and Life immortal! etc

- 3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle,
Till the battle's won.
Light and Life immortal! etc

- 4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May Thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.
Light and Life immortal! etc.

- 5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whene'er it be.
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in Thee;
Life, that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love,
Life, that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.
Light and Life immortal!
Hear us as we raise
Hearts, as well as voices,
Mingling prayer and praise.
Amen

This hymn may be sung, with or without the refrain,
as a Processional or not, as desired.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—TRINITY SUNDAY.

129

8.8.6.

- 1 To Thee, O Comforter divine,
For all Thy grace and power benign,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 2 To Thee, Whose faithful love had place
In God's great covenant of grace,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 3 To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win
The wandering from the ways of sin,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 5 To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown
By every promise made our own,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 6 To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,
Our faithful Leader to the end,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,
Of all His gifts the sun and crown,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 8 To Thee, Who art with God the Son,
And God the Father ever One,
Sing we Alleluia! Amen.

130

7.7.7.5.

- 1 Come to our poor nature's night
With Thy blessed inward light,
Holy Ghost the infinite,
Comforter divine.
- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord,
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford,
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.
- 3 Orphan are our souls and poor,
Give us from Thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy for evermore,
Comforter divine.
- 4 Like the dew Thy peace distil:
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

43

- 5 Gentle, awful, holy guest,
Make Thy temple in each breast;
There Thy presence be confessed,
Comforter divine.
- 6 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.
- 7 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.
- 8 Search for us the depths of God!
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine. Amen.

131

L.M.

- 1 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love. Amen

Also the following:

- 259 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.
- 396 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.
- 397 Come, Holy Spirit, come.
- 398 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come.
- 402 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.
- 400 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.
- 401 Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.
- 399 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.
- 552 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

132

8s.

- 1 All glory to the Father be,
Who made the earth and sky and sea,
Gave life to every living thing,
Created man their earthly king:
Then gave His Son for man to die;
Thee, Father, God, we glorify!

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—TRINITY SUNDAY.

2 All glory to the Son, Who came
Clothed in our flesh and mortal frame;
Who bare our sins, vouchsafed to give
Himself to die that we might live;
All-perfect God and Man in One,
Be praise to Thee, incarnate Son!

3 All glory to the Holy Ghost,
Who on the day of Pentecost
From heaven to earth in mercy came,
Descending as in tongues of flame;
The promised Comforter and Guide,
Through Whom our souls are sanctified.

4 Three Persons, but One God! Whose grace
Has forw~~ard~~ed and saves our human race;
With joyful hearts and lips to Thee,
We sing this mighty mystery;
Thy Holy Name we magnify,
O Trinity in Unity.

133

L. M.

1 O Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy Name,
For ever be Thy Name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may Thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.
Amen.

134

8s.

1 O God of life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

2 O Father, uncreated Lord,
Be Thou in every land adored,
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

4 O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

5 O Holy Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In us, O God, exalted be. Amen.

135

L. M.

1 Father of heaven, Whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
To us Thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Amen.

136

7.8.7.8.7.7.

1 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising:
Cherubim and seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord;
Holy, holy, holy Lord!

2 Lo! the apostolic train
Join Thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain.
And the white-robed martyrs follow;
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the church the song goes on.

3 Holy Father, holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee;
While in essence only One,
Undivided God, we claim Thee;
And, adoring bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded:
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee;
Never, Lord, abandon me. Amen.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

137

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 Sound aloud Jehovah's praises,
Tell abroad the awful Name;
Heaven the ceaseless anthem raises,
Let the earth her God proclaim:
God, the hope of every nation,
God, the source of consolation,
Holy, blessed Trinity!
- 2 This the Name from ancient ages
Hidden in its dazzling light;
This the Name that kings and sages
Prayed and strove to know aright,
Through God's wondrous incarnation
Now revealed the world's salvation,
Ever blessed Trinity!
- 3 Into this great Name and holy,
We all tribes and tongues baptize;
Thus the Highest owns the lowly,
Homeward, heavenward, bids them rise;
Gathers them from every nation,
Bids them join in adoration
Of the blessed Trinity!
- 4 In this Name the heart rejoices,
Pouring forth its secret prayer:
In this Name we lift our voices,
And our common faith declare;
Offering humble supplication,
Thanks, and praise, and veneration
To the blessed Trinity!

Also the following :

- 405 God my Father, hear me pray.
408 Praises to Him Whose love has given.
404 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty.
409 Three in One, and One in Three.
406 Holy, holy, holy Lord.
408 Come thou almighty King.
576 Great Creator, Lord of all.

Other Feasts and Fasts.

ST. ANDREW.

138

8.7.

- 1 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, "Christian, follow Me;"

44

- 2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.
- 8 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"That we love Him more than these."
- 5 Jesus calls us; by Thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all. Amen.

139

8.7.

- 1 King of saints, O Lord incarnate.
In Thy saints Thy praise we sing.
As to-day, with glad thanksgiving.
Hymns of grateful love we bring.
Of the throned Twelve, Saint Andrew
First received, and heard, Thy call:
Thine the wondrous grace that made him
Gentlest, meekest, of them all.
- 2 Thee, true Lamb of God, beholding,
(As the Baptist testified,)
He obeys Thy gracious bidding
In Thy dwelling to abide:
Finding there the true Messiah,
Whom his faith so long had sought,
There with joy his brother Simon
To his Saviour's feet he brought.
- 8 From the Galilean waters
At Thy word he follows Thee,
Fisher's net and craft exchanging
For the Apostle's dignity:
Strengthened by Thy Whitsun largess,
Armèd with the Spirit's sword,
Forth he goes to preach the gospel,
Herald of the incarnate Word.
- 4 Grant that we, Thy call obeying.
May like Andrew follow Thee,
Here in gentle love and suffering
To a blest eternity;
Sharers of Thy cross, and with him
Sharers of Thy crown above,
See the vision of Thy beauty,
Taste the sweetness of Thy love. Amen.

ST. THOMAS.

140 C. M.

1 O Thou, Who didst, with love untold,
Thy doubting servant chide,
And bad'st the eye of sense behold
Thy wounded hands and side;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own Thee God and Lord,
And from his hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.

3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
Oh, let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve;
But at the last their blessing share
Who see not, yet believe! Amen.

141 L. M.

1 How oft, O Lord, Thy face hath shone
In doubting souls whose wills were true!
Thou Christ of Cephias and of John,
Thou art the Christ of Thomas too.

2 He loved Thee well, and calmly said,
"Come, let us go, and die with Him:"
Yet when Thine Easter-news was spread,
'Mid all its light his eyes were dim.

3 His brethren's word he would not take,
But craved to touch those hands of Thine:
The bruised reed Thou didst not break;
He saw, and hailed his Lord divine.

4 He saw Thee risen; at once he rose
To full belief's unclouded height;
And still through his confession flows
To Christian souls Thy life and light.

5 O Saviour, make Thy presence known
To all who doubt Thy Word and Thee;
And teach them in that Word alone
To find the truth that sets them free.

6 And we who know how true Thou art,
And Thee as God and Lord adore,
Give us, we pray, a loyal heart.
To trust and love Thee more and more. Amen.

Also the following:

528 We walk by faith and not by sight.

ST. STEPHEN.

142 7s.

1 Jesus, Lord, Thy praise we sing,
Thou the martyr's Crown and King.
Who dost raise above the skies
All who earth and sin despise:
Hear us now, and as we tell
How Thy martyr Stephen fell,
Grant the prayer Thy servants pray,
Wash our stain of guilt away.

2 'Twas Thy Spirit from above
Filled his heart with strength and love;
First to own his Lord in death,
First to gain the crown of faith;
Gazing upward to the skies,
With his parting breath he cries,
Jesus, Lord, my soul receive,
Jesus, Lord, my foes forgive.

8 Lord, for him Thy name we bless,
Grant to us like holiness;
May we ever live to Thee,
And in death have victory:
Then through ages all along,
This shall be our endless song,
Praise the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, 'Three in One. Amen.

143 L. M.

1 O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed
By every suffering here below,
Who taught'st Thy noble martyr-host
To follow in Thy path of woe:

2 O Son of God, whose glory cast
Its light upon Thy champion's face,
Revealing to his eyes at last
The marvels of the holiest place:

8 Be ours the faith that sees Thee stand
Beside the throne of God on high,
To succor with Thy strong right hand
Thy soldiers when to Thee they cry.

4 Be ours the hope, resigned and meek,
That trusts the spirit to Thy care,
That longs Thy face in heaven to seek,
And dwell with Thee in glory there.

5 Be ours the love, divine and free,
Which asks forgiveness for our foes:
Which draws, in life, its life from Thee,
And, dying, finds in Thee repose.

Amen

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

ST. JOHN EVANGELIST.

144

L. M.

- 1 O Thou, who gav'st Thy servant grace
On Thee the living Rock to rest,
To look on Thine unveiled face,
And lean on Thy protecting breast ;
- 2 Grant us, O King of mercy, still
To feel Thy presence from above,
And in Thy word and in Thy will
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love ;
- 3 And when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits Thy just decree,
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,
And look in certain hope to Thee.
- 4 To Thee, O Jesus, Light of Light,
Whom as their King the saints adore,
Thou strength and refuge in the fight,
Be laud and glory evermore. Amen.

145

S. M.

- 1 An exile for the faith
Of his incarnate Lord,
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,
His soul in vision soared :
- 2 There saw in glory Him
Who liveth, and was dead,
There Judah's Lion, and the Lamb
That for our ransom bled :
- 3 There of the Kingdom learned
The mysteries sublime :
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith
Should spread from clime to clime.
- 4 Lord, give us grace, like him,
In Thee to live and die ;
To spurn the fleeting things of earth,
And seek for joys on high. Amen.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

146

L. M.

- 1 Oh, who are they so pure and bright,
Before the throne arrayed in white ?
They stand, serene and calmly fair,
As conscious of high welcome there.

46

2 That starry crown around their brow,
It tells their sacred glory now ;
Blest virgin-souls who, ' faultless,' come
From fount of grace, or martyrdom.

3 ' And in their mouth is found no guile,'
Christ's ' Holy Innocents,' whose smile
Shines purer, from their knowing not
Upon their souls sin's conscious blot.

4 These, these are they, the undefiled,
The child-like saint, the saint-like child,
Marked with Christ's cross or earth's dark
frown,
But wearing there that starry crown.

5 O help us, Saviour, by Thy grace
Near Thee to win that heavenly place ;
Now following where Thy footsteps trod
' Blameless and harmless sons of God.'
Amen.

147

7s.

- 1 Lord, to Thee glad songs of praise
For Thine Innocents we raise,
Firstlings of Thy martyr band,
Slain by Herod's cruel hand.
- 2 First to follow Thee, the Lamb,
Triumphing with crown and palm,
Death shall never touch them more,
Pain and grief for them are o'er.
- 3 Infant martyrs round Thy throne,
Thou dost keep them for Thine own ;
Thy blest steps they follow still,
Praise Thy Name, and work Thy will.
- 4 With their anthems, Lord, we sing,
" Glory to the new-born King,
Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One." Amen.

148

S. M.

- 1 Glory to Thee, O Lord,
Who, from this world of sin,
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword
Those precious ones didst win.
- 2 Baptized in their own blood,
Earth's untried perils o'er,
They passed unconsciously the flood,
And safely gained the shore.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

8 Glory to Thee for all
The ransomed infant band,
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,
And reached the quiet land.

4 Oh, that our hearts within,
Like theirs, were pure and bright ;
Oh, that as free from deeds of sin
We shrank not from Thy sight.

5 Lord, help us every hour
Thy cleansing grace to claim ;
In life to glorify Thy power,
In death to praise Thy Name. Amen.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

149 L. M.

1 O blessed day, when first was poured
The blood of our redeeming Lord !
O blessed day, when first began
His sufferings for sinful man !

2 Scarce born to this our world of woe
His precious blood begins to flow ;
The foretaste of a deadly strife,
The prelude of a loving life.

3 From heaven descending to fulfil
The bidding of His Father's will,
Thus early He the victim lies,
The Lamb marked out for sacrifice.

4 For love of us His woes begin ;
The Sinless suffers for our sin ;
The Law's great Maker for our aid
Obedient to the Law is made.

5 The wound He through the Law endures
Our freedom from that Law secures ;
Henceforth a holier law prevails,
The law of love which never fails.

6 Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray,
And take what is not Thine away ;
Thy Name, Thy likeness may they bear ;
Oh, stamp Thy holy image there. Amen.

150 7s.

1 Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !
Name all other names above !
Unto which must every knee
Bow in deep humility.

2 Jesus ! Name decreed of old :
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

3 Jesus ! Name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave,
" Jesus shall His people save."

4 Jesus ! Name of mercy mild,
Given to the holy Child,
When the cup of human woe
First He tasted here below.

5 Jesus ! only Name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

6 Jesus ! Name of wondrous love !
Human Name of God above ;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

Also the following :

365 To the Name of our salvation.
366 Conquering kings their titles take.
367 There is a Name I love to hear.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

151 L. M.

1 To Thee, O God, we Gentiles pay
Our thanks, on our Apostle's day :
Whose doctrine, like the thunder, sounds
Throughout the wide world's farthest
bounds.

2 O bliss of Paul, beyond all thought !
To Paradise, yet living, caught,
He hears the heavenly mysteries there,
Which mortal tongue cannot declare.

3 The Word's blest seed around he flings ;
And straight a mighty harvest springs :
And fruits of holy deeds supply
God's everlasting granary.

4 The lamp his holy lore displays
Hath filled the world with glorious rays :
And doubt and error are o'erthrown,
That truth may reign, and reign alone.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

152

7.6.

- 1 We sing the glorious conquest
Before Damascus' gate,
When Saul, the Church's spoiler,
Came breathing threats and hate;
The ravening wolf rushed forward
Full early to the prey;
But lo! the Shepherd met him,
And bound him fast to-day.
- 2 Oh, glory most excelling
That smote across his path!
Oh, light that pierced and blinded
The zealot in his wrath!
Oh, voice that spake within him
The calm reproving word!
Oh, love that sought and held him
The bondman of his Lord!
- 3 O Wisdom, ordering all things
In order strong and sweet,
What nobler spoil was ever
Cast at the Victor's feet?
What wiser master-builder
E'er wrought at Thine employ
Than he, till now so furious
Thy building to destroy?
- 4 Lord, teach Thy Church the lesson,
Still in her darkest hour
Of weakness and of danger
To trust Thy hidden power:
Thy grace by ways mysterious
The wrath of man can bind,
And in Thy boldest foeman
Thy chosen saint can find.

THE PURIFICATION.

153

8.7.

- 1 In His temple now behold Him,
See the long-expected Lord!
Ancient prophets had foretold Him;
God hath now fulfilled His word.
Now to praise Him, His redeemed
Shall break forth with one accord.
- 2 In the arms of her who bore Him,
Virgin pure, behold Him lie,
While His aged saints adore Him,
Ere in perfect faith they die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lo, the incarnate God most high!

48

- 3 Jesus, by Thy Presentation,
Thou, Who didst for us endure,
Make us see Thy great salvation,
Seal us with Thy promise sure;
And present us in Thy glory
To Thy Father cleansed and pure.
- 4 Prince and Author of salvation,
Be Thy boundless love our theme!
Jesus, praise to Thee be given
By the world Thou didst redeem,
With the Father and the Spirit,
Lord of majesty supreme! Amen.

154

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 Rejoice ye sons of men!
Your brightest praises yield!
The everlasting Son
See in the flesh revealed!
The world's Redeemer comes to-day
His own redemption's price to pay!
- 2 Lo! Simeon's saintly arms
The holy burden bear;
He sees with raptured eye
His true salvation there.
The weary waiting now is past:
The long-expected comes at last.
- 3 The aged saint's embrace
The blessed mother saw,
And on his words so strange
She mused with silent awe.
What conflict for her Child is stored?
And what for her this piercing sword?
- 4 O Saviour, in Thy courts
We all our sins confess:
But Thou didst once for us
Fulfil all righteousness.
Impure, unclean, oh, may we be
Presented pure and clean in Thee!
- 5 And when, O God made Man,
Upon our waiting eye,
In glorious might revealed,
Salvation draweth nigh;
In that great day Thy servants bless,
And be "the Lord our Righteousness"! Amen.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

155

S. M.

- 1 Behold a humble train
The courts of God draw near;
A virgin mother and her babe
Before the Lord appear.
- 2 O wondrous, blessed sight !
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly babe—the mighty God,
The Prince of Peace, they own.
- 3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.
- 4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the Lord;
But here the Lord Himself appears,
The true, incarnate Word.
- 5 Blest Saviour, come once more
With power and grace divine;
Our hearts Thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever Thine. Amen.

156

6s.

- 1 Hail to the Lord Who comes,
Comes to His temple gate;
Not with His angel host,
Not in His kingly state;
No shouts proclaim Him nigh,
No crowds His coming wait.
- 2 But, borne upon the shrine
Of Mary's gentle breast.
Watched by her duteous love,
In her fond arms at rest:
Thus to His Father's house
He comes, the heavenly Guest.
- 3 Hail to the great First-born
Whose ransom-price they pay!
The Son, before all worlds;
The Child of man, to-day;
That He might ransom us
Who still in bondage lay.

- 4 O Light of all the earth,
Thy children wait for Thee!
Come to Thy temples here,
That we, from sin set free,
Before Thy Father's face
May all presented be! Amen.

ST. MATTHIAS.

157

7a.

- 1 Bishop of the souls of men,
When the foeman's step is nigh,
When the wolf lays wait by night
For the lambs continually.
Watch, O Lord, about us keep,
Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.
- 2 When the hireling flees away,
Caring only for his gold.
And the gate unguarded stands
At the entrance to the fold,
Stand, O Lord, Thy flock before,
Thou the Guardian, Thou the Door.
- 3 Lord, Whose guiding finger ruled
In the casting of the lot,
That Thy Church might fill the throne
Of the lost Iscariot,
In our trouble ever thus
Stand, good Master, nigh to us.
- 4 When the saints their order take
In the New Jerusalem,
And Matthias stands elect,
Give us part and lot with him,
Where in Thine own dwelling-place
We may witness face to face.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

158

8.7.

- 1 The angel sped on wings of light,
With wondrous tidings laden;
He came from heaven's unclouded height
To greet a lowly maiden.
- 2 For God upon her low estate
Had looked with royal favor;
And all earth's kindreds celebrate
The mighty gift He gave her.
- 3 Oh, awful bliss! that from her womb
Should spring the Uncreated,
The great and holy One, for Whom
The world so long had waited.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

4 O Son divine ! we fain would trace
Thy mother's steps so lowly,
Her joys and woes, her saintly grace,
Her life so calm and holy.

5 But lo! as all too near we press,
A veil the scene enfoldeth !
No tongue may sing its loveliness,
No eye its peace beholdeth !

6 And as we read with kindling eye
This day's all-gracious story,
The blessed mother passeth by,
And Thine is all the glory !

159

S.M.

1 Praise we the Lord this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A virgin born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom heaven's majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favored of the Lord.

5 Blessed shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The incarnate Saviour's birth.

ST. MARK.

160

7.6.

1 We praise Thy grace, O Saviour,
That beareth with us long,
And ever out of weakness
Thy servants maketh strong.

2 The saint, who left his comrades,
And turned back from the fight,
Behold at last victorious
In Thy prevailing might !

50

8 From Thee, Lord, came the courage,
Once more to front the host:
Thy strength, most mighty Saviour,
In weakness shineth most.

4 Thy love Thy saint hath numbered
Among the blessed Four,
And all the world rejoiceth
To learn his Gospel-lore.

5 O Lord, our human weakness
With pitying eye behold;
Uplift the fainting spirit,
And make the coward bold.

6 O Jesus, glorious Victor
O'er all the hosts of sin,
In us Thy strength make perfect,
In us the victory win. Amen.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

161

L.M.

1 There is one way, and only one,
Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,
To that fair land where shines no sun
Because the face of God is there.

2 There is one truth, the truth of God,
That Christ came down from heaven to
show,
One life that His redeeming blood
Has won for all His saints below.

3 The lore from Philip once concealed,
To us is fully known in Christ ;
In Him the Father is revealed,
And all our longing is sufficed.

4 And still unwavering faith holds sure
The words that James wrote sternly down;
Except we labor and endure,
We cannot win the heavenly crown.

5 O Way divine, through gloom and strife,
Bring us Thy Father's face to see;
O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,
At last, at last, to rest in Thee.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

162

C. M.

- 1 Blest be, O Lord, the grace of love
Shed on our hearts by Thee;
Which makes to us another's soul
Dear as our own to be.
- 2 "Follow thou Me," the heavenly Guide
Jesus to Philip said;
He followed Christ, and on the way,
To heaven he others led.
- 3 The heart that loves and leads to Thee,
Is nurtured by Thy grace;
And in the apostolic band
Now Philip finds a place.
- 4 To-day with Thine own brother, Lord,
Philip is linked in love;
A brother to that brother joined
By graces from above.
- 5 Not by the ties of flesh and blood
Thy kinsmen, Lord, are we;
But fellowship in holy love
Is brotherhood to Thee.
- 6 Oh, bring us to that holy place,
That heavenly home above,
Where brethren shall united be,
And every word be love. Amen.

Also the following:

530 Thou art the Way, to Thee alone.

ST. BARNABAS.

163

11.10.11.10.

- 1 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation,
Thyself by suffering schooled to human
grief,
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,
Who follow in the steps of Thee their
Chief;
- 2 Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation
severs
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering
host;
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave en-
deavors
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to
coast;

- 3 Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts
grow stronger.
And sends fresh warriors to the great cam-
paign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no
longer,
And wins the Sundered to be one again;
- 4 And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skill-
ful,
Who shed Thy light across our darkened
earth,
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the will-
ful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the chil-
dren's mirth.
- 5 Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;
He whose new name, through every Christian
nation,
From age to age our thankful strains re-
peat.
- 6 Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keep-
ing,
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Com-
fort ye;"
Till in our Father's house shall end our
weeping,
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

164

7.6.

- 1 The son of Consolation!
Of Levi's priestly line,
Filled with the Holy Spirit
And fervent faith divine,
With lowly self-oblation,
For Christ an offering meet,
He laid his earthly riches
At the Apostles' feet.
- 2 The son of Consolation!
Oh, name of soothing balm!
It fell on sick and weary
Like breath of heaven's own calm!
And the blest son of Comfort
With fearless, loving hand
The Gentiles' great Apostle
Led to the faithful band.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

3 The son of Consolation !
 Drawn near unto his Lord,
 He won the martyr's glory,
 And passed to his reward.
 With him is faith now ended,
 For ever lost in sight,
 But love, made perfect, fills him
 With praise, and joy, and light.

4 The son of Consolation !
 Lord, hear our humble prayer
 That each of us Thy children
 Such blessed name may bear!
 That we, sweet comfort shedding
 O'er homes of pain and woe,
 Midst sickness and in prisons,
 May seek Thee here below.

5 The sons of Consolation !
 Oh, what their bliss will be,
 When Christ the King shall tell them
 "Ye did it unto Me!"
 The merciful and loving
 The Lord of life shall own,
 And as His priceless jewels
 Shall set them round His throne.

THE NATIVITY OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

165 L.M.

1 When Christ the Lord would come on earth,
 His messenger before Him went;
 The greatest born of mortal birth,
 And charged with words of deep intent.

2 The least of all that here attend
 Hath honor greater far than he;
 He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,
 His Body and His Spouse are we:

3 A higher race, the sons of light,
 Of water and the Spirit born;
 He the last star of parting night,
 And we the children of the morn!

4 And, as he boldly spake Thy word,
 And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
 Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord;
 And thus Thy hearing Church rejoice.
 Amen.

166

S.M.

1 The heavenly King must come
 His desert realm to see;
 Must leave His own eternal home,
 And all His majesty.

2 And lo! before Him sent
 His herald, who must cry
 And never spare, "Repent, repent;
 Your King, your God, is nigh!"

3 He, when his work is done,
 Must see his light decay,
 Must hail with joy the brighter Sun,
 The glorious King of day.

4 O Lord, O King, O Sun,
 Whose messenger he came,
 Baptize us all, most holy One,
 In Thy refining flame.

5 Give us Thy grace, that we
 All evil may forsake,
 May boldly speak the truth for Thee,
 The lowest place may take.

6 So, when Thou com'st again,
 Thy realm redeemed to see,
 Thy steps shall find 'mid hearts of men
 A way made straight for Thee.

ST. PETER.

167 6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 "Thou art the Christ, O Lord,
 The Son of God most high!"
 For ever be adored
 That Name in earth and sky,
 In which, though mortal strength may fail,
 The saints of God at last prevail!

2 Oh, surely he was blest
 With blessedness unpriced,
 Who, taught of God, confessed
 The Godhead in the Christ!
 For of Thy Church, Lord, Thou didst own
 Thy saint a true foundation-stone.

3 Thrice fallen, thrice restored!
 The bitter lesson learnt,
 That heart for Thee, O Lord,
 With triple ardor burnt.
 The cross he took, he laid not down
 Until he grasped the martyr's crown.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 4 Oh, bright triumphant faith!
Oh, courage void of fears!
Oh, love, most strong in death!
Oh, penitential tears!
By these, Lord, keep us lest we fall,
And make us go where Thou shalt call.
Amen.

168

9.8.

- 1 O Rock of ages, one Foundation,
On which the living Church doth rest,—
The Church, whose walls are strong sal-
vation,
Whose gates are praise,—Thy Name be
blest!

- 2 Son of the living God! Oh, call us
Once and again to follow Thee!
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be.

- 3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
"Why doubt?" and in Thy love prevailing
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

- 4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

- 5 Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavor
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,
And find Thee with us to the end!
Amen.

ST. JAMES.

169

L. M.

- 1 We praise Thy Name, O Lord most high,
Redeemer of our souls from death,
And all Thy mercies magnify,
In making known Thy saving faith.

- 2 Thou didst the humble fisher call,
Beside the shores of Galilee:
At Thy command he gave up all,
And left his nets to follow Thee.

- 8 O happy choice, for earthly toil,
The strife to rescue souls from sin:
For treasures that may rust and spoil,
The crown of heavenly life to win.

- 4 O favored one, who, ere he knew
The sharpness of the coming cross,
Of Thy bright beauty caught the view
That turns to gain all earthly loss.

- 5 Thy promise is fulfilled, and he
Dares in thy painful steps to go;
To drink Thy cup of agony,
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

- 6 Grant, Lord, that hope of seeing Thee
In bliss, may us with courage nerve,
The world and all its pomp to flee,
Our cross to bear and Thee to serve.
Amen.

170

C. M.

- 1 For all Thy saints, a noble throng,
Who fell by fire and sword,
Who soon were called, or waited long,
We praise Thy Name, O Lord.

- 2 For him who left his father's side,
Nor lingered by the shore,
When, softer than the weltering tide,
Thy summons glided o'er;

- 8 Who stood beside the maiden dead,
Who climbed the mount with Thee,
And saw the glory round Thy head,
One of Thy chosen three;

- 4 Who knelt beneath the olive shade,
Who drank Thy cup of pain,
And passed from Herod's flashing blade
To see Thy face again.

- 5 Lord give us grace, and give us love,
Like him to leave behind
Earth's cares and joys, and look above
With true and earnest mind.

- 6 So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,
So meek and firm be found,
When Thou shalt come to take us up
Where Thine elect are crowned.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

171

8s.

- 1 Lord, it is good for us to be
High on the mountain here with Thee;
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days;
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.
- 2 Lord, it is good for us to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine:
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.
- 3 Lord, it is good for us to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is My Son; Oh, hear ye Him!"

172

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 With trembling awe the chosen three
The holy mount ascended,
Where, wrapped in blissful ecstasy,
They saw the vision splendid;
Their Lord arrayed in living light,
And on His left hand and His right
By glorious saints attended.
- 2 O vision bright, too bright to tell,
The joys of heaven unveiling!
How precious on those hearts it fell,
When earthly hopes were failing;
When, saints no more on either side,
Between the thieves the Saviour died,
'Mid hate and scorn and railing!
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, some vision brief,
Of future triumph telling,
Gilding with hope our night of grief,
Our clouds of fear dispelling.
If the dim foretaste was so bright,
Oh, what shall be the dazzling light
Of Thy eternal dwelling! Amen.

173

L. M.

- 1 O wondrous type! O vision fair
Of glory that the Church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun He glows!
- 2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 3 With shining face and bright array,
Christ deigns to manifest to-day
What glory shall be theirs above,
Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high
By this great vision's mystery;
For which in joyful strains we raise
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
- 5 O Father, with the eternal Son,
And Holy Spirit ever One,
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace
To see Thy glory face to face. Amen.

Also the following:

531 Upon the holy mount they stood.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

174

8.7.

- 1 King of saints, to whom the number
Of Thy starry host is known,
Many a name, by man forgotten,
Lives for ever round Thy throne:
Lights, which earth-born mists have dark-
ened,
There are shining full and clear,
Princes in the court of heaven,
Nameless, unremembered here.
- 2 In the roll of Thine apostles
One there stands, Bartholomew,
He for whom to-day we offer,
Year by year, our praises due:
How he toiled for Thee and suffered
None on earth can now record;
All his saintly life is hidden
In the knowledge of his Lord.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 3 Noted well, it all is written
 In the Lamb's great book of life,
 All the faith, and prayer, and patience,
 All the toiling, and the strife :
 There are told Thy hidden treasures ;
 Number us, O Lord, with them,
 When Thou makest up the jewels
 Of Thy living diadem.

ST. MATTHEW.

175

L. M.

- 1 Behold, the Master passeth by!
 Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?
 With low sad voice He calleth thee,
 "Leave this vain world, and follow Me."
- 2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,
 Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?
 From earthly toils lift up thine eye;
 Behold, the Master passeth by!
- 3 One heard Him calling long ago,
 And straightway left all things below,
 Counting his earthly gain as loss
 For Jesus and His blessed cross.
- 4 That "follow Me" his faithful ear
 Seemed every day afresh to hear:
 Its echoes stirred his spirit still,
 And fired his hope, and nerved his will.
- 5 God gently calls us every day:
 Why should we then our bliss delay?
 He calls to heaven and endless light:
 Why should we love the dreary night?
- 6 Praise, Lord, to Thee for Matthew's call,
 At which he rose and left his all:
 Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me;
 I will leave all, and follow Thee.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

176

10s.

- 1 Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright,
 Filled with celestial splendor and light,
 These that, where night never followeth day,
 Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye:

- 2 These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou
 own,
 Lord God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy throne;
 These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou
 send,
 Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

- 3 These keep the guard amid Salem's dear
 bowers,
 Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,
 Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,
 Cherubim, Seraphim bow and adore.

- 4 Still let them succor us ; still let them fight,
 Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right ;
 Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly
 pour,
 We with the angels may bow and adore.

Amen.

177

8.7.

- 1 Where the angel-hosts adore Thee,
 Thou, O God, in heaven dost reign ;
 At Thy word they rose around Thee,
 And Thy word doth them sustain.
- 2 Thousand times ten thousand, bending
 At Thy throne, their homage pay;
 Flames of fire in strength excelling,
 Swift Thy pleasure to obey.
- 3 Fashioned in a wondrous order,
 Thee they serve, their Lord and King ;
 Grant that in our cares and dangers
 They may timely succor bring.
- 4 Praise to Thee who hast created
 Earth and heaven with all their host ;
 Praise to Thee, O God most mighty,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

178

D.C.M.

- 1 Father, before Thy throne of light
 The guardian angels bend,
 And ever in Thy presence bright
 Their psalms adoring blend ;
 And casting down each golden crown
 Beside the crystal sea,
 With voice and lyre, in happy choir
 Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

- 2 And as the rainbow lustre falls
 Athwart their glowing wings,
 While seraph unto seraph calls,
 And each Thy goodness sings;
 Oh! may we feel, as low we kneel
 To pray Thee for Thy grace,
 That Thou art here for all who fear
 The brightness of Thy face.
- 3 Here where the angels see us come
 To worship day by day,
 Teach us to seek our heavenly home,
 And serve Thee e'en as they;
 With them to raise our notes of praise,
 With them Thy love to own;
 That boyhood's time and manhood's prime,
 Be Thine, and Thine alone! Amen.

ST. LUKE.

179

C.M.

- 1 Oh, blest was he, whose earlier skill
 The suffering frame made whole,
 Called, Lord, by Thee from deadlier woes
 To heal the dying soul!
- 2 O true Physician! heal the souls
 That sick and wounded lie;
 With wholesome medicine of Thy word
 Oh, heal them lest they die!
- 3 Lord, to our nature cleaveth still
 The leprosy of sin;
 Put forth Thy hand and touch us, Lord,
 And make us clean within.
- 4 Lo! souls are lying cold and dead
 In palsy's numbing chain;
 Speak Thou the word of power, good Lord,
 And bid them live again.
- 5 The fever burns in guilty breasts,
 Hot passion's wilful fire;
 Calm Thou the storm with words of peace,
 And quell each vain desire.
- 6 O Jesus, healer of all ills,
 To Thee for help we flee;
 Our souls, by Thine all-cleansing grace,
 From every bond set free. Amen.

180

L.M.

- 1 What thanks and praise to Thee we owe,
 O Priest and Sacrifice divine,
 For Thy dear saint through whom we know
 So many gracious words of Thine;
- 2 Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale
 Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,
 And for a moment lift the veil
 That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.
- 3 And still the Church through all her days
 Uplifts the strains that never cease,
 The blessed Virgin's hymn of praise,
 The aged Simeon's words of peace.
- 4 O happy saint! whose sacred page,
 So rich in words of truth and love,
 Pours on the Church from age to age
 This healing unction from above;
- 5 The witness of the Saviour's life,
 The great apostle's chosen friend
 Through weary years of toil and strife,
 And still found faithful to the end.
- 6 So grant us, Lord, like him to live,
 Beloved by man, approved by Thee,
 Till Thou at last the summons give,
 And we, with him, Thy face shall see.
 Amen.

ST. SIMON AND ST. JUDE.

181

8.7.

- 1 Thou Who sentest Thine apostles
 Two and two before Thy face,
 Partners in the night of toiling,
 Heirs together of Thy grace,
 Throned at length, their labors ended,
 Each in his appointed place;
- 2 Praise to Thee for those Thy champions
 Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;
 One, whose zeal by Thee enlightened
 Burned anew with nobler flame;
 One, the kinsman of Thy childhood,
 Brought at last to know Thy Name.
- 3 Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them
 Spake in love, and wrought in power;
 Seen in mighty signs and wonders
 In Thy Church's morning hour;
 Heard in tones of sternest warning
 When the storms began to lower.

4 Once again those storms are breaking ;
Hearts are failing, love grows cold ;
Faith is darkened, sin abounding ;
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold :
Save us, Lord, our one Salvation ;
Save the faith revealed of old.

5 Call the erring by Thy pity ;
Warn the tempted by Thy fear ;
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,
Counting life itself less dear,
Standing firmer, holding faster,
As we see the end draw near :

6 Till, with holy Jude and Simon
And the thousand faithful more,
We, the good confession witnessed
And the lifelong conflict o'er,
On the sea of fire and crystal
Stand, and wonder, and adore. Amen.

182 C. M.

1 When Thou, O Lord, didst send the twelve,
Thy work of grace to do,
Then joined in holy bands of love
They went forth two and two.

2 To-day, O Lord, before our eyes
Two blest apostles stand,
For ever in Thy holy Church
United hand in hand.

3 Jude bids us for the holy faith
With fervent zeal to fight,
And zeal shines brightly in thy name,
Simon the Cananite.

4 O Lord, send down into our hearts
Thy Spirit from above ;
And give us ever fervent zeal
Tempered with holy love :

5 So may we with Thy brethren, Lord,
In heavenly glory be !
For fellowship in holy love
Is brotherhood to Thee.

6 Glory to Father, and to Son,
Who clad with zeal and love,
Sent down the blessed Comforter,
The pure and holy Dove.

7 O gracious Spirit, ever brood
On us with golden wing,
Give zeal and love, that we Thy praise
In heaven may always sing. Amen.

183 GENERAL FOR SAINTS' DAYS. 7. 6.

1 From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy
saints at rest,
To Thee, O blessed Jesus, all praises be ad-
dressed.
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle that they
might conquerors be ;
Their crowns of living glory are lit with rays
from Thee.

[Insert here the stanza for the special Saint's Day to be
celebrated.]

ST. ANDREW.

2 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostle, the first to
welcome Thee,
The first to lead his brother the very Christ
to see.
With hearts for Thee made ready, watch we
throughout the year,
Forward to lead our brethren to own Thine
Advent near.

ST. THOMAS.

3 All praise for Thine apostle, whose short-
lived doubtings prove
Thy perfect twofold nature, the fulness of
Thy love.
On all who wait Thy coming shed forth Thy
peace, O Lord,
And grant us faith to know Thee, true Man,
true God, adored.

ST. STEPHEN.

4 Praise for the first of martyrs, who saw Thee
ready stand
To aid in midst of torments, to plead at
God's right hand.
Share we with him, if summoned by death
our Lord to own,
On earth the faithful witness, in heaven the
martyr crown.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

5 Praise for the loved disciple, exile on Pat-
mos' shore ;
Praise for the faithful record he to Thy God-
head bore ;
Praise for the mystic vision, through him to
us revealed.
May we, in patience waiting, with Thine
elect be sealed.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

- 6 Praise for Thine infant martyrs, by Thee
with tenderest love
Called early from the warfare to share the
rest above.
O Rachel ! cease thy weeping : they rest from
pains and cares.
Lord, grant us hearts as guileless, and
crowns as bright as theirs.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

- 7 Praise for the light from heaven, praise for
the voice of awe,
Praise for the glorious vision the persecutor
saw.
Thee, Lord, for his conversion, we glorify
to-day:
So lighten all our darkness with Thy true
Spirit's ray.

ST. MATTHIAS.

- 8 Lord, Thine abiding presence directs the
wondrous choice;
For one in place of Judas the faithful now
rejoice.
Thy Church from false apostles for ever-
more defend,
And by Thy parting promise be with her to
the end.

ST. MARK.

- 9 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, the weak
by grace made strong,
Whose labors and whose Gospel enrich our
triumph-song.
May we in all our weakness find strength
from Thee supplied,
And all, as fruitful branches, in Thee, the
Vine, abide.

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

- 10 All praise for Thine apostle, blessed guide
to Greek and Jew,
And him surnamed Thy brother ; keep us
Thy brethren true,
And grant us grace to know Thee, the
Way, the Truth, the Life;
To wrestle with temptations till victors in
the strife.

ST. BARNABAS.

- 11 The Son of Consolation, moved by Thy law
of love,
Forsaking earthly treasures, sought riches
from above.
As earth now teems with increase, let gifts
of grace descend,
That Thy true consolations may through
the world extend.

ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

- 12 We praise Thee for the Baptist, forerunner
of the Word,
Our true Elias, making a highway for the
Lord.
Of prophets last and greatest, he saw Thy
dawning ray :
Make us the rather blessed, who love Thy
glorious day.

ST. PETER.

- 18 Praise for Thy great apostle, the eager and
the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, thrice charged
to keep Thy fold.
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard
their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with
humble, earnest will.

ST. JAMES.

- 14 For him, O Lord, we praise Thee, who, slain
by Herod's sword,
Drank of Thy cup of suffering, fulfilling
thus Thy word.
Curb we all vain impatience to read Thy
veiled decree,
And count it joy to suffer, if so brought
nearer Thee.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

- 15 All praise for Thine apostle, the faithful,
pure, and true,
Whom underneath the fig tree Thine eye
all-seeing knew.
Like Him may we be guileless, true Israel-
ites indeed,
That Thy abiding presence our longing
souls may feed.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

St. MATTHEW.

- 16 Praise, Lord, for him whose Gospel Thy human life declared,
Who, worldly gains forsaking, Thy path of suffering shared
From all unrighteous mammon, oh, give us hearts set free,
That we, whate'er our calling, may rise and follow Thee.

St. LUKE.

- 17 For that "beloved physician," all praise, whose Gospel shows
The healer of the nations, the sharer of our woes.
Thy wine and oil, O Saviour, on bruised hearts deign to pour,
And with true balm of Gilead anoint us evermore.

St. SIMON AND St. JUDE.

- 18 Praise, Lord, for Thine apostles, who sealed their faith to-day:
One love, one zeal impelled them to tread the sacred way.
May we with zeal as earnest the faith of Christ maintain,
And, bound in love as brethren, at length Thy rest attain.

GENERAL ENDING.

- 19 Apostles, prophets, martyrs, and all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiments, who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us, Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps, would serve Thee more and more.
- 20 Then praise we God the Father, and praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit, eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory ascribe to God alone. Amen.

ALL SAINTS.

184

8s.

- 1 The saints of God! Their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!
- 2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!
- 3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!
- 4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:
He quickly comes, your Lord and King!
- 5 O God of saints! To Thee we cry;
O Saviour! plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost! our guide and friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee!

Amen.

185

P. M.

- 1 For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world con-
fest,
Thy Name, O Jesus, be for ever blest.
Alleluia.
- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
might:
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
fight;
Thou, in the darkness drest the Light of
Light. Alleluia.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

8 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of
gold. Alleluia.

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia.

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare
long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong. Alleluia.

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the
rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia.

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious
day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia.

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's far-
thest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the count-
less host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia.

186

6.4.6.4.

1 Their names are names of kings
Of heavenly line;
The pride of earthly things
They dared resign.

2 They bore the Spirit's sword
And faith's strong shield;
They fought for God the Lord
On many a field.

8 Though hard their earthly lot,
'Mid hate and scorn,
In life regarded not,
In death forlorn;

4 Yet blest that end of woe,
And those sad days;
Only man's blame below;
Above, God's praise.

5 So did the life of pain
In glory close;
Lord God, may we attain
Their grand repose. Amen.

187

L. M.

1 Lo! round the throne, a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
From all their labors now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:

4 "Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign;
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

5 Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That saints and holy martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.
Amen.

188

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 Who are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a pure white robe is wearing;
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

2 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honor long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng:
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 3 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified:
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.
- 4 These, like priests, have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve Him still.
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face.
Amen.

189

8.7.

- 1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting o'er the crystal sea,
Alleluia, alleluia,
Alleluia, Lord, to Thee:
Multitudes which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Conquering palms in every hand.
- 2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Sainly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee, their Saviour and their King.
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;
And by death to live immortal
They were born and glorified.
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite:
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

- 5 God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body joined together
All the saints for ever dwell,
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore. Amen.

190

7a.

- 1 Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal Name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

191

S.M.

- 1 For Thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to live,
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
- 2 For Thy dear saint, O Lord,
Who strove in Thee to die,
And found in Thee a full reward,
Accept our thankful cry.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

- 3 Thine earthly members fit
To join Thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
One fellowship of love.
- 4 Jesus, Thy Name we bless,
And humbly pray that we
May follow them in holiness,
Who lived and died for Thee. Amen.

Also the following :

- 249 God of the living, in Whose eyes.
410 Let saints on earth in concert sing.
411 Soldiers who are Christ's below.
412 Oh what, if we are Christ's.
413 Not to the terrors of the Lord.
415 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
416 O heavenly Jerusalem.
419 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
579 God hath two families of love.
580 King of glory, Saviour dear.

EMBER DAYS.

192 8.8.6.8.8.6.

- 1 Lord of the Church, we humbly pray
For those who guide us in Thy way,
And speak Thy holy word;
With love divine their hearts inspire.
And touch their lips with hallowed fire,
And needful strength afford.
- 2 Help them to preach the truth of God,
Redemption through the Saviour's blood;
Nor let the Spirit cease
On all the Church His gifts to shower;
To them a messenger of power,
To us, of life and peace.
- 8 So may they live to Thee alone;
Then hear the welcome word, "Well done!"
And take their crown above;
Enter into their Master's joy,
And all eternity employ
In praise, and bliss, and love. Amen.

193 C.M.

- 1 Guide Thou, O God, the guardian hands
Which rule Thy ransomed sheep,
And may they faithful shepherds choose,
Their Master's flock to keep.

- 2 We pray Thee, Jesus, Who didst first
The chosen twelve ordain,
In order due and holy life,
The Church they ruled sustain.

- 8 We pray Thee, Jesus, with Thy gifts
Our pastors still to bless,
With doctrine uncorrupt and pure,
With zeal and righteousness.

- 4 We pray Thee, Jesus, that their lips
May still be clothed with power,
Their hearts with love and strength upheld,
Sufficient for the hour.

- 5 O Holy Ghost, Anointer, come;
Both priest and people fill;
Till all the nations of the earth
Shall do their Father's will:

- 6 Then to the Father and the Son,
And Thee, her songs of praise,
One living undivided Church
Through endless years shall raise.

194 C.M.

- 1 The earth, O Lord, is one wide field
Of all Thy chosen seed;
The crop prepared its fruit to yield;
The laborers few indeed.

- 2 We therefore come before Thee now
With fasting, and with prayer,
Beseeching of Thy love that Thou
Wouldst send more laborers there.

- 8 Endue the bishops of Thy flock
With wisdom and with grace,
Against false doctrine, like a rock
To set the heart and face.

- 4 To all Thy priests Thy truth reveal,
And make Thy judgments clear;
Make Thou Thy deacons full of zeal,
And humble, and sincere:

- 5 And give their flocks a lowly mind
To hear and to obey;
That each and all may mercy find
At Thine appearing-day. Amen.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

195	L. M.	197	S. M.
<p>1 Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high, And Thine ordained servants bless; Graces and gifts to each supply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.</p> <p>2 Within Thy temple when they stand, To teach the truth as taught by Thee, Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand, Let all Thy Church's pastors be.</p> <p>3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart, Firmness and meekness from above, To bear Thy people in their heart, And love the souls whom Thou dost love;</p> <p>4 To love, and pray, and never faint, By day and night strict guard to keep, To warn the sinner, cheer the saint, To feed Thy lambs, and fold Thy sheep.</p> <p>5 'So, when their work is finished here, They may in hope their charge resign; So, when their Master shall appear, They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen.</p>		<p>1 Lord of the harvest, hear Thy needy servants' cry; Answer our faith's effectual prayer, And all our wants supply.</p> <p>2 On Thee we humbly wait, Our wants are in Thy view; The harvest, Lord, is truly great, The laborers are few.</p> <p>3 Anoint and send forth more Into Thy Church abroad, And let them speak Thy word of power, As workers with their God.</p> <p>4 Oh, let them spread Thy Name, Their mission fully prove: Thy universal grace proclaim, Thine all-redeeming love. Amen.</p>	
196	8s.	198	S. M.
<p>1 Thou who the night in prayer didst spend, And then Thy twelve apostles send: And bidd'st us pray the harvest's Lord To send forth sowers of Thy word, Hear, and Thy chosen servants bless With seven-fold gifts of holiness.</p> <p>2 Oh, may Thy pastors faithful be, Not laboring for themselves, but Thee; Give grace to feed with wholesome food The sheep and lambs bought by Thy blood; To tend Thy flock, and thus to prove How dearly they the Shepherd love!</p> <p>3 Oh, may Thy people faithful be, And in Thy pastors honor Thee, And with them work, and for them pray, And gladly Thee in them obey; Receive the prophet of the Lord, And gain the prophet's own reward!</p> <p>4 So may we, when our work is done, Together stand before the throne; And joyful hearts and voices raise In one united song of praise, With all the bright celestial host, To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.</p>		<p>1 Ye servants of the Lord, Each in your office, wait, Observant of His heavenly word, And watchful at His gate.</p> <p>2 Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame; Gird up your loins as in His sight, For awful is His Name.</p> <p>3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command, And while we speak He's near; Mark the first signal of His hand, And ready all appear.</p> <p>4 O happy servant he In such a posture found; He shall his Lord with rapture see, And be with honor crowned.</p>	
		ROGATION DAYS.	
		199	C. M.
		<p>1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall, And humbly with united cry To Thee for mercy call.</p> <p>2 The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, Oh, turn us not away; But bear us from Thy lofty throne, And help us when we pray.</p>	

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

8 Our fathers' sins were manifold,
And ours no less we own,
Yet wondrously from age to age
Thy goodness hath been shown.

4 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried,
And help in Thee was found.

5 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath Thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

6 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,
Then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

200

C. M.

1 In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord,
We now for succor fly;
Thine awful judgments are abroad,
Oh, shield us lest we die.

2 The fell disease on every side
Walks forth with tainted breath;
And pestilence, with rapid stride,
Bestrews the land with death.

3 Oh, look with pity on the scene
Of sadness and of dread;
And let Thine angel stand between
The living and the dead.

4 With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,
We turn who oft have strayed;
Accept the sacrifice we bring,
And let the plague be stayed. Amen.

201

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 To Thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace;
Oh, hear our lowly cry,
And hide not Thou Thy face.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy Name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

6 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
Oh, let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy Majesty.
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland. Amen.

202

C. M.

1 Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the barvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

2 Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And now that spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

3 The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

4 Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen.
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

5 So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heavens and earth
We never may forego. Amen.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

203

7s.

1 Christ, by heavenly hosts adored,
Gracious, mighty, sovereign Lord,
God of nations, King of kings,
Head of all created things,
By the Church with joy confest,
God o'er all for ever blest;
Pleading at Thy throne we stand,
Save Thy people, bless our land.

2 On our fields of grass and grain
Send. O Lord, the kindly rain;
O'er our wide and goodly land
Crown the labors of each hand.
Let Thy kind protection be
O'er our commerce on the sea:
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be
Men that love and honor Thee;
Let the powers by Thee ordained
Be in righteousness maintained;
In the people's hearts increase
Love of piety and peace;
Thus united we shall stand
One wide, free, and happy land.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

204

8.8.8.8.4.4.8.

1 Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail !
Thine ancient promise doth not fail;
The varying seasons haste their round;
With goodness all our years are crowned;
Our thanks we pay,
This holy day;
Oh, let our hearts in tune be found.

2 When spring doth wake the song of mirth,
When summer warms the fruitful earth,
When winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or autumn yields its ripened grain,
We still do sing
To Thee our King;
Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

3 But chiefly when Thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise
Our hymn of praise,
For we Thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest, all is Thine:
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound:
New every year,
Thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound.

205

7.6.7.6.7.6.7.6.6.6.8.6.

1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand;
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all His love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us, etc.

3 We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And what Thou most desirest.
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us, etc.

206

8.7.

1 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise
In hymns of adoration,
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise
With shouts of exultation:
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing,
The valleys stand so thick with corn
That even they are singing.

OTHER FEASTS AND FASTS.

2 And now on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.
By Thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal,
Thou Who dost give us earthly bread,
Give us the bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest comes for the weary.
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garner bright elected.

4 Oh, blessed is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread far and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:

The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

207

C. M.

1 Father of mercies, God of love,
Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons as they move
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,
The seasons knew Thy call;
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,
The summer dews to fall.

4 Thy gifts of mercy from above
Matured the swelling grain;
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Oh, ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook Thy bounteous care.
But what our Father's hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer. Amen.

208

8s.

1 Lord of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
And for all holy thoughts supplied
By seed time, and by harvest-tide.

2 The bare dry grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

3 Nor vainly of Thy word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

4 Daily, O Lord, our prayer is said,
As Thou hast taught, for "daily bread;"
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need:
O Bread of life, from day to day,
Be Thou their comfort, food, and stay.
Amen.

209

7s.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ;
All to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the plenty summer pours:
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain:
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best ;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove ;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

210

7s.

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown :
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear :
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home ;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away ;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come
To Thy final harvest-home:
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide :
Come with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home. Amen.

Also the following:

477 Sing praise to God Who reigns above.
484 For the beauty of the earth.
487 Now thank we all our God.
496 O Lord of heaven and earth and sea.

III. The Church.

HOLY COMMUNION.

10s.

211

1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;
Here faith can touch and handle things un-
seen ;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy
grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of
heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might
alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness:
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing
blood :
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace ;
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my
Amen.

212

10s.

1 Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord,
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.

2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to
God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.

5 Victims were offered by the law of old,
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from
shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sin-
cere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

8 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields;

9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

213

C.M.

1 Once, only once, and once for all,
His precious life He gave:
Before the cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

2 "One offering, single and complete,"
With lips and hearts we say;
But what He never can repeat
He shews forth day by day.

3 For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood:

4 So He Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noontide hour.

5 His Manhood pleads where now It lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its presence to His own.

6 And so we shew Thy death, O Lord,
Till Thine again appear;
And feel, when we approach Thy board,
"We have an altar" here.

214

C.M.

1 O God, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel:
And thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

2 Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly food;
Our meat the body of the Lord,
Our drink His precious blood.

4 Thus may we all Thy word obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine. Amen.

215

10s.

1 Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,
Who in Thy sacrament dost deign to be:
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

2 O blest memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living bread to men doth here afford!
Oh, may our souls for ever feed on Thee,
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be!

3 Fountain of goodness, Jesus, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing blood;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

4 O Christ, Whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be.
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.
Amen.

216

7s.

1 Jesus to Thy table led,
Now let every heart be fed,
With the true and living bread.

2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

4 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land. Amen.

217

7. 7. 6. 7. 7. 6.

1 O Bread of Life, from heaven
To saints and angels given;
O manna from above!
The souls that hunger, feed Thou,
The hearts that seek Thee, lead Thou,
With Thy sweet, tender love.

2 O fount of grace redeeming,
O river ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side!
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing
On thirsting souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We Thee unseen adore;
Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see Thee evermore. Amen.

218

10s.

1 O heavenly Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's
tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to
Thee
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so
dim;
For lo! between our sins and their reward,
We set the passion of Thy Son our Lord.

3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
Oh, fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast!
Oh, do Thine utmost for their souls' true
weal!

From tainting mischief keep them white and
clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to perse-
vere.

4 And so we come; Oh, draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us
still!
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.
Amen.

219

8. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

1 Come, O Saviour, to Thy table,
Come, for else we are not able
True refreshment to receive:
But if Thou vouchsafe to feed us,
To this feast of blessing lead us,
There to taste Thee and believe.

2 In the bread which here is broken,
In the wine, no empty token
Of an absent Lord we see.
Flesh and blood indeed are given,
When by faith, O Bread of heaven,
Not by sense, we feed on Thee.

3 Sweet it is, O Christ, to meet Thee,
In Thy sacrament to greet Thee.
Thee, our God, as host and friend.
By Thy presence here prepare us
For the day when Thou shalt bear us
To the feast that knows no end.
Amen.

220

C. M.

1 I am not worthy, holy Lord,
That Thou shouldst come to me;
Speak but the word: one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

2 I am not worthy: cold and bare
The lodging of my soul;
How canst Thou deign to enter there?
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

3 I am not worthy: yet, my God,
How can I say Thee nay;
Thee, Who didst give Thy flesh and blood
My ransom-price to pay?

THE CHURCH—HOLY COMMUNION.

4 Oh, come! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with food divine;
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

221

L. M.

- 1 My God, and is Thy table spread,
And does Thy cup with love o'erflow,
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them Thy sweet mercies know.
- 2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
- 3 Oh, let Thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests:
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.
- 4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers let them come;
And gather from their Father's board
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun. Amen.

222

P. M.

- 1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;
- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.
Amen.

223

7s.

- 1 Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,
To Thy cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.
Amen.

224

7.6.

- 1 Thou standest at the altar,
Thou offerest every prayer;
In faith's unclouded vision
We see Thee ever there.
- 2 Out of Thy hand the incense
Ascends before the throne,
Where Thou art interceding.
Lord Jesus, for Thine own.
- 3 And through Thy blood accepted,
With Thee we keep the feast;
Thou art Thyself the victim,
Thou art Thyself the priest.
- 4 We come, O only Saviour,
On Thee, the Lamb, to feed;
Thy flesh is bread from heaven,
Thy blood is drink indeed.

225

P. M.

- 1 O Holy Jesus, Prince of peace!
Thy peace be with us gathering round Thy
board,
Where the dread presence of an unseen Lord
Waits to be gracious, charged with full re-
lease
To every heavy-laden soul
Which here remembers Thee.
- 2 Once more, as in that upper room,
Thou Who didst love Thine own unto the end,
Thou Whose dear voice to every sorrowing
friend
Spoke the great promise through the deep-
ening gloom,
Thou bidst us, Master of the feast.
To-day remember Thee.
- 3 And e'en as in our hands we take
This broken bread, this precious cup of love,
Thy dying testament, which from above
Thou deignest ever new and fresh to make,
A fount of grace and life to all;
We do remember Thee.

THE CHURCH—HOLY BAPTISM.

Ours is the bond of love divine,
Which knits us each to all and all to each,
That love whose ever-lengthening cords can
reach
From the white choir around Thy heavenly
shrine
To those who come in faith to-day
Here to remember Thee.

Thy banquet over, as we go,
Strong in the strength of this celestial meat,
To tread the path of life with firmer feet,
To work the works which Thou hast bid us
do,
Abide with us, O Lord, that still
We may remember Thee! Amen.

8 We would not live by bread alone
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Lord, sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and Thy blood.
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food. Amen.

228

78.

226

C. M.

1 According to Thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
The cup, Thy precious blood, I take,
And thus remember Thee.

3 Gethsemane, can I forget?
Or there Thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary.
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

5 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee.
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,
Then, Lord, remember me. Amen.

1 "Till He come:" Oh, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that "Till He come."

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb:
It is only, "Till He come."

3 Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper, "Till He come."

4 See, the feast of love is spread:
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials: till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board:
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only, "Till He come."

227

C. M.

1 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
Thy chosen pilgrim flock,
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and weak,
As Thou when here below,
Our souls the joys celestial seek
Which from Thy sorrows flow.

HOLY BAPTISM.

229

10.6.10.6.8.8.4.

1 Father of heaven, Who hast created all
In wisest love, we pray,
Look on this child, who at Thy gracious call
Is entering on life's way!
Oh, make it Thine, Thy blessing give,
That to Thy glory it may live,
Father of heaven!

THE CHURCH—HOLY BAPTISM.

2 O Son of God, atoning Lord, behold
We bring this child to Thee;
Take it, O loving Shepherd, to Thy fold,
For ever Thine to be:
Defend it through this earthly strife,
And lead it in the path of life,
O Son of God!

3 O Holy Ghost, Who broodest o'er the wave,
Descend upon this child:
Give it undying life, its spirit lave
With waters undefiled;
And make it evermore to be
A child of God, a home for Thee,
O Holy Ghost!

4 O Triune God, what Thou hast willed is
done;
We speak: but Thine the might;
This child hath scarce yet seen our earthly
sun,
Yet pour on it Thy light
Of faith, and hope, and joyful love,
Thou Sun of all below, above,
O Triune God. Amen.

230

8.7.

1 Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in Thy gracious arm;
There we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

3 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal.
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

231

L. M.

1 God of that glorious gift of grace,
By which Thy people seek Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near!

72

2 Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,
We lay the treasure Thou hast given,
To be received and reared for heaven.

3 Lent to us for a season, we
Lend *him* for ever, Lord, to Thee;
Assured that, if to Thee *he* live,
We gain in what we gladly give.

4 Make *him* and keep *him* Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefiled;
Possessor here of grace and love;
Inheritor of heaven above! Amen.

232

8.7.

1 O God our strength, our hope, our rock,
Whose promise faileth never,
Into Thy chosen blood-bought flock,
Receive this child for ever.

2 Now sealed with Thy thrice holy Name
In these baptismal waters,
For *him* a place we humbly claim
Among Thy sons and daughters.

3 We mark the cross upon *his* brow,
The symbol of Thy Passion;
O Christ, vouchsafe *his* earliest vow
May be *his* life's confession.

4 This banner over *him* unfurled,
May *he* fight on, subduing
The flesh, the devil, and the world;
His strength in Thee renewing.

5 May nothing, Lord, in life or death
From Thee Thy servant sever:
Thy soldier true to plighted faith,
Henceforward, and for ever. Amen.

233

C. M.

1 In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee *His* alone.

2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in *His* Name,
We blazon here upon thy front,
His glory and *His* shame.

THE CHURCH—CONFIRMATION.

- 3 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high ;
- 4 Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own :
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown. Amen.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

234

S. M.

- 1 Stand, soldier of the cross,
Thy high allegiance claim,
And vow to hold the world but loss
For thy Redeemer's Name.
- 2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away ;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.
- 3 Thine is our country now,
Our Lord and Master thine,
Receive imprinted on thy brow
His Passion's awful sign.
- 4 No more thine own, but Christ's ;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr throngs enrolled.
- 5 Oh, bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

Also the following :

- 347 Soldiers of Christ, arise.
349 Go forward, Christian soldier.
352 If thou wouldest life attain.
524 O Lord, our strength in weakness.
624 Thy life was given for me.
629 O holy Saviour, friend unseen.

CONFIRMATION.

235

8s.

- 1 O God, in Whose all-searching eye
Thy servants stand, to ratify
The vow baptismal, by them made
When first Thy hand was on them laid ;

Bless them, O Holy Father, bless,
Who Thee with heart and voice confess ;
May they, acknowledged as Thine own,
Stand evermore before Thy throne.

- 2 O Christ, Who didst at Pentecost
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost ;
And at Samaria baptize
Those whom Thou didst evangelize ;
And then on Thy baptized confer
The best of gifts, the Comforter,
By apostolic hands, and prayer :
Be with us now, as Thou wert there.
- 3 Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword ;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world ;
And so at last receive from Thee
The palm and crown of victory.
- 4 Come, ever blessed Spirit, come,
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home ;
May each a living temple be,
Hallowed for ever, Lord, to Thee.
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine ;
With wisdom, light, and knowledge, bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.
- 5 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, and Persons Three,
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom, we live,
To Thee we praise and glory give.

Oh, grant us so to use Thy grace
That we may see Thy glorious face,
And ever, with the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

236

S. M.

- 1 The cross is on our brow,
Redemption's awful sign :
Come Thou, O Holy Spirit, now,
To seal the work divine.
- 2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet :
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

THE CHURCH—CONFIRMATION.

8 With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel :
With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.

4 Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought :
Illume the souls with love's pure ray,
Which Jesus' blood hath bought.

5 The fiend, the flesh, the world,
We swear to give them fight :
Our Monarch's banner floats unfurled ;
Who fails with that in sight ?

6 Who fails with Jesus Christ
For leader and for guide ;
For food, for treasure all unpriced,
And friend who ne'er denied ?

7 The powers of ill allure ;
Our foes come thick and fast :
Oh, keep us steadfast, loving, pure,
And we shall win at last.

8 No earth-forged arms we bear :
Strength, weapons, all are Thine :
Accept each vow and hear each prayer,
Blest Trinity divine. Amen.

237 8s.

1 Behold us, Lord, before Thee met,
Whom each bright angel serves and fears,
Who on Thy throne rememberest yet
Thy spotless boyhood's quiet years,
Whose feet the hills of Nazareth trod,
Who art true Man and perfect God.

2 To Thee we look, in Thee confide,
Our help is in Thine own dear Name ;
For who on Jesus e'er relied
And found not Jesus still the same ?
Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought ;
Oh, stablish well what Thou hast wrought.

3 From Thee was our baptismal grace,
The holy seed by Thee was sown ;
And now before our Father's face
We make the three great vows our own ;
And ask, in Thine appointed way,
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

4 We need Thee more than tongue can speak,
'Mid foes that well might cast us down ;
But thousands, once as young and weak,
Have fought the fight, and won the crown ;
We ask the help that bore them through ;
We trust the Faithful and the True.

5 So bless us with the gift complete
By hands of Thy chief pastors given,
That awful presence, kind and sweet,
Which comes in sevenfold might from
heaven ;
Eternal Christ, to Thee we bow :
Give us Thy Spirit here and now. Amen.

238 7s.

1 Holy Spirit, Lord of love,
Thou Who camest from above,
Gifts of blessing to bestow
On Thy waiting Church below ;
Once again in love draw near
To Thy children gathered here.

2 From their bright baptismal day,
Through their childhood's onward way,
Thou hast been their constant guide,
Watching ever by their side ;
May they now till life shall end,
Choose and know Thee as their friend.

3 Give them light Thy truth to see,
Give them life to live for Thee,
Daily power to conquer sin,
Patient faith the crown to win ;
Shield them from temptation's breath,
Keep them faithful unto death.

4 When the holy vow is made,
When the hands are on them laid,
Come, in this most solemn hour,
With Thy sevenfold gifts of power,
Come, Thou blessed Spirit, come,
Make each heart Thy happy home. Amen

239 L. M.

1 Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil
Between us and the fires of youth ;
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

2 For ever on our souls be traced
This blessing from the Saviour's hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land. Amen

THE CHURCH—CONFIRMATION.

240

8.7.

- 1 Holy Spirit, Lord of glory,
Look on us Thy flock to-day,
Meekly kneeling at Thy footstool
For Thy sevenfold gifts we pray;
Guide us all our earthly journey
In the true and narrow way.
- 2 Foes on every hand are round us,
And our hearts are weak and frail;
Gird us with Thy heavenly armor;
Never let us yield or quail;
Give us victory in the struggle,
When the hosts of sin assail.
- 3 Blessed Jesus, draw Thóu near us,
As before Thy cross we bow;
Help us to be true and faithful,
Seal our sacramental vow;
We Thy soldiers are, and servants;
Hear our solemn promise now.
- 4 Lead us by Thy guiding presence
Through the waste, with danger rife;
Feed us with the heavenly manna,
That we faint not in the strife;
Slake our weary spirits' thirsting,
From the living well of life.
- 5 Looking ever unto Jesus,
Leaning on His staff and rod;
May we follow in His footsteps,
Tread the path that He has trod,
Till we dwell with Him for ever
In the Paradise of God. Amen.

241

7.6.

- 1 O gracious Saviour, bless us
This Confirmation hour,
And send Thy Holy Spirit,
In all His gifts and power.
- 2 Send Him to guide with *Wisdom*
Our footsteps through the world;
Thy banner we have chosen
Be over us unfurled.
- 3 When all looks dark and dreary,
And dim the far-off land,
Then teach us, Holy Spirit,
Thy ways to *understand*.

- 4 If doubt should weave around us
A wily, tangled coil,
Then guide us by Thy *counsel*,
Its subtilty to foil.
- 5 When weak, our hearts are shrinking
From sorrow, pain, or grief,
Give *ghostly strength* to aid us,
And bring us sweet relief.
- 6 When many thoughts perplex us
What mission to fulfil,
Grant *knowledge* to our judgment,
That we may do Thy will.
- 7 If earthly joys grow bitter,
Help us true peace to gain,
And in life's persecution
True godliness retain.
- 8 When thoughts that shrink from con-
science
Betray the tempter near,
Oh, then awaken in us
The voice of *holy fear*!
- 9 And so defend us, Master,
With Thy calm, heavenly grace,
Till we are called to worship
Within Thy dwelling-place;
- 10 To fall before Thy footstool,
And sing, all glory be
To Father, Son, and Spirit,
Thrice Holy Trinity. Amen.

242

78.

- 1 Thine for ever : God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.
- 2 Thine for ever : Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife :
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.
- 3 Thine for ever : O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!
- 4 Thine for ever : Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

THE CHURCH—HOLY MATRIMONY.

5 Thine for ever : Thou our guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.
Amen.

243

L. M.

1 O happy day, that stays my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell Thy goodness all abroad.

2 Here rest, my oft-divided heart,
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest ;
Who with the world would grieve to part
When called on angels' food to feast ?

3 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

244

C. M.

1 My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always Thine,
That I from Thee no more may stray,
No more from Thee decline.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall :
Let every sin be crucified,
And Christ be all in all.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace
And seal me for Thine own ;
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship near Thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given ;
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven ! Amen.

HOLY MATRIMONY.

245

D. C. M.

1 Lord, Who at Cana's wedding feast
Didst as a guest appear,
Thou dearer far than earthly guest
Vouchsafe Thy presence here ;
For holy Thou indeed dost prove
The marriage vow to be,
Proclaiming it a type of love
Between the Church and Thee.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,
The golden thread in life,
The bond that none may dare to break,
That bindeth man and wife ;
Which, blessed by Thee, whate'er betides,
No evil shall destroy,
Through care-worn days each care divides,
And doubles every joy.

3 On those who at Thine altar kneel,
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,
That each may wake the other's zeal
To love Thee more and more :
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,
In purity and love,
And, this world leaving, to receive
A crown of life above ! Amen.

246

7.6.

1 O Father all-creating,
Whose wisdom and Whose power
First bound two lives together
In Eden's primal hour ;
To-day to these Thy children
Thine earliest gift renew ;
A home by Thee made blessed,
A love by Thee kept true.

2 O Saviour, guest most bounteous
Of old in Galilee,
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence,
With these who wait on Thee ;
Their store of earthly gladness
Transform to heavenly wine,
And teach them, in the tasting,
To know the gift is Thine.

3 O Spirit of the Father
Breathe on them from above,
So searching in Thy pureness,
So tender in Thy love ;
That guarded by Thy presence,
From sin and strife kept free,
Their lives may own Thy guidance,
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

4 Except Thou build it, Father,
The house is built in vain ;
Except Thou, Lord, sustain it,
The joy will turn to pain :
But nought can break the union
Of hearts in Thee made one,
And love, which Thou hast hallowed,
Is endless love begun.

THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

247

8a.

- 1 To Thee, O Father throned on high,
Our marriage hymn, we duly sing;
Knit Thou the sacred bond we tie,
And do Thou bless the wedding ring.
Thy love, at first, in Paradise,
It was that made one flesh of twain;
Work Thou, while here our prayers arise,
That sacred mystery, again.
- 2 To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside
Thy Father's right hand, here we cry;
True Bridegroom of Thy spotless Bride,
With all Thy human love, draw nigh.
Our human nature, Thy divine
Has wedded, and in Thee, dear Lord,
As Cana's water turned to wine,
Its lost godlikeness is restored.
- 3 O Holy Ghost the Paraclete,
Thee too we worship, God and Lord,
And honor Thee, with praises meet,
One with the Father and the Word.
Lord and Life-giver, hear our prayer,
Come, sanctify and bless, and guide,
Strengthen, and shelter 'neath Thy care,
The life of bridegroom and of bride.
- 4 O God Triune, Whom heaven's host
Adores, with sweet and ceaseless song;
O Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To Whom all worship doth belong;
Hear, in these echoes faint and dim
Of chant and prayer and holy psalm,
Their songs, the heavenly feast who hymn,
The marriage supper of the Lamb.
Amen.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

248

7b.

- 1 Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee:
Thou in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory.

True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son:
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
Has for us the victory won.
- 2 Lo! the prisoner is released!
Lightened of *his* earthly load,
Where the weary are at rest
And are gathered unto God.

Lo! the pain of life is past,
All *his* warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and sufferings are no more.

- 3 Happy are the faithful dead,
Blessed who in Jesus die;
They from all their toils are freed
In God's keeping safely lie.

These the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest,
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

- 4 Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long;
Join we then with one accord
In the new, the joyful song:

Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise,
Triune God, we pay to Thee,
Who in Thine abundant grace
Givest us the victory! Amen.

249

8a.

- 1 God of the living, in Whose eyes
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies;
All souls are Thine: we must not say
That those are dead who pass away;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto Thee.
- 2 Released from earthly toil and strife,
With Thee is hidden still their life;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their
powers,
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
- 3 Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;
Not left to lie like fallen tree:
Not dead, but living unto Thee.
- 4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;
And bless Thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto Thee.

THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

5 O breather into man of breath,
O holder of the keys of death,
O giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be
For ever living unto Thee! Amen.

250

7.7.7.7.8.8.

1 Now the laborer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

2 There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
The dear love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

4 There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He Who died for their release.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

5 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say,
Leaving him to sleep in trust
Till the resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

251

8.7.8.3.

1 On the resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain!

2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapt in sleep.

78

3 For a space the tired body
Lies with feet toward the dawn ;
Till there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.

4 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong;
Breaking at the resurrection
Into song.

5 Soul and body reunited,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

6 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that resurrection-day!
Which shall not, through endless ages,
Pass away!

7 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, sister, child and mother,
Meet once more.

8 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last ;
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,
Holding fast. Amen.

252

L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie ;
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

THE CHURCH—BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

253

11.6.

- 1 A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keep-
ing
A festival above.
- 2 The mourners throng the way, and from the
steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets, the holy people
Are passing to and fro;
- 3 And saying as they meet, rejoice! another,
Long waited for is come:
The Saviour's heart is glad: a younger
brother
Hath reached the Father's home.

FOR A CHILD.

254

7s.

- 1 Let no hopeless tears be shed,
Holy is this narrow bed.
Alleluia.
- 2 Death eternal life bestows,
Open heaven's portal throws.
Alleluia.
- 3 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath past.
Alleluia.
- 4 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed for race well run:
Alleluia.
- 5 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward:
Alleluia.
- 6 Grants the prize without the course,
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia.
- 7 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one;
Alleluia.
- 8 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia. Amen.

255

L.M.

- 1 Blessèd art thou, who, passed before
Hast found through death thy greatest
gain;
Whose opening life, so quickly o'er,
Is hidden where is no more pain.
- 2 Blessèd art thou, whose childish feet
Stray where the living waters flow;
For thee no glow of summer heat,
No chilling touch of winter's snow.
- 3 Blessèd art thou; no storm can sweep
Where love so soon hath wafted thee;
We toil in rowing on life's deep;
But where thou art is "no more sea."
- 4 'The Shepherd bath Himself removed
The lamb which to His care was given;
For He on earth, Whom children loved,
Hath called His child from earth to
heaven.
- 5 No cloud is there, no sound of woe,
But peace unearthly, pure and deep;
We know thou art with Christ; for "so
He giveth His beloved sleep." Amen.

Also the following:

- 105 So rest, our Rest.
- 106 The grave itself a garden is.
- 116 The foe behind, the deep before.
- 118 Jesus lives! Thy threatening woe.
- 119 Alleluia! Alleluia!
- 120 Sing, with all the sons of glory.
- 185 For all the saints, who from their labors
rest.
- 191 For Thy dear saint, O Lord.
- 321 Rock of ages.
- 331 My God, my Father, while I stray.
- 332 Nearer, my God, to Thee.
- 389 To Him, Who for our sins was slain.
- 419 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
- 424 Brief life is here our portion.
- 534 O God, our help in ages past.
- 535 Soon and for ever.
- 536 When our heads are bowed with woe.
- 563 Jesus, life of those who die.
- 579 God hath two families of love.

THE CHURCH—ORDINATION.

ORDINATION.

CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

256

7.6.

1 Lord of the living harvest
That whiteneth o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain;

Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;

To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light,
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;

Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

4 Be with them, God the Father!
Be with them, God the Son!
And God the Holy Spirit!
Most blessed Three in One!

Make them a holy priesthood,
Thee humbly to adore,
And fill them with Thy fullness
Both now and evermore! Amen.

257

L. M.

1 Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord,
And hear Thy Church's suppliant cry
For all who preach Thy saving word,
And wait upon Thy ministry.

2 In mercy, Father, now give heed,
And pour Thy quickening Spirit's breath
On those whom Thou dost call to feed
Thy flock redeemed by Jesus' death.

3 O Saviour, from Thy pierced hand
Shed o'er them all Thy gifts divine:
That those who in Thy presence stand
May do Thy will with love like Thine.

4 Blest Spirit, in their hearts abide,
And give them grace to watch and pray;
That as they seek Thy flock to guide,
Themselves may keep the narrow way.

5 O God, Thy strength and mercy send
To shield them in their strife with sin;
Grant them, enduring to the end,
The crown of life at last to win. Amen.

258

L. M.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all Thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in Thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call Him Lord. Amen.

259

P. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

3 Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

4 Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- 5 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both to be but One,
- 8 That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
- 9 Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

Also the following :

520 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures.

INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

260

78.

- 1 Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray
For Thy servant here to-day:
By the cross upon his brow,
By his ordination vow,
By the prayers which we have prayed
For the Holy Spirit's aid,
By the deep and fervent love
Owing to his Lord above,
Grant him faithful watch to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 2 From the silent power of sin
Lurking secretly within,
May the grace that flows from Thee,
Heavenly Shepherd, set him free;
By the blessing on him breathed,
By the charge to him bequeathed,
Thou the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Gird him for the sacred strife,
Aye his faithful watch to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.
- 3 Speed him on his life-long way,
Speed him whom we speed to-day;
Thou, the gracious, loving Lord,
Give him souls for his reward:
Till he win the promised crown,
When he lays his burden down
Humbly at his Saviour's feet,
Low before the mercy-seat :
Give him, Lord, Thy grace to keep,
Tend Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

- 4 To the blessed Trinity
Now let praise and glory be,
In Whose Name we meet to-day
For our guidance, as we pray,
That we may, in all we do,
Pastor, and his flock, be true;
True to man in heavenly love,
True to Thee, our God, above,
Till we, sheep and shepherd, meet,
Ransomed, at Thy judgment seat.
Amen.

IV. The Holy Scriptures.

261

C.M.

- 1 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace .
Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heavenly grace,
Brook by the traveler's way;
- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,
And radiant cloud by day;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark,
Our anchor and our stay :
- 4 Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts:
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts. Amen.

262

68.

- 1 Lord, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.
- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

263

C. M.

1 Father of mercies! in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there. Amen.

264

7.6.

1 O Word of God incarnate,
O wisdom from on high,
O truth unchanged, unchanging,
O light of our dark sky;

We praise Thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world;
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;

Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this, their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

Also the following:

75 Not by Thy mighty hand.

V. Special Occasions.

LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

265

L. M.

1 O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands;

2 Grant that all we who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all pertain; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne
We but present Thee with Thine own.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—LAYING OF A CORNER STONE.

5 The minds that guide endue with skill ;
The hands that work preserve from ill ;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect ;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever blessed Trinity! Amen.

266

8.7.

1 In the Name which earth and heaven
Ever worship, praise, and fear,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Shall a house be builded here:
Here with prayer its deep foundations,
In the faith of Christ, we lay,
Trusting by His help to crown it
With the top-stone in its day.

2 Here as in their due succession
Stone on stone the workmen place,
Thus, we pray, unseen but surely,
Jesus, build us up in grace;
Till, within these walls completed,
We complete in Thee are found ;
And to Thee, the one Foundation,
Strong and living stones, are bound.

3 Fair shall be Thine earthly temple:
Here the careless passer-by
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
Of the holier house on high ;
Weary hearts and troubled spirits
Here shall find a still retreat ;
Sinful souls shall bring their burden
Here to the Absolver's feet.

4 Yet with truer, nobler beauty,
Lord, we pray, this house adorn,
Where Thy Bride, Thy Church redeemèd,
Robes her for her marriage morn ;
Clothed in garments of salvation,
Rich with gems of heavenly grace,
Spouse of Christ, arrayed and waiting
Till she may behold His face.

5 Here in due and solemn order
May her ceaseless prayer arise;
Here may strains of holy gladness
Lift her heart above the skies;
Here the word of life be spoken ;
Here the child of God be sealed ;
Here the bread of heaven be broken,
"Till He come" Himself revealed.

6 Praise to Thee, O Master-BUILDER,
Maker of the earth and skies ;
Praise to Thee, in Whom Thy temple
Fifty framed together lies;
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one;
Till our earthly praise be ended,
And the eternal song begun! Amen.

267

L. M.

1 O Thou, in Whom alone is found
The strength by which our toil is blest,
Upon this consecrated ground
Now bid Thy cloud of glory rest.

2 In Thy great Name we place this stone;
To Thy great truth these walls we rear :
Long may they make Thy glory known,
And long our Saviour triumph here.

3 And while Thy sons, from earth apart,
Here seek the truth from heaven that
sprung,
Fill with Thy Spirit every heart,
With living fire touch every tongue.

4 Lord, feed Thy Church with peace and love;
Let sin and error pass away,
Till truth's full influence from above
Rejoice the earth with cloudless day.
Amen.

268

L. M.

1 And will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode?
And will He, from His radiant throne,
Accept our temples for His own ?

2 These walls we to Thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with Thy praise:
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train:
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That souls were born to glory here.
Amen.

CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

269

C. M.

- 1 O Thou, Whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.
- 2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side!
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies. Amen.

270

7.6.

- 1 Great God of our salvation,
Be this Thy resting place,
Thy holy habitation,
Thy mercy-seat of grace.
What time the tempests gather,
Light, love, peace, praise be here:
The children with their Father:
God with us : where is fear ?
- 2 Though pilgrim hearts are moaning
The sin and strife of earth,
The whole creation groaning
In travail-pangs of birth,
Emmanuel leads us onward :
His cross is in the van ;
The clouds are rifted sunward :
God with us : what is man ?
- 3 Though more the devil rages
As nearer draws his hour,
Hid in the Rock of ages
We bide His wrath and power :
For still the Dove is hovering
O'er every suppliant saint :
God with us, shadowing, covering;
Who dares to fail or faint ?

- 4 Praise ye our God for ever,
In these His courts adored :
Nor death nor hell can sever
The servant and his Lord.
On, brothers, on ; victorious
The Gospel's trumpet-call ;
The Lord of hosts before us ;
God with us, one and all. Amen.

271

L. M.

- 1 Jesus! where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.
- 2 And since within no walls confined,
Thou dwellest in the humble mind :
Let all within Thy house who come,
Departing, take Thee to their home.
- 3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own
To raise for Thee an earthly throne ;
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord!
- 4 [* Behold, at Thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord ;
Come Thou and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.]
- 5 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
And here to wayward hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving Name !
- 6 Here may we prove the might of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care :
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes !
- 7 Here to the babe new-born on earth,
Grant Thou the newer, better birth ;
By water and the Holy Ghost
Restoring all that Adam lost.
- 8 Here to the weary, hungry soul
Give Thou the gift that maketh whole ;
The bread that is Christ's flesh, for food,
The wine that is the Saviour's blood.

* For enlargement of the Church.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—MISSIONS.

9 Lord, we are few, but Thou art near :
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts Thine own !
Amen.

Also the following:

500 Lo! God is here ; let us adore.
501 Christ is made the sure foundation.
502 We love the place, O God.

RESTORATION OF A CHURCH.

272 8.7.

- 1 Lift the strain of high thanksgiving !
Tread with songs the hallowed way !
Praise our fathers' God for mercies
New to us their sons to-day :
Here they built for Him a dwelling,
Served Him here in ages past.
Fixed it for His sure possession,
Holy ground, while time shall last.
- 2 When the years had wrought their changes,
He, our own unchanging God,
Thought on this His habitation,
Looked on His decayed abode ;
Heard our prayers, and helped our counsels,
Blessed the silver and the gold,
Till once more His house is standing
Firm and stately as of old.
- 3 Entering then Thy gates with praises,
Lord, be ours Thine Israel's prayer :
'Rise into Thy place of resting,
Shew Thy promised Presence there !'
Let the gracious word be spoken
Here, as once on Zion's height,
'This shall be My rest for ever,
This My dwelling of delight.'
- 4 Fill this latter house with glory
Greater than the former knew ;
Clothe with righteousness its priesthood,
Guide us all to reverence true ;
Let Thy Holy One's anointing
Here its sevenfold blessing shed ;
Spread for us the heavenly banquet,
Satisfy Thy poor with bread.
- 5 Praise to Thee, almighty Father,
Praise to Thee, eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, all-quickenng Spirit,
Ever blessed Three in One ;

Threelfold Power and Grace and Wisdom,
Moulding out of sinful clay,
Living stones for that true temple
Which shall never know decay. Amen.

MISSIONS:

AT HOME.

L. M.

273

- 1 Look from Thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might !
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.
- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee !
- 8 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

MISSIONS:

ABROAD.

L. M.

274

- 1 Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross, on which the Saviour died.
- 2 Fling out the banner ! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign ;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—MISSIONS.

- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

275

7.6.

- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, Oh, salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

276

6.6.6.6.8.8.

- 1 Arise, O Lord, and shine
In all Thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.
- 2 Oh, bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.
- 3 Put forth Thy glorious power:
The nations then shall see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee:
God, our own God, His Church shall bless,
And earth be filled with righteousness.

277

8.7.

- 1 Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping.
When shall earth Thy rule obey?
When shall end the night of weeping?
When shall break the promised day?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the laborers' toil;
Was it vain—Thy Son's deep anguish?
Shall the strong retain the spoil?
- 2 Tidings, sent to every creature.
Millions yet have never heard:
Can they hear without a preacher?
Lord almighty, give the word!
Give the word! in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.
- 3 Then the end! Thy Church completed,
All Thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin:
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain:
Lo! her watch Thy Church is keeping;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign!

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—MISSIONS.

278

8.7. 280

8.7.8.7.4.7.

Saviour, sprinkle many nations;
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;
By Thy pains and consolations
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee!

Of Thy cross the wondrous story,
Be it to the nations told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glory
And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest.

Thirsting as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain,
Thee they seek as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting!
Stretched the hand and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame, and wisdom's light.

Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung! Amen.

279

8.7.

1 Lord, a Saviour's love displaying,
Show the heathen lands Thy way;
Thousands still like sheep are straying
In the dark and cloudy day.

2 Shades of death are gathering o'er them,
Lord, they perish from Thy sight!
Let Thine angel go before them;
Bring the Gentiles to Thy light.

3 Fetch them home from every nation,
From the islands of the sea;
By the word of Thy salvation
Call the wanderers back to Thee.

4 Thou their pasture hast provided,
Grant the blessing long foretold;
Let Thy sheep, divinely guided,
Find at last the one true fold.

1 Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew:
Thousand voices
Call us, o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! None has taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear;
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, oh haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us, when we stand
In the judgment,
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten;
Light of nations! lead us o'er:
When we seek them,
Let Thy Spirit go before. Amen.

281

L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

282

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them;
Thou art Lord of winds and waves;
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them;
Now they go to free the slaves;
Be Thou with them:
Tis Thine arm alone that saves.
- 2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command,
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
Oh, be with them!
Lead them safely by the hand.
- 3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears,
Be Thou with them;
Hear their sighs, and count their tears.
- 4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain:
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.
- 5 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be;
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see:
- 6 There to reap in joy for ever
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own;
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone. Amen.

283

6.5.

- 1 Hark! the swelling breezes,
Rising from afar,
Bring the sound of conflict
From the holy war.

God is with our armies;
He the word has given;
He is watching o'er you,
Messengers of heaven.

- 2 Go, thou mighty gospel,
Conquering on thy way;
Night upon the mountains
Changes into day.

Idols bow before thee,
Heathen temples fall;
Soon the world shall own thee,
Victor over all.
- 3 O Thou blessed Saviour,
Reigning now on high,
May Thy faithful soldiers
Find Thee ever nigh.

Bid their glorious mission
Spread from sea to sea,
Till the whole creation
Worship only Thee. Amen.

284

L.M.

- 1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake:
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.
- 2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah, God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 Let Sion's time of favor come;
Oh, bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.
- 4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall.
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.
Amen.

Also the following:

- 871 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
- 872 God of mercy, God of grace.
- 495 From all that dwell below the skies.
- 512 Thy kingdom come, O God.
- 513 Thou, Whose almighty Word.
- 514 Hark, the song of Jubilee.
- 515 Blow ye the trumpet, blow.
- 516 Lord of all power and might.
- 517 O brothers, lift your voices.
- 648 Christ for the world we sing.

FOR THE JEWS.

285

7. 6.

1 Oh, that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Sion come,
To heal His ancient nation.
To lead His outcasts home!

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy Church to Thee.
Amen.

286

C. M.

1 Wake, harp of Sion, wake again,
Upon Thine ancient hill,
On Jordan's long deserted plain,
By Kedron's lowly rill.

2 The hymn shall yet in Sion swell,
That sounds Messiah's praise,
And Thy loved Name, Emmanuel,
As once in ancient days.

3 For Israel yet shall own her King.
For her, salvation waits,
And hill and dale shall sweetly sing,
With praise in all her gates.

4 Oh, hasten, Lord, these promised days,
When Israel shall rejoice;
And Jew and Gentile join in praise,
With one united voice! Amen.

287

L. M.

1 Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disowned of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Sion's hallowed ground?

2 O God of Israel, view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring,
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light:
The severed olive branch again
To its own parent stock unite.

4 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful rapture praise.
Amen.

CHARITIES.

288

8. 8. 8. 6.

1 O God of mercy, God of might,
In love and pity infinite,
Teach us, as ever in Thy sight,
To live our life to Thee.

2 And Thou, Who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
Oh, hear us, for to Thee we cry,
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.

3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught.
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought,
That every word, and deed, and thought
May work a work for Thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move
All those who live, to live in love,
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above
All those who give to Thee. Amen.

289

L. M.

1 O Thou through suffering perfect made,
On Whom the bitter cross was laid;
In hours of sickness, grief, and pain,
No sufferer turns to Thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain Thy tendance kind;
Now in Thy poor Thyself we see,
And minister through them to Thee

3 O loving Saviour, Thou canst cure
The pains and woes Thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

4 But, oh, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of Thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God!

5 Oh, heal the bruised heart within!
Oh, save our souls all sick with sin!
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise Thee evermore!
Amen.

290

D. C. M.

1 Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave.

To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

2 And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.

And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book:

Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,
And strength, where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death,
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.

To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

291

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 Thou to Whom the sick and dying
Ever came, nor came in vain,
Still with healing words replying
To the wearied cry of pain;
Hear us, Jesus, as we meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

2 Every care, and every sorrow,
Be it great, or be it small,
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
When, where'er, it may befall,
Lay we humbly at Thy feet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

3 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care;
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet,
Suppliants at Thy mercy seat.

4 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet,
Suppliant to Thy mercy seat.

5 So may sickness, sin, and sadness,
To Thy healing power yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.
Amen.

292

8s.

1 Father, Who mak'st Thy suffering sons
Thy ministers to stronger ones,
To light love's holy flame within,
Deposing self, abasing sin,
Oh, teach my soul, confiding still,
To suffer or to do Thy will!

2 If in this world of mystery,
Unequal favors fall on me,
While brothers, better far than I,
Are called to languish or to die,
Help me in turn their ills to share,
Their wounds to heal, their load to bear.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—ALMSGIVING.

3 Blest is their task, 'mid human woe
Thy gifts on others who bestow;
For suffering lies at plenty's door,
And God appeals, when cries the poor.
His law ordains for all that live,
What sorrow lacks let mercy give.

4 The day shall come when veils remove,
And all shall see that God is love.
Then He Himself all tears shall dry,
And show of pain the reason why;
And theirs shall be the great reward
Who in His poor beheld their Lord.

ALMSGIVING.

293

C. M.

1 Lord, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let love's treasures still be spent,
Like His, upon the poor.

2 Like Him through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

294

8. 7.

1 Lord of glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice;
And with that hast freely given
Blessings, countless as the sand,
To the unthankful and the evil
With Thine own unsparing hand;

2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee
Gladly, freely of Thine own;
With the sunshine of Thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by Thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blessed
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given
To our humblest charity,
In Thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto Me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by Thy poor and needy,
"Give as I have given to you?"

4 Yes: the sorrow and the suffering,
Which on every hand we see,
Channels are for tithes and offerings
Due by solemn right to Thee;
Right of which we may not rob Thee,
Debt we may not choose but pay,
Lest that face of love and pity
Turn from us another day.

5 Lord of glory, Who hast bought us
With Thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee;
But oh, best of all Thy graces,
Give us Thine own charity. Amen.

295

S. M.

1 We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

4 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angel's work below.

5 The captive to release,
To God, the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—NATIONAL FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

6 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

296

C.M.

1 O Fount of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline:
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with Thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need. Amen.

297

P.M.

1 Holy offerings, rich and rare,
Offerings of praise and prayer,
Purer life and purpose high,
Clasped hands, uplifted eye,
Lowly acts of adoration
To the God of our salvation:
On His altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

2 Homage of each humble heart,
Ere we from Thy house depart:
Worship fervent, deep and high,
Adoration, ecstasy;
All that childlike love can render
Of devotion true and tender;
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

92

3 To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Though our mortal weakness raise
Offerings of imperfect praise,
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,
Crying, Holy! holy! holy!
On Thine altar laid we leave them:
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
Amen.

NATIONAL FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

298

C.M.

1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most!

2 Our fathers' sepulchres are here,
And here our kindred dwell:
Our children, too; how should we love
Another's land so well?

3 Oh, guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

4 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
Be Thou our refuge and our trust,
Our everlasting friend. Amen.

299

5.4.

1 God of our fathers,
Bless this Thy land;
Ocean to ocean
Owneth Thy hand.
Home of all nations
From far and near,
Give, to unite us,
Thy faith and fear.
God of our fathers
Failing us never,
God of our fathers,
Be ours for ever.

2 Lord God of Sabaoth,
Mighty in war,
Boundless and numberless
Thine armies are.
Thy right hand conquereth
All that oppose;
Launch forth Thy thunderbolts,
Smite down our foes;
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Failing us never,
Lord God of Sabaoth,
Fight for us ever.

8 Lord God our Saviour,
Thy love o'erflows,
Making our wilderness
Bloom as the rose.
Thou with true liberty
Makest us free,
Knowing no master,
No king, but Thee;
Lord God our Saviour,
Failing us never,
Lord God our Saviour,
Reign Thou for ever.

4 Spirit of unity,
Crown of all kings,
Find us a resting place
Under Thy wings:
By Thine own presence
Thy will be done,
Millions of free men
Banded as one.
Lord God almighty,
Failing us never,
Thine be the glory,
Now and for ever. Amen.

300 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On Him we wait;
Thou Who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state! Amen.

301

L.M.

1 O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Behold the sacrifice we bring:
To every arm Thy strength impart;
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fire,
The holy faith that warmed our sires;
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving Thee.

8 Be Thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe;
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

4 God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, praise to Thee!
Amen.

302

L.M.

1 O God of love, O King of peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

8 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again!

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain!
Give peace, O God, give peace again!
Amen.

303

8.7.

1 Dread Jehovah, God of nations,
From Thy temple in the skies,
Hear Thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—THE OLD YEAR.

- 2 Lo, with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at Thy feet we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning ;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 8 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse from all.
- 4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save Thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil Thy holy place. Amen.

THE OLD YEAR.

304 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

- 1 Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting :
We deck Thine altar, Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting :
And as the year's last hours go by
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more Thy love entreating.
- 2 Before the cross, subdued we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing ;
Recounting all Thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing ;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in Thy faith and fear.
And crown us with Thy blessing.
- 8 And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us ;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Whose peace descendeth o'er us :
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.
- 4 We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of Thy mercies ;
Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
Our grateful song rehearses :
For Thou hast been our strength and stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.
- 5 In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathering overhead,
Thy providence hath found us :
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

- 6 Thou, O great God, in years to come,
Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
Be Thou at hand to guide us :
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
Heaven shall unfold and hide us. Amen.

305

7.6.

- 1 O God, the Rock of ages,
Who evermore hast been,—
What time the tempest rages,—
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting Thou !
- 2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.
- 8 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blest.
- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face :
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore. Amen.

306

D.S.M.

- 1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—THE NEW YEAR.

- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away. Amen.

Also the following:

534 O God, our help in ages past.
642 Days and moments quickly flying.
645 I'm but a stranger here.

THE NEW YEAR.

307

7a.

- 1 For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesus, our Redeemer, hear.
- 2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

- 3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 4 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help, oh, help us to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown!
- 5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords and King of kings.

308

7.6.

- 1 Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be
In working and in waiting
Another year with Thee.
- 2 Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.
- 3 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face.
- 4 Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."
- 5 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holler work above.
- 6 Another year is dawning,
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee. Amen.

Also the following:

572 Now a new year opens.

FOR THOSE AT SEA.

308

C.M.

- 1 O Lord, be with us when we sail
Upon the lonely deep,
Our guard when on the silent deck
The nightly watch we keep.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—FOR THOSE AT SEA.

2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennearet
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 * If duty calls, from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar;

7 Be Thou the main guard of our host
Till war and dangers cease,
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

8 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea. Amen.

* To be added in time of war.

310

8s.

1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those who sail upon the sea!

2 O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those who sail upon the sea!

3 Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those who sail upon the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea!
Amen.

311

L. M.

1 Almighty Father, hear our cry,
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;
Be Thou our haven always nigh,
On homeless waters, Thou our home.

2 O Jesus, Saviour, at Whose voice
The tempest sank to perfect rest,
Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

3 O Holy Ghost, beneath Whose power
The ocean woke to life and light,
Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening
might.

4 Great God of our salvation, Thee
We love, we worship, we adore;
Our refuge on time's changeful sea,
Our joy on heaven's eternal shore. Amen.

312

7s.

1 On the waters, dark and drear,
Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near,
With our ship where'er it roam,
As with loving friends at home.

2 Thou hast walked the heaving wave;
Thou art mighty still to save;
With one gentle word of peace
Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS—FOR TRAVELLERS BY LAND OR SEA.

3 Safely from the boisterous main
Bring us back to port again:
In our haven we shall be,
Jesus, if we have but Thee.

4 Only by Thy power and love
Fit us for the port above;
Still the deadly storm within,
Gusts of passion, waves of sin:

5 So, when breaks the glorious dawn
Of the Resurrection morn,
When the night of toil is o'er,
We shall see Thee on the shore. Amen.

313

L. M.

1 While o'er the deep Thy servants sail,
Send Thou, O Lord, the prosperous gale;
And on their hearts, where'er they go,
Oh, let Thy heavenly breezes blow.

2 If on the morning's wings they fly,
They will not pass beyond Thine eye:
The wanderer's prayer Thou bend'st to hear,
And faith exults to know Thee near.

3 When tempests rock the groaning bark,
Oh, hide them safe in Jesus' ark!
When in the tempting port they ride,
Oh, keep them safe at Jesus' side!

4 If life's wide ocean smile or roar,
Still guide them to the heavenly shore;
And grant their dust in Christ may sleep,
Abroad, at home, or in the deep. Amen.

314

7s.

1 Safe upon the billowy deep,
Loving Lord, Thy servants keep;
Helpless, trusting pilgrims they,
Guard them on their watery way.

2 In the morning fill their sails,
Mid the dark send favoring gales;
If their sky be overcast,
Calm the waves, and still the blast.

7

3 Let Thy sunshine guide by day;
Send at eve the starry ray;
Through the haven of the night,
Be Thou, Lord, their shining light.

4 Thus as hour by hour rolls by
Watch with Thine unslumbering eye:
Guide with Thine almighty hand
Safe unto the haven-land.

5 And at last, life's voyage o'er,
Take us to the heavenly shore,
Safe in port, to dwell with Thee
Where there shall be "no more sea."
Amen.

FOR TRAVELLERS BY LAND OR SEA.

315

8.8.8.8.8.8.7.

1 O mighty God, Creator, King,
Who rulest over sea and land,
And dost the ocean deeps sustain
Within the hollow of Thine hand;
Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee
For those who traverse land or sea,
That they may now and ever be
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

2 And Thou Who cam'st on earth to breathe
The breath of peace o'er heath and hill,
Didst walk upon the angry wave,
And bid the troubled sea "be still;"
Oh, hear us as we cry to Thee
For those who traverse land or sea,
That they may now and ever be
Safe in Thy holy keeping.

3 Wherever danger threatens, then,
O Holy Spirit, be Thou there,
And breathe into each trembling heart
The will and power of fervent prayer;
That we and all who cry to Thee,
With those who traverse land or sea,
Both now and evermore may be,
O ever Blessed Trinity,
Safe in Thy holy keeping. Amen.

97

VI. The Christian Life.

316

L. M.

- 1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 Oh, may Thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

317

C. M.

- 1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
My rock and hiding-place,
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,
I seek Thy sheltering grace.
- 2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry;
Pursued by foes, I come;
A sinner, save me, or I die;
An outcast, take me home.
- 3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,
Let storms come on again;
There danger never, never harms;
There death itself is gain.
- 4 And when I stand before Thy throne,
And all Thy glory see,
Still be my righteousness alone
To hide myself in Thee.

318

S. M.

- 1 Lord Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

98

- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With many a care oppress,
Let me Thy loving servant be,
And taste Thy promised rest.

- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point Thou the heavenly way.

- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share Thy joy at last. Amen.

319

10s.

- 1 Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look at heaven and long to enter in,
But there no evil thing may find a home:
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
- 2 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And His the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.
- 3 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 4 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, through Thine the life laid down.

320

7s.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

321

78.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

8 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

322

8.8.8.6.

1 O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend,
Who, loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

8 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with sorrow, pain, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Thou Who hast washed them all away;
My Saviour, plead for me! Amen.

323

C.M.

1 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give:
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live!

2 Oh, help us when our spirits cry
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dry,
Oh, help us, Lord, the more!

8 Oh, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe!
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 Oh, help us, Saviour, from on high:
Friend we have none but Thee!
Oh, help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be! Amen.

324

L.M.

1 O Thou to Whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for Thee;
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross:
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as Thou, my Lord, art clean.

8 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while Thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

5 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
Oh, let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill! Amen.

325

6.5.

- 1 In the hour of trial,
Jesus, plead for me;
Lest by base denial
I depart from Thee;
When Thou see'st me waver,
With a look recall,
Nor for fear or favor
Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.
- 3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.
- 4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life. Amen.

326

L. M.

- 1 Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord,
I marvel how such wrong can be:
And yet how oft in deed and word
Have I been found ashamed of Thee!
- 2 Ashamed of Thee! my King, my God,
Who soughtest me with wondrous love
Whose feet the way of sorrow trod
To bring me to Thy home above:

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3 Ashamed of Thee! of that blest Name
Which speaks of mercy full and free!
Nay, Lord, I would my only shame
Might be to be ashamed of Thee.

4 Ashamed of Thee! Whose love divine
Was not ashamed of our lost race,
But even this cold heart of mine
Dost make Thy home and dwelling-place:

5 Ashamed of Thee! O Lord, I pray
This cruel wrong no more may be:
And in Thy last great Advent-day
Oh, be not Thou ashamed of me! Amen.

327

8.8.8.4

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour! look on me,
For I am weary and oppress;
I come to cast myself on Thee:
Thou art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send Thou forth some cheering ray!
Thou art my Light.
- 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.
- 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.
- 6 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death eternally,
Thou art my All.

328

P. M.

- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'

8 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear.'

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed.'

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.'

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yea.'

329 8.8.8.6.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

330

6a.

1 I hunger and I thirst;
Jesus, my Manna be:
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the rock for me.

2 Thou bruised and broken Bread,
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
Oh, feed me, or I die!

8 Thou true life-giving Vine,
Let me Thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with Thine,
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since first their course began;
Feed me, Thou Bread of God;
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before;
Oh, living waters, rise
Within me evermore! Amen.

331

8.8.8.4.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

8 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;
"Thy will be done !"

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done !"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

332

P.M.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Oh, bring me near to God,
Thou Christ, the Way!
O Spirit, make my night
Clear as the day!
O Truth, O Light, bring me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 Though like a wanderer,
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee.

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6 So will I ever sing,
Jesus, my Lord :
Closer to Thee still cling,
Trusting Thy Word ;
Raised by Thy love to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

333

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray ;
Take all my guilt away ;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day ;
Wipe sorrow's tears away ;
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside!

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll ;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul! Amen.

334

7s.

1 Lord, for ever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be :
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.

2 Meekly may my soul receive,
All Thy Spirit hath revealed ;
Thou hast spoken ; I believe,
Though the oracle be sealed.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Lowly as a little child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On Thy faithfulness I rest.

4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust ;
Him, in all His ways, adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

335

C. M.

1 Father of love, our guide and friend,
Oh, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won !

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod ;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice.
Some angel may be there in time ;
Deliverance shall arise :

4 Or, if some darker lot be good,
Oh, teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure !

5 Christ by no flowery pathway came ;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise ! Amen.

336

P. M.

1 The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

2 Where streams of living water flow .
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

6 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

337

8. 7.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

2 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive ;
Come to us, dear Lord, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.

4 Thee we would be alway blessing ;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing ;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

5 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be :
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured in Thee :

6 Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place :
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

338

8.7.

- 1 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee
For the bliss Thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;
This dull soul to rapture raise :
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.
- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away ;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him Who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express :
Low before Thy footstool kneeling,
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth Thy praise.
Amen.

339

6s.

- 1 When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair ;
May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Pebles over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
Oh, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 3 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the choir,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy,
May Jesus Christ be praised !

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- 4 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 5 Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
Or fades my earthly bliss ?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 6 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 7 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised !
- 8 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised :
Be this the eternal song
Through ages all along,
May Jesus Christ be praised ! Amen.

340

8.7.

- 1 Call Jehovah Thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
In His secret habitation
Dwell, and never be dismayed.
- 2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 3 God shall charge His angel legions
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep :
Though thou walk through hostile regions
Though in desert wilds thou sleep.
- 4 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of His protection,
He will shield thee from above.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

5 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save;
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

341 C.M.

1 O God of Bethel, by Whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:
2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

342 S.M.

1 Heirs of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
Oh, let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear!

2 God will support our hearts
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all His own.

3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too! Amen.

343 S.M.

1 My soul, be on thy guard!
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God!
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

344 C.M.

1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

345 7s.

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go:
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

- 4 Onward then in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

346

S. M.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely:
Sure, if my trust I keep alway,
To reign with Thee on high. Amen.

347

S. M.

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
- 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

348

C. M.

- 1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 3 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?
- 7 A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
- 8 They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

349

7.6.

- 1 Go forward, Christian soldier,
Beneath His banner true!
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
Shall all thy foes subdue.
- His love foretells thy trials;
He knows thine hourly need;
He can with bread of heaven
Thy fainting spirit feed.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the secret foe;
 Far more o'er thee are watching
 Than human eyes can know:
 Trust only Christ, Thy Captain;
 Cease not to watch and pray;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possessed:
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
 Fear not the gathering night:
 The Lord has been thy shelter;
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn His face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past:
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last!

350

7.6.

1 Looking upward every day,
 Sunshine on our faces;
 Pressing onward every day
 Toward the heavenly places:

2 Growing every day in awe,
 For Thy Name is holy;
 Learning every day to love
 With a love more lowly:

3 Walking every day more close
 To our elder Brother;
 Growing every day more true
 Unto one another:

4 Leaving every day behind
 Something which might hinder;
 Running swifter every day,
 Growing purer, kinder:

5 Lord, so pray we every day:
 Hear us in Thy pity,
 That at last we enter in
 To the Holy City. Amen.

351

7.6.

1 O happy band of pilgrims,
 If onward ye will tread
 With Jesus as your Fellow
 To Jesus as your Head!

2 Oh, happy if ye labor
 As Jesus did for men!
 Oh, happy if ye hunger
 As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried,
 He carried as your due:
 The crown that Jesus weareth,
 He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see Him,
 The hope in which ye yearn,
 The love that through all troubles
 To Him alone will turn;

5 The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure;

6 What are they but His jewels,
 Of right celestial worth?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win so great a prize!

352

7a.

1 If thou wouldest life attain,
 If with Christ thou wouldest reign,
 Reaping wisdom from the past,
 Know, that long as life may last,
 Toil and conflict thee await
 In thy present earthly state.

2 Labor, while it yet is day;
 Labor, while you labor may;
 Labor, for the night is long;
 Labor, for the foe is strong;
 Labor, for the prize is great;
 Labor, for the hour is late.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

3 Soon the struggle will be past ;
Calm and peace will come at last ;
Soon through death's transporting door,
All thy pains and labors o'er,
Thou shalt go to join the blest
In the realms of endless rest ;

4 Rest, from toil and anxious care ;
Rest, from earthly wear and tear ;
Rest, from ever present sin ;
Rest without, and rest within ;
Rest, which no abatement knows ;
Rest, and infinite repose.

5 Jesus, Who for me didst die
On the cross of Calvary,
Not in aught that is my own,
But in Thy true blood alone,
Do I put my trembling trust :
Spare, oh, spare a child of dust ! Amen.

353

S. M.

1 Jesus, I live to Thee,
The loveliest and best ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
In Thy blest love I rest.

2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come ;
To die in Thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best ;
To live in Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.

4 Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be Thine ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,
Makes heaven for ever mine.

354

L. M.

1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art
My Saviour, my eternal Rest :
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thine unveiled glory to behold ;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

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8 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore ;
Then only will this evil heart
Be sinful and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, where none remove ;
There neither life nor death can part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love!
Amen.

355

P. M.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er ;
I am nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea,
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the "many mansions" be.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream
To be crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus, perfect my trust.
Strengthen the hand of my faith :
Let me feel Thee near when I stand
On the edge of the shore of death ;

6 Feel Thee near when my feet
Are slipping over the brink ;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think.

356

S. M.

1 For ever with the Lord !
Amen ! so let it be !
Life from the dead is in that word,
And immortality !

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

GENERAL.

3 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! when my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

5 Then, then I feel, that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

357

7.6.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy destined place;
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, oh, cease to mourn!
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

Also the following:

40 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.
77 In exile here we wander.
80 Blessed Saviour, Thou hast taught us.
87 With broken heart and contrite sigh.
94 Lord Jesus, when we stand afar.
138 Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult.
140 O Thou Who didst, with love untold.
143 O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed.
244 My God, accept my heart this day.
374 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee.
375 Sinful, sighing to be blest.
376 Out of the deep I call.
380 Heal me, O my Saviour heal.
440 Lead, kindly Light.

456 O Lamb of God, still keep me.
528 Not your own, but His ye are.
524 O Lord, our strength in weakness.
625 I lay my sins on Jesus.
629 O holy Saviour, friend unseen.
631 Prince of peace, control my will.
643 My hope is built on nothing less.
644 Onward Christian, through the region.
653 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink.
657 Though faint yet pursuing.
662 Lord Jesus by Thy Passion.
678 Thou hidden love of God, whose height.
680 O Thou from Whom all goodness flows.
686 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

VII. General.

358

11.10.

1 Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory;

To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blessed the wide world's wondrous story,
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2 O Holy Father, Who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the Fire and Cloud,
Through seas dry-shod; through weary
wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are
bowed.

8 O Holy Jesus, Prince of peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still pre-
vails,
Still the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy
gales.

4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives
increase.
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant
river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown
our days;
Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still im-
ploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

Amen.

359

S. M.

- 1 Creator of mankind !
Thy promised help we claim,
That so our life Thou may'st not find
Unworthy of Thy Name.
- 2 If Thou Thy grace deny,
In vain for Thee we strive ;
In Thee alone to sin we die,
In Thee alone we live.
- 3 Our goings, Lord, uphold,
Till this dark vale be passed,
And in Thy love and fear made bold,
We reach our rest at last.
- 4 O happy, peaceful rest,
Prepared for saints above!
Where they, with endless quiet blest,
Drink of Thy streams of love.
- 5 O Trinity divine!
To Thee our hearts we raise!
May we Thy ransomed people join
And share their songs of praise.

Amen.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,
With Thee to bear our cross each day,
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

8 Where'er Thou art may we remain ;
Where'er Thou goest may we go:
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain ;
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

4 Oh, may we in each holy tide,
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee!
Content if only by Thy side
In life or death we still may be. Amen.

362

P. M.

1 Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent ;
Well may we rejoice and sing ;
Coming: in the opening east
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming: O Thou glorious Priest!
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming ;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way ;
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say ;
What an anthem that will be,
Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee .
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming ; at Thy table
We are witnesses for this ;
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss ;
Showing not Thy death alone.
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,
All for which we long and wait.

4 Thou art coming ; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail ;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure ;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

360

C. M.

- 1 Shine on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine :
Oh, let Thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be Thine!
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
Our hands might toil in vain :
Small joy success itself could give,
If Thou Thy love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent,
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease ;
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace. Amen.

361

L. M.

- 1 Where'er have trod Thy sacred feet,
Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,
Where men in busy concourse meet,
Or in the lonely wilderness.

GENERAL.

5 Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, our own beloved Lord !
Every tongue Thy Name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, our Master, and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned;
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned ! Amen.

363 8.7.

1 Jesus came: the heavens adoring:
Came with peace from realms on high ;
Jesus came for man's redemption,
Lowly came on earth to die:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Came in deep humility.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heart-felt prayer ;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven ;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven ;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears ;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glad's our hearts, and dries our tears ;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away ;
Jesus comes again in glory ;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing,
Till the dawn of endless day. Amen.

364 P. M.

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly
crown
When Thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found
no room
For Thy holy nativity.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree ;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had
their nest
In the shade of the forest tree ;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of
God,
In the desert of Galilee.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set Thy people free ;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of
thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels
sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, ' Yet
there is room.
There is room at My side for thee.'
And my heart shall rejoice Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

365 8.7.

1 To the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honor let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

2 Jesus is the Name we treasure ;
Name beyond what words can tell ;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure.
Ear and heart delighting well ;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

3 'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

GENERAL.

4 'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear ;
Who in prayer this Name beseebeth
Sweetest comfort findeth near ;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth,
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

5 Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessed Name revere ;
Holy Jesus, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We may sing with angels there. Amen.

366

78.

1 Conquering kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make :
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands He hath freed.

2 Yes: none other Name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

3 We would gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame:
Joyfully for Him to die
Is not death but victory.

4 Jesus, Who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day. Amen.

367

C. M.

1 There is a Name I love to hear ;
I love to sing its worth :
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest Name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free ;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me of a Father's smile
Beaming upon His child ;
It cheers me through this little while,
Through desert, waste, and wild.

4 Jesus, the Name I love so well,
The Name I love to hear ;
No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

112

5 This Name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this thorny road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill,
That leads me up to God.

6 And there with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love to me.

368

L. M.

1 Jesus! the very thought is sweet ;
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet :
But oh, than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His Presence are!

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,
No sound is heard more full of bliss,
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

3 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind !
But what art Thou to them that find ?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness,
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

5 O Jesus, King of wondrous might !
O Victor, glorious from the fight !
Sweetness that may not be expressed,
And altogether loveliest !

6 Abide with us, O Lord, to-day,
Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray ;
And with Thine own true sweetness feed
Our souls from sin and darkness freed.
Amen.

369

7.6.

1 O One with God the Father
In majesty and might,
The brightness of His glory,
Eternal Light of light ;

O'er this our home of darkness
Thy rays are streaming now ;
The shadows flee before Thee,
The world's true light art Thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly Light, arise!
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes!
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod:
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

370

C. M.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

371

7. 6.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

4 Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of Love.

372

7s.

1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine.
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

8 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

373

S.M.

- 1 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.
- 2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee ;
My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.
- 3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode ?
- 4 God of my life, be near :
On Thee my hopes I cast :
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last ! Amen.

374

C.M.

- 1 Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.
- 2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's grief to share.
- 3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.
- 4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
" Father, Thy will be done."
- 5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven ! Amen.

375

7a.

- 1 Sinful, sighing to be blest ;
Bound, and longing to be free ;
Weary, waiting for my rest ;
God be merciful to me.
- 2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need ;
God be merciful to me.
- 3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee ;
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs :
God be merciful to me.
- 4 From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee :
I am not my own but Thine :
God be merciful to me.
- 5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in Him, and Him alone :
God be merciful to me.
- 6 He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be ;
He's my all ; and for His sake
God be merciful to me. Amen.

376

S.M.

- 1 Out of the deep I call
To Thee, O Lord, to Thee ;
Before Thy Throne of grace I fall ;
Be merciful to me.
- 2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.
- 3 Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead the precious Name.
- 4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with Thee ;
Before Thy throne of grace I bow ;
Be merciful to me. Amen.

GENERAL.

377

S. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

1 Jesus, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;
While our waiting souls adore Thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In each dark and trying hour,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When all human help is vain,
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on Thee relying,
Find Thee still our hope and stay :
By Thy mercy,
Oh, deliver us, good Lord. Amen.

378

S. M.

1 Have mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

3 Against Thee, Lord, alone,
And only in Thy sight,
Have I transgressed ; and, though condemn-
Must own Thy judgment right. [ed,

4 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view :
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

5 Withdraw not Thou Thy help,
Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

6 The joy Thy favor gives
Let me, O Lord, regain ;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain. Amen.

379

C. M.

1 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits, pitying, see ;
True penitence impart ;
And let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it, or denies. Amen.

380

7s.

1 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal ;
Heal me as I suppliant kneel ;
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made ;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now ;
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou ;
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

- 4 Thou the true Physician art :
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.
- 5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal. and Thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.
- 6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To Thy mercy I appeal.

381

7s.

- 1 Son of Man, to Thee I cry;
By the wondrous mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me.
- 4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
Then Thy presence let me see;
Manifest Thyself to me. Amen.

382

7.6.

- 1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His Name and sign who bear:
Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!
- 2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:

116

- O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!
- 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?'
- O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

383

C.M.

- 1 Lord! I beseech Thee on this day
By Thine own life divine,
To wash my many sins away
In that dear blood of Thine:
For I with tears in vain for them
May struggle to atone;
And nothing can their guilt redeem
But that true blood alone.
- 2 Oh! in the years, if years there be,
That yet to me remain,
Before I cross the eternal sea,
Not to return again;
Giver of all! to me, oh, give
Thyself in all to see;
And from henceforth by faith to live
More worthily of Thee.
- 3 Thee suffering and Thee crucified,
Thee dead and in the grave,
Thee risen, ascended, glorified,
Able all flesh to save;
Thee I beseech, O Saviour God,
To purge my soul within;
Nor let me faint beneath the load
Of unforgiven sin! Amen.

384

6.5.

- 1 Glory be to Jesus,
Who in bitter pains,
Poured for me the lifeblood
From His sacred veins!
- Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find,
Blest be His compassion
Influently kind!

2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from sin and sorrow
Does the world redeem !

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

385

C. M.

1 There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

386

7. 6.

1 O Jesus, we adore Thee,
Upon the cross, our King :
We bow our hearts before Thee ;
Thy gracious Name we sing :
That Name hath brought salvation,
That Name, in life our stay ;
Our peace, our consolation
When life shall fade away.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,
Still pressing by Thy cross :
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,
Counting all else but loss.

The grief Thy soul endured,
Who can that grief declare ?
Thy pains have thus assured
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,
And nailed Thee to the tree :
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee ;
Yet deign our hope to be.

O glorious King, we bless Thee,
No longer pass Thee by ;
O Jesus, we confess Thee
Our Lord enthroned on high.

387

7. 6.

1 O Jesus! Lord most merciful,
Low at Thy cross I lie ;
O sinner's friend, most pitiful,
Hear my bewailing cry.
I come to Thee with mourning,
I come to Thee in woe ;
With contrite heart returning,
And tears that overflow.

2 O gracious Intercessor !
O Priest within the veil !
Plead, for a lost transgressor,
The blood that cannot fail.
I spread my sins before Thee,
I tell them one by one ;
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,
Forgive all I have done !

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,
Thy tears and agony,
And crown of cruel fashion,
And death on Calvary ;
By all that untold suffering
Endured by Thee alone ;
O Priest ! O spotless offering !
Plead, for Thou didst atone !

4 And in this heart now broken
Re-enter Thou and reign ;
And say, by that dear token,
I am absolved again ;
And build me up, and guide me,
And guard me day by day ;
And in Thy presence hide me,
And keep my soul away. Amen.

388

8.7.8.7.7.7.7.

- 1 Christ, the Life of all the living,
Christ, the Death of death our foe,
Who, Thyself for us once giving
To the darkened depths of woe,
Patiently didst yield Thy breath,
Man to save from sin and death;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, brought to Thee.
- 2 Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee
Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;
Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,
O Thou sinless Son of God;
Only thus for us to win
Rescue from the bonds of sin;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, brought to Thee.
- 8 Thou didst bear the smiting, only
That it might not fall on me;
Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,
That I might be safe and free;
Comfortless, that I might know
Comfort from Thy boundless woe;
Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,
Blessèd Jesus, brought to Thee.
- 4 Then for all that wrought our pardon,
For Thy sorrows deep and sore,
For Thine anguish in the garden,
I will thank Thee evermore;
Thank Thee with the latest breath
For Thy sad and cruel death;
For that last most bitter cry,
Praise Thee evermore on high.

389

8.8.6.

- 1 To Him Who for our sins was slain,
To Him for all His dying pain.
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him, the Lamb our sacrifice,
Who gave His blood our ransom-price,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 2 To Him Who died that we might die
To sin, and live with Him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who rose that we might rise,
And reign with Him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

- 8 To Him Who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To Him Who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!
- 4 To Him be glory evermore:
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing we Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,
Sing we Alleluia!
Amen.

390

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 Glory, glory everlasting
Be to Him Who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us;
Spread His glory,
Who redeemed His people thus!
- 2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend;
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's friend!
- 8 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, 'everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!'
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to His Name!

391

L.M.

- 1 Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done,
Thy toil is o'er, Thy victory won:
Oh, aid Thy servants in their strife;
Help us to win the crown of life!
- 2 Presenting Thine own sacrifice.
Our prayers like incense round Thee rise;
For 'Thou art Priest forever,' Thou
Art interceding for us now.
- 3 Oh, by Thy spotless, wondrous birth,
And by Thy bitter death on earth,
And by Thy rising from the grave,
Ascended Lord, Thy people save!

GENERAL.

4 "Thou art the King of Glory," Thine
All honor, praise, and power divine;
One with the Father now confessed,
And with the Spirit ever blest. Amen.

392

8.7.

1 Christ, above all glory seated !
King eternal, strong to save !
Dying, Thou hast death defeated,
Buried, Thou hast spoiled the grave.

2 Thou art gone, where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the eternal throne of heaven
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above and earth below ;
While the depths of hell before Thee
Trembling and defeated bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky ;
Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high ;

5 So, when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail ! all hail ! In Thee confiding,
Jesus, Thee shall all adore,
In Thy Father's might abiding
With one Spirit evermore !

393

C.M.

1 The Head, that once was crowned with
thorns,
Is crowned with glory now ;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above ;
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His Name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace is given ;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him :
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

394

D.S.M.

1 Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies ;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise :
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto Thy crown ;
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

395

D.S.M.

1 Crown Him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon His throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for Thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

GENERAL.

2 Crown Him the Son of God
Before the worlds began,
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,
Crown Him the Son of Man,
Who every grief hath known
That wrings the human breast,
And takes and bears them for His own,
That all in Him may rest.

3 Crown Him the Lord of Life,
Who triumphed o'er the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife
For those He came to save;
His glories now we sing
Who died, and rose on high,
Who died, eternal life to bring,
And lives, that death may die.

4 Crown Him of lords the Lord,
Who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth the incarnate Word
For ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light,
Where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night,
Their God, Redeemer, King.

5 Crown Him the Lord of heaven,
Enthroned in worlds above;
Crown Him the King to Whom is given
The wondrous name of Love.
Crown Him with many crowns
As thrones before Him fall,
Crown Him, ye kings, with many crowns,
For He is King of all.

396

8.6.8.4.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each
fear,
And speaks of heaven.

120

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And meet for Thee. Amen.

397

S.M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee. Amen.

398

7s.

1 Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!
And from Thy celestial home
Shed a ray of light divine!
Come, Thou Father of the poor!
Come, Thou source of all our store!
Come, within our bosoms shine!

2 Thou of comforters the best;
Thou the soul's most welcome guest;
Sweet refreshment here below;
In our labor rest most sweet;
Grateful coolness in the heat;
Solace in the midst of woe.

GENERAL.

3 O most blessed Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of Thine,
And our inmost being fill!
Where Thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
Nothing free from taint of ill.

4 Heal our wounds; our strength renew;
On our dryness pour Thy dew;
Wash the stains of guilt away;
Bend the stubborn heart and will;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill;
Guide the steps that go astray.

5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;
Give them virtue's sure reward;
Give them Thy salvation, Lord;
Give them joys that never end. Amen.

399

L. M.

1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

400

L. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest,
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

2 To Thee, the Comforter, we cry:
To Thee, the gift of God most High;
The fount of life, the fire of love,
The soul's anointing from above.

3 O Finger of the Hand divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine;
True promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
Thine own unfailing might supply
To strengthen our infirmity.

5 Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And Thine abiding peace bestow;
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

401

88.

1 Creator Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee. Amen.

402

C. M.

1 Spirit divine, attend our prayers,
And make this house Thy home:
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe:
And lead us in those paths of life,
Whereon the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's Name.

GENERAL.

4 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let Thy Church on earth become
Blest as the Church above.

5 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;
Make a lost world Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit, come! Amen.

403

L. M.

1 Praises to Him, Whose love has given,
In Christ, His Son, the life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

2 Praises to Him, in grace Who came
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

3 Praises to Him, Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

4 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow;
To Thee, Jehovah, thus we raise
The sinner's endless song of praise.

Amen.

404

P. M.

1 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise
to Thee:

Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before
Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt
be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide
Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory
may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside
Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in
earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

405

7s.

1 God, my Father, hear me pray,
Wash my crimson guilt away;
Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
Hear me for Thy blessed Son;
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

2 God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee:
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease;
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

3 God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart:
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessed, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, oh, hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare!
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine;
But eternal love is Thine. Amen.

406

7s.

1 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
God of Hosts, eternal King,
By the heavens and earth adored;
Angels and archangels sing,
Chanting everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest, before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command ;
And when Thy command is done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee.
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee;
Thee the Church in every land ;
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia! Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three,
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessed Trinity. Amen.

407

8.7.

1 Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn:
'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of Hosts, the Lord most High."
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 'Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.'
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of Hosts most high.
Amen.

408

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 Come, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword ;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless;
Come, give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend !

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, Who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To Thee, great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. Amen.

409

7.7.7.5.

1 Three in One, and One in Three,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

2 Light of lights! with morning shine;
Lift on us Thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of heaven ;
Shed a holy calm.

4 Three in One and One in Three,
Dimly here we worship Thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

410

C.M.

- 1 Let saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.
- 2 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.
- 5 Jesus, be Thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

411

7s.

- 1 Soldiers, who are Christ's below,
Strong in faith resist the foe:
Boundless is the pledged reward
Unto them who serve the Lord.
- 2 'Tis no palm of fading leaves
That the conqueror's hand receives;
Joys are his, serene and pure,
Light that ever shall endure.
- 3 For the souls that overcome
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,
Where the blessed evermore
Tread, on high, the starry floor.
- 4 Passing soon and little worth
Are the things that tempt on earth;
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard;
God Himself is thy reward.
- 5 Father, Who the crown dost give,
Saviour, by Whose death we live,
Spirit, Who our hearts dost raise,
Three in One, Thy Name we praise.
Amen.

412

S.M.

- 1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now.
Boundless their joy above.
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here;
- 5 Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

413

C.M.

- 1 Not to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke:
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare His will,
And spread His love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light:
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight.
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven.
- 5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make:
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of His love partake.

GENERAL.

414

C. M.

- 1 Lo! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around !
Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path ;
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.
- 4 He, for the joy before Him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.
- 5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand ;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

415

P. M.

- 1 Ten thousand times ten thousand
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steepes of light :
'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin.
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign !
Appear, Desire of nations !
Thine exiles long for home :
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign !
Thou Prince and Saviour, come ! Amen.

416

7. 6.

- 1 O heavenly Jerusalem,
Of everlasting halls,
Thrice blessed are the people
Thou storest in thy walls.
- 2 Thou art the golden mansion,
Where saints for ever sing,
The seat of God's own chosen,
The palace of the king.
- 3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown ;
The Lamb, the Light that shineth,
And never goeth down.
- 4 Nought to this seat approacheth
Their sweet peace to molest ;
They sing their God for ever,
Nor day nor night they rest.
- 5 Sure hope doth thither lead us ;
Our longings thither tend ;
May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us
For joys that cannot end.
- 6 To Christ, the Sun that lightens
His Church above, below ;
To Father, and to Spirit
All things created bow. Amen.

417

8. 7.

- 1 Light's abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King ;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing !
- 2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-poured ;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord ;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

GENERAL.

8 There no cloud nor passing vapor
Dims the brightness of the air ;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there ;
There no night brings rest from labor,
For unknown are toil and care.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigor, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labors
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.
Amen.

418

C.M.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea ;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes :

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

419

10s.

1 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see ;
Crown for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;
God shall be all and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare!

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can sever be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing ;
While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore :
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised
on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

7 Low before Him with our praises we fall.
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through
Whom are all ;
Of Whom, the Father ; and in Whom, the Son ;
Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever
One. Amen.

420

6.5.

1 Those eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the throne of God :
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight ?
Who at length attain them,
Clad in robes of white?

GENERAL.

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barter
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light!
When He bids you labor,
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper Thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before Thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In Thyself complete.

Amen.

421

P. M.

1 O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture, through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old:
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
We long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of Thy song;
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep us in Thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts, etc. Amen.

422

7.6.

1 Awake, awake, O Sion,
Put on thy strength divine,
Thy garments bright in beauty;
The bridal dress, be thine:
Jerusalem the holy,
To purity restored;
Meek bride all fair and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 From henceforth pure and spotless,
All glorious within,
Prepared to meet the Bridegroom,
And cleansed from every sin;
With love and wonder smitten,
And bowed in guileless shame,
Upon thy heart be written
The new, mysterious Name.

3 Jerusalem the holy,
In light and peace behold;
Her glowing altar flaming,
Her candlesticks of gold;
The heavenly Bridegroom's dwelling,
The place of David's throne;
Her solemn anthems swelling,
Her pavement, precious stone.

4 The Lamb Who bore our sorrows
Comes down to earth again;
No sufferer now, but victor,
For evermore to reign;
To reign in every nation,
To rule in every zone;
O world-wide coronation,
In every heart a throne!

5 Awake, awake, O Sion,
Thy bridal day draws nigh.
The day of signs and wonders,
And marvels from on high ;
Thy sun uprises slowly,
But keep thou watch and ward,
Fair bride, all pure and lowly,
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

423

PART I.

7.6.

1 The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate ;
The Judge Who comes in mercy,
The Judge Who comes with might,
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed ;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead,
To light that has no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one:

3 The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that hide no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn ;
'Midst power that knows no limit,
Where wisdom has no bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
True cure of the distress ;
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

424

PART II.

7.6.

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there.

O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

2 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

3 And there, when morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day,

Then God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

4 There grief is turned to pleasure ;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow.

5 Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it
Till hope be lost in sight !

Exult, O dust and ashes ;
The Lord shall be thy part,
His only, His for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

425

PART III.

7.6.

1 For thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

GENERAL.

2 O one, O only mansion!

O Paradise of joy!

Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;

The Lamb is all thy splendor;

The Crucified thy praise;

His laud and benediction

Thy ransomed people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;

The sardius and the topaz

Unite in thee their rays;

Thine ageless walls are bonded

With amethyst unpriced;

The saints build up its fabric,

And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!

Thou hast no time, bright day!

Dear fountain of refreshment

To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of ages

They raise Thy holy tower;

Thine is the victor's laurel,

And thine the golden dower.

426

PART IV.

7.6.

1 Jerusalem, the golden!

With milk and honey blest;

Beneath thy contemplation

Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not,

What joys await us there!

What radiancy of glory!

What bliss beyond compare!

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,

All jubilant with song,

And bright with many an angel,

And all the martyr throng.

The Prince is ever in them,

The daylight is serene:

The pastures of the blessèd

Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;

And there, from care released,

The shout of them that triumph,

The song of them that feast.

9

And they, who with their Leader,

Have conquered in the fight,

For ever and for ever

Are clad in robes of white.

The following may be sung here, and at
the end of the other parts, preceding.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,

The home of God's elect!

O sweet and blessèd country,

That eager hearts expect!

Jesus, in mercy bring us

To that dear land of rest!

Who art, with God the Father,

And Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

427

8.7.

1 Blessèd city, heavenly Salem,

Vision dear of peace and love,

Who of living stones art builded

In the height of heaven above,

And, with angel hosts encircled,

As a bride dost earthward move;

2 From celestial realms descending,

Bridal glory round thee shed,

Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,

To thy Lord shalt thou be led;

All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks

Of pure gold are fashionèd.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,

They are open evermore;

And by virtue of His merits

Thither faithful souls do soar,

Who for Christ's dear Name, in this world

Pain and tribulation bore.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture

Polished well those stones elect,

In their places now compacted

By the heavenly Architect,

Who therewith hath willed for ever

That His palace should be decked.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,

Laud and honor to the Son,

Laud and honor to the Spirit,

Ever Three, and ever One,

Consubstantial, Co-eternal,

While unending ages run. Amen.

129

GENERAL.

428

C.M.

- 1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And gates of pearl behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand:
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 4 O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above. Amen.

429

C.M.

- 1 O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.
- 3 No murky cloud o'er shadows thee.
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun;
For God Himself gives light.
- 4 O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?
- 5 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
- 6 Right through thy streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

180

- 7 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.

- 8 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see! Amen.

430

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4

- 1 Jerusalem on high
My song and city is,
My home where'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?
- 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
Judged here unfit to live;
There angels to Him sing,
And lowly homage give:
O happy place! etc.
- 3 The patriarchs of old
There from their travels cease;
The prophets there behold
Their longed-for Prince of Peace:
O happy place! etc.
- 4 The Lamb's apostles there
I might with joy behold;
The harpers I might hear
Harping on harps of gold;
O happy place! etc.
- 5 The bleeding martyrs, they
Within those courts are found,
Clothed in pure array,
Their scars with glory crowned.
O happy place! etc.
- 6 Ah me! ah me! that I
In Kedar's tents here stay:
No place like that on high;
Lord, thither guide my way.
O happy place!
When shall I be,
My God, with Thee,
To see Thy face?

GENERAL.

431

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of righteousness
That setteth nevermore!

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

432

C.M.

1 Lord, if on earth the thought of Thee
Be life, and strength, and peace,
How blessed shall that vision be
Which never more can cease!

2 How blest when we Thy glory see
In light without a shade;
The glory which surrounded Thee
Before the worlds were made!

3 Darkly to us, as through a glass,
Thy beauty now is shown;
Then we shall see Thee face to face,
And know as we are known.

4 Then purge, O Lord, our hearts from sin,
Hallow Thine own abode,
That nought unclean be found within
The temple of our God. Amen.

C.M. 433

S.M.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 The Lord, Who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men
Their pattern and their King:

3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart;
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

434

10s.

1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's
chase,
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of
kings,
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-
place.

2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedi-
ous day;
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of
night,
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful
lay.

3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's
aid?
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be
paid:
Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

435

7s.

1 Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love,
Guide me to Thy fold above;
Let me hear Thy gentle voice;
More and more in Thee rejoice;
From Thy fullness grace receive,
Ever in Thy Spirit live.

GENERAL.

2 Filled by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For Thy love no limit knows;
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high :
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps wilt attend.

8 Jesus, with Thy presence blest
Death is life, and labor rest :
Guide me while I draw my breath;
Guard me through the gate of death,
And at last, oh, let me stand
With the sheep at Thy right hand!
Amen.

436

8.6.8.4.

1 The God of love my shepherd is,
My gracious, constant guide;
I shall not want, for I am His:
In all supplied.

2 In His green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will ;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

8 His tenderness restores my soul,
When sick and faint I roam ;
Shows the right path and makes me whole,
Bearing me home.

4 Yea! the dark valley when I tread
No evil will I fear :
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread ;
I feel Thee near.

5 Thou spread'st my table 'mid my foes ;
The oil of grace is mine ;
My cup with mercy overflows
And love divine.

6 Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

437

8.7.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

132

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

8 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side. Amen.

438

5.5.8.8.5.5.

1 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless;
Guide us by Thy hand,
To our Fatherland.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a woe
To our home we go.

8 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief :
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won :
Heavenly leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland. Amen.

439

8.7.8.7.4.4.7.

1 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea:
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee:
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

GENERAL.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

8 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

440

P.M.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

441

C.M.

1 O very God of very God,
And very Light of light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;

2 Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night; Thy people long
That Thou, their Sun, wouldst rise!

8 And even now, though dull and grey,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day,
That never shall be past.

4 Oh, guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where Thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore!

5 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
With healing in Thy wings.

442

L.M.

1 O heavenly Word ! eternal Light !
Begotten of the Father's might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succor to a world forlorn ;

2 Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with Thine own true love;
That we, who hear Thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.

3 And when as Judge Thou drawest nigh,
The secrets of all hearts to try;
When sinners meet their awful doom,
And saints attain their heavenly home;

4 Oh, let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from Thy face at last;
But with the blessed evermore
Behold Thee, love Thee, and adore.

Amen.

443

L.M.

1 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord,
Who wore the garb of flesh and blood;
And chose a manger for Thy throne,
While worlds on worlds were Thine alone.

2 Once did the skies before Thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;
While angels who in Thee rejoice
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

3 A little child, Thou art our guest,
That weary ones in Thee may rest:
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

GENERAL.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us, in the realms divine,
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

5 All this for us Thy love hath done;
By this to Thee our love is won;
For this our joyful songs we raise,
For this we sing Thee ceaseless praise.

444

7s.

1 Christ, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unillumined, Lord, by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad our eyes, and warm our heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine!
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief!
Fill us, Radiance divine!
Scatter all our unbelief!
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day! Amen.

445

L. M.

1 Lord of all being; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, Whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame! Amen.

446

8.7.

1 God is love: His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove:
From the gloom His brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere His glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

447

6s.

1 O love that casts out fear,
O love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within!

2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou Living Water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill Thou each needy one. Amen.

448

L. M.

1 Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! Thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

GENERAL.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all.

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread !
And long to feast upon Thee still ;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst from Thee our souls to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay !
Make all our moments calm and bright !
Chase the dark night of sin away !
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light !
Amen.

449

C. M.

1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought :
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

450

C. M.

1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesus' Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

451

C. M.

1 O Jesus, King most wonderful !
Thou Conqueror renowned !
O Christ, Thou true Anointed One,
In Whom all joys are found !

2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Light of all below !
Thou Fount of living fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire ;

4 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless ;
Thee may we love alone ;
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

6 To Thee, our Light, our Life, our Lord,
All praise and glory be;
Thy Name for ever be adored,
Through all eternity. Amen.

452

C. M.

- 1 O Jesus, Thou the beauty art
Of angel-worlds above!
Thy Name is music to the heart,
Inflaming it with love.
- 2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,
Who eat Thee hunger still;
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,
Which only Thou canst fill.
- 3 O most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs
Which unto Thee we send!
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,
To Thee our prayers ascend.
- 4 Abide with us, and let Thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.
- 5 Jesus, our Love and Joy, to Thee,
The Virgin's holy Son,
All might, and praise, and glory be,
While endless ages run. Amen.

453

C. M.

- 1 Eternal God! we look to Thee,
To Thee for help we fly;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 Lord! let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let Thy grace supply!
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny. Amen.

454

8. 7.

- 1 Laboring and heavy laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
"Bread of life!" on Thee we feed.

2 Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by love's eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
"Well of life!" from Thee we draw.

8 In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
"Light of life!" we walk in Thee.

4 Thou the grace of life supplying,
Thou the crown of life wilt give;
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
"Life of life!" in Thee we live.

455

7. 6.

- 1 'Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
Oh, blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppress!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.
- 2 'Come unto Me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
Oh, loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.
- 3 'Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
Oh, cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.
- 4 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, O Lord, to Thee.

456

7.6.

- 1 O Lamb of God, still keep me
Near to Thy wounded side!
'Tis only there in safety
And peace I can abide.

What foes and snares surround me!
What doubts and fears within!
The grace that sought and found me,
Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,
I feel my life secure;
Only in Thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:

Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all Thy power and grace:

Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of Thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all Thy saints above.

457

8.7.

- 1 Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us:
Thou didst free salvation bring.

Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By Thy merit we find favor:
Life is given through Thy Name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins were on Thee laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.

All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading:
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
Help to sing our Saviour's merits!
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise!

458

8.7.

- 1 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;

Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.
- 2 Alleluia! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:

Though the cloud from sight received Him,
When the forty days were o'er;
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
'I am with you evermore'?
- 3 Alleluia! Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.
- 4 Alleluia! King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own;
Alleluia! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne:

Thou within the veil hast entered,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

5 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the scepter, His the throne;
Alleluia! His the triumph,
His the victory alone;

Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

459

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 Jesus, our risen King,
Glory to Thee we sing,
Praising Thy Name:
Thy love and grace adore,
Which all our sorrows bore;
Singing for evermore,
'Worthy the Lamb.'

2 O haste, ye ransomed race!
For all His gifts of grace
Praise ye His Name:
He wondrous things hath done;
Triumph o'er death hath won;
Heaven's gate hath open thrown;
'Worthy the Lamb.'

3 Come, all ye hosts above!
Join in one song of love,
Praising His Name:
To Him ascribed be
Honor and majesty
Through all eternity;
'Worthy the Lamb.'

4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Praise to Thy Name:
Father, Thy love we bless;
Spirit of holiness,
Thee we praise, and confess,
'Worthy the Lamb.' Amen.

460

S.M.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of glory to the Lamb!
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of His dying love!
Sing of His rising power!
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore!

188

3 Sing on your heavenly way!
Ye ransomed sinners, sing!
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King!

4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
'Ye blessed children, come: '
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

461

7s.

1 Sing, my soul, His wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends His grace.

2 Heaven and earth by Him were made;
All is by His scepter swayed;
What are we that He should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by His Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name!
Let His glory be thy theme:
Praise Him till He calls thee home;
Trust His love for all to come.

462

L.M.

1 Come, magnify the Saviour's love!
Come, praise our great Redeemer's Name!
Who left the Father's throne above,
And stooped for us to death and shame.

2 At God's right hand exalted now,
With glory, majesty, and power,
Let every knee before Him bow,
And every tongue His Name adore.

3 Thy lowly spirit, Lord, impart;
With holy fear our bosoms fill;
Oh, give the meek, obedient heart,
To suffer and to do Thy will!

GENERAL.

4 Thy cross, blest Saviour, may we bear;
Mark the example Thou hast given;
Follow in all Thy footsteps here;
Rise to Thy glorious rest in heaven.
Amen.

463 8.7.

1 Saviour, source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended.
Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

464 7.6.

1 O Saviour, precious Saviour,
Whom yet unseen we love!
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above!
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our holy Lord and King.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth.
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee alone we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 Oh, grant the consummation
Of this our song above
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

465 8.8.8.8.11.

1 Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound;
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

3 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer:
Assembled in Thy sacred Name,
Where we Thy parting promise claim:
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

5 So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

466 C. M.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus:'
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

GENERAL.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise!

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

467

C.M.

1 Thou, God, all glory, honor, power,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by Thy power were made,
And by Thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honor, and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; Who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain.

3 All worthy Thou, Who hast redeemed
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By Thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given. Amen.

468

L.M.

1 Come, let us sing the song of songs!
The saints in heaven began the strain:
The homage which to Christ belongs:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him Who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right.
All power in heaven and earth proclaim.
Honor, and majesty, and might:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,
And while in heaven with Him we reign;
This song, our song of songs shall be:
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

469

C.M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call:
Praise Him, Whose blood-stained path ye
trod,
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
Before Him prostrate fall!
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all! Amen.

470

L.M.

1 O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust Thy word,
To them who seek Thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend Thine ear.

2 In Thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls.
Breaks the firm bond and frees our souls.

GENERAL.

3 Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet Thou hast veiled in flesh Thy light;
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

4 When Thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged Thee;
When Thou didst there yield up Thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by Thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

Amen.

471

78.

1 Children of the heavenly King.
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways!

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light!
Sion's city is in sight:
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Fear not, brethren! Joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

472

8.7.8.7.8.7.

1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet Thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

8 Father-like He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

4 Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

473

L. M.

1 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits;
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.

2 The Lord is just, a helper tried;
Mercy is ever at His side;
His kingly crown is holiness;
His scepter, pity in distress.

3 Oh, blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes!

4 Fling wide the portals of your heart!
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

5 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide!
Let me Thy inner presence feel:
Thy grace and love in me reveal.

6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in!
Let new and nobler life begin!
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,
Until the glorious crown be won!

Amen.

474

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore!
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart! lift up your voice!
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

GENERAL.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above.
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

8 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart ! lift up your voice !
Rejoice ! again I say, rejoice !

4 Rejoice in glorious hope !
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;
The trump of God shall sound : Rejoice !

475

L. M.

1 The Lord is King ! He wrought His will
In heaven above, and earth below ;
His wonders the wide ocean fill,
The caverned deeps His judgment show.

2 The Lord is King ! The word stands fast :
Nature abides, for He is strong ;
The perfect note He gave, shall last
Till cadence of her even-song.

8 The Lord is King ! Ye worlds, rejoice !
The waves of power, that from His shrine
Thrill out in silence, have no choice :
They harm not till He gives the sign.

4 The Lord is King ! Hush, wayward heart !
Earth's wisdom fails, earth's daring faints.
There seek Him whence He ne'er departs,
And own Him greatest in His saints.

5 Thou, Lord, art King ! Crowned priests are
we,
To cast our crowns before the throne :
By us the creature worships Thee,
Yet we but bring Thee of Thine own.

6 To the great Maker, to the Son,
Himself vouchsafing to be made,
To the good Spirit, Three in One,
All praise by all His works be paid.

Amen.

476

L. M.

1 The Lord is King ! Lift up your voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice !
From world to world the joy shall ring.
The Lord omnipotent is King.

2 The Lord is King ! Who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises ?

8 He reigns ! Ye saints, exalt your strains !
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

4 Come, make your wants, your burdens known !
He will present them at the throne ;
And angel bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear.

5 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake ;
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King !

477

8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

1 Sing praise to God Who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation ;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills :
To God all praise and glory.

2 The angel host, O King of kings,
Thy praise for ever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan :
To God all praise and glory.

8 What God's almighty power hath made
His gracious mercy keepeth ;
By morning glow or evening shade
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth ;
Within the kingdom of His might
Lo ! all is just and all is right :
To God all praise and glory.

4 The Lord is never far away,
But, through all grief distressing,
An ever-present help and stay.
Our peace and joy and blessing ;
As with a mother's tender hand,
He leads His own, His chosen band ;
To God all praise and glory.

5 Thus all my toilsome way along
I sing aloud Thy praises,
That men may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises :
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart ;
Both soul and body bear your part ;
To God all praise and glory. Amen.

478

P.M.

1 The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above ;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed ;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever blest.

2 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend,
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace ;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom He maintains,
And, glorious with His saints in light,
For ever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and mine !
I join the heavenly lays :
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise. Amen.

479

P.M.

1 God the all-terrible ! King, Who ordainest
Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy
sword ;
Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou
reignest :
Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord.

2 God the omnipotent ! mighty Avenger !
Watching invisible, judging unheard ;
Doom us not now in the hour of danger :
Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord.

3 God the all-merciful ! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy
word ;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken :
Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril
and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the
Lord.

480

10.10.11.11.

1 Oh, worship the King, all glorious above !
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His
love !
Our shield and defender, the Ancient of
days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might ! Oh, sing of His
grace !
Whose robe is the light ; whose canopy,
space.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the
storm.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;
Thy mercies, how tender ! how firm to the
end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend !

GENERAL.

4 O measureless might! ineffable love!
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their
lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy
praise.

481

P. M.

1 The strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing. Alleluia!
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia!

2 They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessed ones with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia!
The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations, join and say
Alleluia!

3 Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!

4 Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow:
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia!

5 First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia!
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying
strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia!

6 Here let the mountains thunder forth sonor-
ous Alleluia!
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia!
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean cry Alleluia!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia!

7 To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia!
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the
Lord almighty loves: Alleluia!

This is the song, the heavenly song, that
Christ, the King, approves: Alleluia!
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Alleluia!
And children's voices echo, answer making.
Alleluia!

8 Now from all men be outpoured
Alleluia to the Lord;
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.
Praise be done to the Three in One,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

482

P. M.

1 Sing Alleluia forth in dutious praise,
O citizens of heaven; and sweetly raise
An endless Alleluia.

2 Ye Powers, who stand before the eternal
Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in
bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your
King, An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back:
This is the food and drink which none shall
lack; An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made,
we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

483

L. M.

- 1 All praise to Him Who built the hills:
All praise to Him the streams Who fills;
All praise to Him Who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.
- 2 All praise to Him Who makes the morn,
And bids it glow with beams new-born;
Who draws the shadows of the night,
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.
- 3 All praise to Him Whose love hath given,
In Christ His Son, the Life of heaven;
Who gives us, for our darkness, light,
And turns to day our deepest night.
- 4 All praise to Him in love Who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,
The all-prevailing sacrifice.
- 5 All praise to Him Who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God:
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
The fount of joy and holiness.
- 6 To Father, Son, and Spirit now
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:
To Thee, blest Trinity, we raise,
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise. Amen.

484

78.

- 1 For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

- 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.
- 5 For Thyself, best gift divine!
To our race so freely given;
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

485

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 God is love; that anthem olden
Sing the glorious orbs of light,
In their language glad and golden
Telling to us, day and night,
Their great story,
God is love, and God is might.
- 2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand thousand voices
Telling back, from hill and grove,
Her glad story,
God is might, and God is love.
- 3 Through these anthems of creation,
Struggling up with gentle strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation
To the world, with blessings rife,
Tell their story,
God is love, and God is life.
- 4 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise, and round Him move;
Our whole lives, one resurrection
To the life of life above;
Their glad story,
God is life, and God is love.

486

8.7.

- 1 God, my King, Thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless Thy Name;
Day by day Thy throne addressing,
Still will I Thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Honor great our God befiteth;
Who His majesty can reach?
Age to age His works transmitteth,
Age to age His power shall teach.

GENERAL.

- 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,
On Thy might and greatness dwell,
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought,
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.
- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow to anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation ;
All His works His goodness prove.
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,
Thee shall all Thy saints adore :
King supreme shall they confess Thee,
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

487

P.M.

- 1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices !
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love ;
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us !
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next. Amen.

488

8.7.

- 1 Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light :
- 2 Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;
Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

146

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim !
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name ! Amen.

489

L.M.

- 1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice :
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- 3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

490

L.M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name !
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

GENERAL.

491

L. M.

- 1 Oh, come, loud anthems let us sing!
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
And high our grateful voices raise,
As our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into His presence let us haste
To thank Him for His favors past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in His hand,
Her secret wealth at His command.
- 4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there!
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall!

492

L. M.

- 1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford;
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.
- 4 Let Israel's God be ever blest!
His name eternally confessed!
Let all His saints, with full accord,
For ever sing Praise ye the Lord!

493

S. M.

- 1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim!
And all that is within me join
To bless His holy Name!
- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind!
Forget not all His benefits!
The Lord to thee is kind.

- 3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.
- 4 He pardons all Thy sins;
Prolongs Thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 5 He clothes thee with His love;
Upholds thee with His truth;
And like the eagle He renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 6 Then bless His holy Name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days!
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

494

7s.

- 1 Songs of praise the angels sang;
Heaven with alleluias rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

GENERAL.

495

L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise!
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue!

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

496

8. 8. 8. 4.

1 O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be ;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Who givest all ?

2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy love declare,
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who givest all !

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays.
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all !

4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

5 Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power.
And dost His seven-fold graces shower
Upon us all.

6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven.
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all ?

7 We lose what on ourselves we spend ;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be ;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all ;

9 To Thee, from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give ;
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,
Who givest all ! Amen.

497

6. 6. 6. 6. 4. 4. 4. 4

1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To Thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still :
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat !
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

4 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts His hands are filled,
We draw our blessings thence :
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts,
Alone in Thee.

498

6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4

1 Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways ;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come Thy Name to sing :
Hither our children bring
Tributes of praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

8 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing.
Let all the holy throng
Who to Thy Church belong.
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King! Amen.

499

1 Pleasant are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.

Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace!

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!

Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

8 Happy souls! Their praises flow
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:

On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord! be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place.

Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart.
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!
Amen.

500

8s.

1 Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face!
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence, love.

2 Lo! God is here! Whom day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To Him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise Thee with a stammering tongue.

8 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before Thy face,
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice! Amen.

501

8.7.

1 Christ is made the sure foundation,
Christ the head and corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one;
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

GENERAL.

- 2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody ;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.
- 3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy servants as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.
- 4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee, for ever
With the blessed to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign. Amen.

502

6s.

- 1 We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honor dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All other joy excels.
- 2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.
- 3 We love the sacred font,
Wherein the holy Dove
Bestows, as He is wont,
His blessing from above.
- 4 We love Thine altar, Lord,
Its mysteries revere;
For there in faith adored,
We find Thy presence near.
- 5 We love Thy holy word,
The lamp Thou gav'st to guide
All wanderers home, O Lord,
Home to their Father's side.
- 6 Then let us sing the love
To us so freely given,
Until we sing above
The triumph-song of heaven! Amen.

503

S.M.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given.
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

504

8.7.

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God;
He, Whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for His own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever will their thirst assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age!
- 3 On their way, around them hovering,
Pillared cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Daily on the manna feeding,
Which He gives them when they pray.

GENERAL.

4 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.

'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

505

8.7.

1 Praise the Rock of our salvation,
Laud His Name from zone to zone;
On that Rock the Church is builded,
Christ Himself the corner-stone:

Vain against our rock-built Sion
Winds and waters, fire and hail;
Christ is in her midst; against her
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

2 Framed of living stones, cemented
By the Spirit's unity,
Based on prophets and apostles,
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,
May Thy Church, O Lord incarnate,
Grow in grace, in peace, in love :
Emblem of the heavenly Sion,
Our eternal home above.

3 Where Thou reignest, King of glory,
Throned in everlasting light,
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed
Sun by day, nor moon by night :
Soon may we those portals enter
When this earthly strife is o'er;
There to dwell with saints and angels
In Thy presence evermore.

4 Join we now the voice of triumph
To the throne of glory sent,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
To the Lord omnipotent.

Praise to Thee, eternal Father,
Praise to Thee, eternal Son,
Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
While unending ages run. Amen.

506

7.6.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
She is His new creation
By water and the word :

From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation,
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up " How long ?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest.
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.
Amen.

507

L.M

1 O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace,
Pity Thy Church, now rent in twain;
Bid wrath, and strife, and variance cease,
And let us all be one again;

2 One with our brethren here in love,
And one with saints that are at rest,
And one with angel hosts above,
And one with God for ever blest.

GENERAL.

- 3 Oh, make on earth all churches one,
One with the blessed gone before,
All knit in sweet communion,
To love Thee, worship, and adore.
- 4 For one the Lord on Whom we call,
The Spirit one which He hath given,
One God and Father of us all,
One faith on earth, one hope of heaven.

508

8.8.8.4.

- 1 Father of all, from land and sea
The nations sing, 'Thine, Lord, are we,
Countless in number, but in Thee
May we be one.'
- 2 O Son of God, Whose love so free
For men did make Thee Man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.
- 3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,
Making them one.
- 4 Thou art the fountain of all good,
Cleansing with Thy most precious blood,
And feeding us with angels' food,
Making us one.
- 5 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.
- 6 O Spirit blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
Oh make us one!
- 7 O Trinity in Unity.
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee
May we be one.
- 8 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
'Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one. Amen.'

509

C.M.

- 1 What time the evening shadows fall
Around the Church on earth,
When darker forms of doubt appal,
And new false lights have birth;
Then closer should her faithful band
For truth together hold,
Hell's last devices to withstand;
And safely guard her fold.
- 2 O Father, in that hour of fear
Fail not Thy Church to keep,
Thy altar to the last to rear.
And feed Thy fainting sheep:
May she the holy truths attest,
Apostles taught of yore,
Nor quit the faith by saints confessed,
But love it more and more.
- 3 O Christ, Who for Thy flock didst pray,
That all might be as one,
Unite us all ere fades the day,
Thou sole-begotten Son:
The East, the West, together bind
In love's unbroken chain;
Give each one hope, one heart, one mind,
One glory, and one gain.
- 4 O Spirit, Lord of light and life,
The Church with strength renew,
Compose the angry voice of strife,
All jealousies subdue:
Do Thou in ever-quickening streams
Upon Thy saints descend,
And warm them with reviving beams,
And guide them to the end.
- 5 Great Three in One, great One in Three,
Our hymns of prayer receive,
And teach us all from sin to flee,
And live as we believe:
So, pure in faith, our thoughts and speech
And acts that faith shall own;
So shall we to Thy presence reach,
And know as we are known. Amen.

510

11.11.11.5.

- 1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and hope of every nation,
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,
Lord God almighty.

GENERAL.

2 See round Thine Ark the hungry billows
curling!
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling!
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are
hurling,

Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor
faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin as-
saileth;
Lord, o'er Thy Rook nor death nor ball pre-
vaileth :

Grant us Thy peace, Lord!

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts as-
suaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are
engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is wag-
ing ;

Calm Thy foes raging!

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are
driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be
forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, and after we have
striven,

Peace in Thy heaven. Amen.

511

L. M.

1 Almighty God, Whose only Son
O'er sin and death the triumph won,
And ever lives to intercede
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

2 In His dear Name to Thee we pray
For all who err and go astray,
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,
Who do not serve and honor Thee.

3 And some within Thy sacred fold,
To holy things are dead and cold,
And waste the precious hours of life
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

4 And many a quickened soul within
There lurks the secret love of sin,
A wayward will, or anxious fears,
Or lingering taint of bygone years:

5 Oh, give repentance true and deep
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep!
And kindle in their hearts the fire
Of holy love and pure desire:

6 That so from angel hosts above
May rise a sweeter song of love,
And we, with all the blest, adore
Thy Name, O God, for evermore. Amen.

512

6s.

1 Thy kingdom come, O God!
Thy reign, O Christ, begin!
Break with Thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin!

2 Where is Thy rule of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 We pray Thee, Lord, arise,
And come in Thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for Thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet :
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set. Amen.

513

6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

1 Thou, Whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight :
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light !

2 Thou Who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly-blind,
Oh, now, to all mankind,
Let there be light !

GENERAL.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light! Amen.

514

7s.

1 Hark! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar:
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

Alleluia! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Alleluia! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Alleluia! Hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:

See Jehovah's banners furled;
Sheathed His sword; He speaks: 'tis
And the kingdoms of this world [done,
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:

Then the end; beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all. Amen.

515

6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

154

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest!
Ye mournful souls, be glad!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

3 Extol the Lamb of God!
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim!
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home!

516

6. 6. 4 6. 6. 6. 4.

1 Lord of all power and might,
Father of love and light,
Speed on Thy word!
Oh, let the Gospel sound
All the wide world around,
Wherever man is found!
God speed His word!

2 Hail, blessed Jubilee!
Thine, Lord, the glory be;
Alleluia!
Thine was the mighty plan;
From Thee the work began;
Away with praise of man!
Glory to God!

3 Lo, what embattled foes,
Stern in their hate, oppose
God's holy word!
One for His truth we stand,
Strong in His own right hand,
Firm as a martyr-band:
God shield His word!

4 Onward shall be our course,
Despite of fraud or force;
God is before.
His words ere long shall run
Free as the noon-day sun;
His purpose must be done:
God bless His word! Amen.

517

7. 6.

1 O brothers, lift your voices,
Triumphant songs to raise;
Till heaven on high rejoices,
And earth is filled with praise.

Ten thousand hearts are bounding
With holy hopes and free;
The Gospel trump is sounding,
The trump of Jubilee.

GENERAL.

2 O Christian brothers, glorious
 Shall be the conflict's close;
 The cross hath been victorious,
 And shall be o'er its foes.
 Faith is our battle-token:
 Our Leader all controls;
 Our trophies, fetters broken;
 Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,
 To Thee all praise be due!
 Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,
 Has freed our brethren too.

Not unto us: in glory
 The angels catch the strain,
 And cast their crowns before Thee
 Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,
 Thy presence we adore:
 Praise, glory, adoration
 Be Thine for evermore!
 Still on in conflict pressing
 On Thee Thy people call,
 Thee, King of kings confessing,
 Thee, crowning Lord of all. Amen.

518

S. M.

1 To bless Thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline;
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all Thy saints to shine;

2 That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And Thy salvation own.

3 Oh, let them shout and sing,
 With joy and pious mirth!
 For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Let differing nations join
 To celebrate Thy fame!
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious Name!

5 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings shower;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of His resistless power.

519

S. M.

1 How beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Sion's hill;
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
 How sweet their tidings are!
 'Sion, behold thy Saviour-King!
 He reigns and triumphs here.'

3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light!
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
 Through all the earth abroad:
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

520

8.8.7.8.8.7

1 Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures
 Sing of those who spread the treasures
 In the holy gospels shrined!
 Blessed tidings of salvation,
 Peace on earth their proclamation,
 Love from God to lost mankind.

2 See the rivers four that gladden
 With their streams the better Eden
 Planted by our Lord most dear;
 Christ the fountain, these the waters;
 Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,
 Drink and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, Thy truth confessing,
 And Thy holy word possessing,
 Jesus, may Thy love adore!
 Unto Thee our voices raising,
 Thee with all Thy ransomed praising,
 Ever and for evermore. Amen.

521

C.M.

- 1 Upon the holy mount they stood
That wondrous, awful night :
They saw, and knew that it was good
To see that vision bright.
- 2 No man of sorrows stands there now ;
But, keen as lightning-flame,
The streams of heavenly radiance flow
From that transfigured frame.
- 3 Beneath that mount another scene
They saw, when morning smiled :
A father, torn with anguish keen,
Sought mercy for his child.
- 4 No more the blaze of glistening light
Enwraps the form divine,
But tender love and healing might
Around Him softly shine.
- 5 He came from hours of rapture high
To care for human woe :
So angels from God's presence fly
To succor men below.
- 6 O Jesus, be our life like Thine ;
Blest labor, doubly blest
By communings with things divine
Upon the mountain's crest.
- 7 Lord, we would pass from hours of prayer,
That lift our souls above,
To go where want and sorrow are
With lowly deeds of love.
- 8 Let no self-will within us lurk,
Nor faithless sloth be there ;
But prayer give life to all our work.
And work crown all our prayer.

Amen.

522

8.7.

- 1 All unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side ;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.
- 2 Grief nor pain nor any sorrow
Rends thy heart, to Him unknown ;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

156

- 3 Holy strivings nerve and strengthen ;
Long endurance wins the crown :
When the evening shadows lengthen,
Thou shalt lay thy burden down.

523

78.

- 1 Not your own, but His ye are,
Who has paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's store of gems and gold :
With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Full salvation is assured.
- 2 Not your own ; to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love ;
Live, that ye His praise may show
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power,
Consecrate to Him alone
Who hath claimed you for His own.
- 3 Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee ;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live
Wholly, only, Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high,
Thee to serve and glorify ;
Thine for ever, not our own ;
Thine for ever, Thine alone. Amen.

[TEMPERANCE.]

524

7.6.

- 1 O Lord, our strength in weakness,
We pray to Thee for grace ;
For power to fight the battle,
For speed to run the race :
When Thy baptismal waters
Were poured upon our brow,
We then were made Thy children,
And pledged our earliest vow ;
- 2 We then were sealed and hallowed
By Thy life-giving word ;
Were made the Spirit's temples,
And members of the Lord :
With His own blood He bought us,
And made the purchase sure ;
His are we : may He keep us
Sober, and chaste, and pure.

GENERAL.

- 3 Conformed to His own likeness
 May we so live and die.
 That in the grave our bodies
 In holy peace may lie ;
 And at the resurrection
 Forth from those graves may spring.
 Like to the glorious body
 Of Christ, our Lord and King.
- 4 The pure in heart are blessed,
 For they shall see the Lord
 For ever and for ever
 By seraphim adored ;
 And they shall drink the pleasures,
 Such as no tongue can tell,
 From the clear crystal river,
 And life's eternal well.

[TEMPERANCE.]

525

L. M.

- 1 When, doomed to death, the apostle lay
 At night in Herod's dungeon cell,
 A light shone round him like the day,
 And from his limbs the fetters fell.
- 2 A messenger from God was there,
 To break his chain and bid him rise ;
 And lo! the saint, as free as air,
 Walked forth beneath the open skies.
- 3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
 The victims of that deadly thirst
 Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
 Blots the bright image stamped at first.
- 4 O God of love and mercy, deign
 To look on those with pitying eye
 Who struggle with that fatal chain,
 And send them succor from on high !
- 5 Send down, in its resistless might,
 Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
 And lead the captive forth to light,
 A rescued soul, a slave no more! Amen.

[ORPHANS.]

526

8s.

- 1 O Thou, who madest land and sea,
 And guidest all, in all their ways,
 Who hearest those who bring to Thee
 Their sacrifice of prayer and praise ;
 Oh, hear Thy children as they bring
 Themselves a lowly offering!

- 2 Great God, Who with a Father's love
 Dost watch o'er all created things,
 And gatherest all, below, above,
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wings ;
 Protect, we pray Thee, now and bless
 Thy children who are fatherless.

- 3 Thou hearest still the eagles' cry,
 And notest e'en a sparrow's fall,
 Thy listening ear doth heed on high,
 And hearken to the raven's call ;
 Then, heavenly Father, hear and bless
 Thy children who are fatherless.

- 4 Come, heavenly Father, come to-day,
 For we Thy children come to Thee,
 And Thou wilt never say us, nay!
 If come we in humility ;
 New-born in Thee, O Father, bless
 Thy children who are fatherless.

- 5 Cast forth upon the barren strand
 Of this lone world, to Thee we fly ;
 In faith and hope, we fain would stand
 Beneath Thy sheltering arm for aye ;
 Stretch forth Thy hand, and pitying bless
 Thy children who are fatherless.

- 6 And may we all with joyful mind
 Our hearts as living offerings bring,
 The first-fruits of our life, to find
 A Father in our heavenly King ;
 And learn in life and death to bless
 Thee, " Father of the fatherless." Amen.

[ORPHANS.]

527

6s.

- 1 Thou Who with dying lips
 Thy mother didst commend
 Unto the tender care
 Of Thy beloved friend ;
 Thou Who by Lazarus' grave
 In human grief didst groan,
 Turn, Lord, Thine eyes on those
 Left in the world alone.
- 2 Thou Who didst call Thy Twelve
 Their home and friends to leave,
 And in Thy kingdom all,
 Yea, more than all, receive,
 To those bereft of all,
 Thy pitying love extend,
 And let them find in Thee
 Father, and home, and friend.

8 Thou Who didst say of old,
 'Thine orphans lend to Me;
 Unto the fatherless
 I will a Father be,'
 Thy promises are sure ;
 Help us to trust Thee still ;
 To those who need Thee sore,
 That faithful word fulfil.

4 Thou Who in Thy still rest
 Our dear ones safe dost keep ;
 Thou Who shalt bring them back
 One day from their long sleep,
 Oh, keep us by Thy grace,
 That we at last may be,
 When that bright morning dawns,
 At home with them and Thee.

Amen.

528

C.M.

1 We walk by faith, and not by sight ;
 No gracious words we hear
 From Him Who spake as man ne'er spake,
 But we believe Him near.

2 We may not touch His hands and side,
 Nor follow where He trod ;
 But in His promise we rejoice,
 And cry, " My Lord and God ! "

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief ;
 And may our faith abound,
 To call on Thee when 'Thou art near,
 And seek where Thou art found:

4 That, when our life of faith is done,
 In realms of clearer light
 We may behold Thee as Thou art,
 With full and endless sight. Amen.

529

8s.

1 O Light, Whose beams illumine all
 From twilight dawn to perfect day,
 Shine Thou before the shadows fall,
 That lead our wandering feet astray:
 At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,
 That youth may love, and age adore.

2 O Way, through Whom our souls draw near
 To yon eternal home of peace,
 Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
 And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
 In strength or weakness may we see
 Our heavenward path, O Lord, through
 Thee.

3 O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,
 Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
 To Thee our earliest strength we vow.
 Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;
 When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
 Turn Thou our darkness into light.

4 O Life, the well that ever flows
 To slake the thirst of those that faint.
 Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
 Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
 In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
 Be Thou our conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
 O Jesus, born mankind to save,
 Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife:
 Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;
 Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,
 Lord of the living and the dead. Amen.

530

C.M.

1 Thou art the Way, to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee;
 And he who would the Father seek,
 Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth, Thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart ;
 Thou only canst inform the mind .
 And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
 Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;
 And those who put their trust in Thee
 Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
 Grant us that way to know,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

[SPRING.]

531

P.M.

1 For all Thy love and goodness, so bountiful
 and free,
 Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
 On the wings of joyous praise our hearts
 soar up to Thee:
 Glory to the Lord!

GENERAL.

2 The spring-time breaks all round about, wak-
ing from winter's night:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The sunshine, like God's love, pours down in
floods of golden light:
Glory to the Lord!

3 A voice of joy is in all the earth, a voice is
in all the air:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
All nature singeth aloud to God; there is
gladness everywhere:
Glory to the Lord!

4 The flowers are strewn in field and copse, on
the hill and on the plain:
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
The soft air stirs in the tender leaves that
clothe the trees again:
Glory to the Lord!

5 The works of Thy hands are very fair; and
for all Thy bounteous love,
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
But what, if this world is so fair, is the bet-
ter land above?
Glory to the Lord!

6 Oh, to awake from death's short sleep, like
the flowers from their wintry grave!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And to rise all glorious in the day when
Christ shall come to save!
Glory to the Lord!

7 Oh, to dwell in that happy land, where the
heart cannot choose but sing!
Thy Name, Lord, be adored!
And where the life of the blessed ones is a
beautiful endless Spring!
Glory to the Lord! Amen.

[SUMMER.]

532

6.5.

1 Summer suns are glowing
Over land and sea,
Happy light is flowing
Bountiful and free.
Everything rejoices
In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voices
Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.

Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.

And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.

Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. Amen.

[AUTUMN.]

533

7.6.

1 The year is swiftly waning;
The summer days are past:
And life, brief life, is speeding;
The end is nearing fast.

2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, eternal Father,
No time or change canst know.

3 Oh, pour Thy grace upon us,
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in heaven with Thee!

4 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned:
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5 Oh, by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

- 6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face. Amen.

534

C.M.

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home :
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

535

P.M.

- 1 'Soon and for ever :'
Such promise our trust,
Though ashes to ashes,
And dust unto dust ;
'Soon and for ever'
Our union shall be
Made perfect, our glorious
Redeemer, in Thee;
When the sins and the sorrows
Of time shall be o'er,
Its pangs, and its partings
Remembered no more.
Where life cannot fail, and where
Death cannot sever,
Christians with Christ shall be
'Soon and for ever.'

- 2 'Soon and for ever'
The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away;
'Soon and for ever'
We'll see as we're seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been:
When fightings without us,
And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin ;
Where fears, and where tears, and where
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be
'Soon and for ever.'
- 3 'Soon and for ever'
The work shall be done ;
The warfare accomplished,
The victory won:
'Soon and for ever'
The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown:
Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear;
A glorious to-morrow
Is brightening and near;
When (blessed reward of each
Faithful endeavor)
Christians with Christ shall be
'Soon and for ever.' Amen.

536

78

- 1 When our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

GENERAL—PROCESSIONALS.

5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear ! Amen.

537

S. M.

1 Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from Thy face,
For evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in Thee
The life of perfect love, the rest
Of immortality.

538

L. M.

1 For Thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, Thy chosen seat ;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 Thou, Who to every humble prayer
Dost always bend Thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at Thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop Thy flowing mercy try ;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
Within Thy sacred dwelling lives !
'Tis there abundantly we taste
The vast delights Thy temple gives.

VIII. Processionals.

539

P. M.

We march, we march to victory !
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the
sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

1 We come in the might of the Lord of light,
In reverent train to meet Him ;
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet Him.
We march, we march, etc.

2 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is His salvation,
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.
We march, we march, etc.

3 And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion :
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.
We march, we march, etc.

4 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With His eye of love looking down from
above,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory !
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With His loving eye looking down from the
sky,
And His holy arm spread o'er us.

PROCESSIONALS.

540

- 1 Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.
Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.
Brightly gleams our banner
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

- 2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet :
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray ;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams, etc.

- 3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe :
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.
Brightly gleams, etc.

- 4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams, etc.

541

- 1 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem :
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise ;
Sing to Him Who brought salvation,
Wondrous in His works and ways :
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.

162

6.5.

- 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or spread the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die ;
Foreordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.
- 3 Now above the sapphire pavement,
High in unapproached light,
Lo ! He lives and reigns for ever,
Victor after hard-won fight,
Where the song of the redeemed
Rings unceasing day and night.
- 4 Yet this earth He still remembers,
Still by Him the flock are fed :
Yea, He gives them food immortal,
Gives Himself, the living Bread :
Leads them where the precious fountain
From the smitten Rock is shed.
- 5 Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims !
Who shall pluck you from His hand ?
Pledged He stands for your salvation,
Pledged to give the promised land,
Where among the ransomed nations
Ye too round His throne shall stand.

542

6.5.

- 1 On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love !
Is there grief or sadness ?
Thine it cannot be !
Is our sky beclouded ?
Clouds are not from Thee !
On our way rejoicing,
As we homeward move,
Hearken to our praises,
O Thou God of love !
- 2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, etc.

8.7.

PROCESSIONALS.

3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe !
Christ without, our safety,
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, etc.

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, etc.

543

PART I.

6.5.

1 Forward! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert !
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us;
Sion beams with light.

2 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word;
Forward ! marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:

Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might!
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

PART II.

4 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light.

5 Nought that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints, that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token!
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness!
Forward into light!

6 To the eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph!
Forward into light!

544

8.7.

1 Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.

PROCESSIONALS.

Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light:
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

- 2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:

One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

- 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:

One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

- 4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers !
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!

Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom!

545

8.7.

- 1 In the Name of God the Father,
In the Name of God the Son,
In the Name of God the Spirit,
One in Three, and Three in One:

In the Name which highest angels
Speak not ere they veil their face,
Crying, "Holy, holy, holy."
Come we to this sacred place.

- 2 Lo, in wondrous condescension,
Jesus seeks His altar-throne;
Though in lowly symbols hidden,
Faith and love His presence own.

164

When the Lord His temple visits,
Let the listening earth be still;
May the Spirit's sweet indwelling
Each believing heart fulfil.

- 3 Here, in figure represented,
See the Passion once again;
Here behold the Lamb most holy,
As for our redemption slain;

Here the Saviour's body broken,
Here the blood which Jesus shed,
Mystic food of life eternal,
See for our refreshment spread.

- 4 Here shall highest praise be offered,
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,
God incarnate be adored.

Holy Jesus, for Thy coming
May Thy love our hearts prepare;
Thine we fain would have them wholly:
Enter, Lord, and tarry there. Amen.

546

8.7.

- 1 Sing, ye faithful ! sing with gladness!
Wake your noblest, sweetest strain!
With the praises of your Saviour
Let His house resound again!
Him let all your music honor,
And your songs exalt His reign!

- 2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save!

- 3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless one among the sinful,
Prince of life among the dead:
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

- 4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His Father's throne, the Son
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

PROCESSIONALS.

5 Day of promised restitution !
Fruit of all His sorrows past !
When the crown of His dominions
He before the throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
God be "all in all " at last.

547

7a.

1 Forward go in glad accord,
Ye who know your risen Lord !
Let the strain of fervent love
Lift each drooping heart above !
Dark and troublous though the day,
Cast unworthy care away !
Trust in Him Whose mighty hand
Guards the Church and rules the land !

2 Forward still ! and let the strain
Tell of triumph yet again !
For the Lord, Who reigns on high,
Leads His own to victory :
Through the world's opposing might,
Through the gathering gloom of night,
Strong in faith, let holy song
Cheer us as we march along.

3 Forward go ! despond no more !
Jesus calls, and goes before.
He will guard His chosen Bride,
He will never leave her side :
Kingdoms flourish and decay,
Heaven and earth will pass away ;
Evermore the Church shall raise
Songs of triumph, joy, and praise.

4 Forward go ! the saints above
Still prolong the strain of love ;
Soon may we, within the gate,
See with them our King in state :
There will He His choir unite,
All arrayed in robes of white ;
There will songs of purest joy
All their blissful life employ.

548

6.5.

1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,
Listen while we sing ;
Hearts and voices raising
Praises to our King.
All we have we offer,
All we hope to be,
Body, soul, and spirit,
All we yield to Thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee :
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die :
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

3 Great and ever greater
Are Thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there ;
Where no pain, or sorrow,
Toil, or care, is known,
Where the angel legions
Circle round Thy throne.

4 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven ;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within ;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

5 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glow the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done ;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past,
May we, blessed Saviour,
Find a rest at last !

6 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God !
Leaving all behind us,
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal ;
Where in joys unheard of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

PROCESSIONALS.

549

S. M.

- 1 Rejoice, ye pure in heart !
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!
- 2 Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek :
Raise high your free, exulting song!
God's wondrous praises speak!
- 3 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints of earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth!
- 4 Your clear hosannas raise,
And alleluias loud!
Whilst answering echoes upward float,
Like wreaths of incense cloud.
- 5 Yes, on through life's long path!
Still chanting as ye go ;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.
- 6 Still lift your standard high!
Still march in firm array!
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day!
- 7 At last the march shall end ;
The wearied ones shall rest ;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.
- 8 Then on, ye pure in heart!
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King!

550

6.5.

- 1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!
Christ the royal Master
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

- 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, etc.

- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

- 5 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!

551

6.5.

- 1 At the Name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess Him
King of glory now ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call Him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

LITANIES.

- 2 At His voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom He came,
Faithfully He bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death He passed;
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height;
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast,
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Also the following:

- 345 Oft in danger, oft in woe.
348 The Son of God goes forth to war.
349 Go forward, Christian soldier.
351 O happy band of pilgrims.
358 Ancient of days.
362 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.
371 Hail to the Lord's anointed.
395 Crown Him with many crowns.
398 Come Thou Holy Spirit, come.

- 402 Spirit divine, attend our prayers.
408 Praises to Him Whose love has given.
406 Holy, holy, holy Lord.
415 Ten thousand times ten thousand.
419 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
420 Those eternal bowers.
422 Awake, awake, O Sion.
425 For thee, O dear, dear country.
426 Jerusalem the golden.
427 Blessed city, heavenly Salem.
429 O mother dear, Jerusalem.
436 Jesus, still lead on.
445 Lord of all being throned afar.
451 O Jesus, King most wonderful.
457 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus.
458 Alleluia! sing to Jesus.
459 Jesus, our risen King.
464 O Saviour, precious Saviour.
472 Praise my soul the King of heaven.
473 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.
477 Sing praise to God Who reigns above.
499 Pleasant are Thy courts above.
504 Glorious things of Thee are spoken.
505 Praise the Rock of our salvation.
506 The Church's one foundation.
517 O brothers, lift your voices.

IX. Litanies.

LITANY OF THE HOLY GHOST.

552

7.7.7.6.

- 1 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 2 Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 3 Source of meekness, love, and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 4 Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

LITANIES.

- 5 Thou by Whom the Virgin bore
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,
Sent our nature to restore ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 6 Thou Whom Jesus from His throne
Gave to cheer and help His own,
That they might not be alone ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 7 Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her God's perfect will,
Making Jesus present still :
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 8 Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 9 Thou by Whom our souls are fed
With the true and living Bread,
Even Him Who for us bled ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 10 All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 11 All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 12 Come to raise us when we fall,
And, when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 13 Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 14 Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.
- 15 Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

- 16 Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart ;
Never more from us depart ;
Hear us, Holy Spirit. Amen.

LITANY OF THE CHURCH.

553

7.7.7.6.

- 1 Jesus, with Thy Church abide,
Be her Saviour, Lord, and Guide,
While on earth her faith is tried :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 2 Keep her life and doctrine pure,
Help her, patient to endure,
Trusting in Thy promise sure :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Be Thou with her all the days.
May she, safe from error's ways,
Toil for Thine eternal praise :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 May her voice be ever clear,
Warning of a judgment near,
Telling of a Saviour dear :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 5 All her fettered powers release,
Bid our strife and envy cease,
Grant the heavenly gift of peace :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 8 Save her love from growing cold,
Make her watchmen strong and bold,
Fence her round, Thy peaceful fold :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 9 May her priests Thy people feed,
Shepherds of the flock indeed,
Ready, where Thou call'st, to lead :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

LITANIES.

- 10 Judge her not for work undone,
Judge her not for fields unwon.
Bless her works in Thee begun :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 11 For the past give deeper shame,
Make her jealous for Thy Name,
Kindle zeal's most holy flame:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 12 Raise her to her calling high.
Let the nations far and nigh
Hear Thy heralds' warning cry:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 13 May her lamp of truth be bright,
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 14 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 15 Arm her soldiers with the cross,
Brave to suffer toil or loss,
Counting earthly gain but dross :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 16 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 17 May she soon all glorious be,
Spotless and from wrinkle free,
Pure, and bright, and worthy Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
 - 18 Fit her all Thy joy to share
In the home Thou dost prepare,
And be ever blessed there:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- Amen.

LITANY FOR CHILDREN.

554

7.7.7.6.

- 1 Jesus, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little child
Of the Virgin undefiled;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

- 2 Jesus, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 3 Jesus, at Whose infant feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 4 Jesus, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hastening to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 5 Jesus, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, by Thy good Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 6 Jesus, Who didst deign to flee
From King Herod's cruelty
In Thy earliest infancy;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 7 Jesus, Whom Thy mother found
'Midst the doctors sitting round,
Marvelling at Thy words profound;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

PART II.

- 8 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit;
Save us, holy Jesus.
- 9 From all sloth and idleness,
From not caring for distress,
From all lust and greediness;
Save us, holy Jesus.
- 10 From refusing to obey,
From the love of our own way,
From forgetfulness to pray;
Save us, holy Jesus.

PART III.

- 11 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thine infant wants and fears,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears;
Save us, holy Jesus.

12 By Thy pattern bright and pure,
By the pains Thou didst endure
Our salvation to procure;
Save us, holy Jesus.

18 By Thy wounds and thorn-crowned head,
By Thy blood for sinners shed,
By Thy rising from the dead;
Save us, holy Jesus.

14 By the Name we bow before,
Human Name, which evermore
All the hosts of heaven adore;
Save us, holy Jesus.

15 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy glory in the height,
By Thy mercies infinite;
Save us, holy Jesus. Amen.

LITANY FOR CHILDREN.

555

7.7.7.6.

1 Jesus, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that Thou art near:
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little hearts may love Thee well,
Little lips Thy love may tell,
Little hymns Thy praises swell:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly Thine:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 Once a child so good and fair,
Feeling want, and toil, and care,
All that we may have to bear:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

7 Jesus, Thou dost love us still,
And it is Thy holy will
That we should be safe from ill:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Be Thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

9 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may Thy angels bright
Keep us safe till morning's light:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

10 Make us brave without a fear,
Make us happy, full of cheer,
Sure that Thou art always near:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

11 May we prize our Christian name,
May we guard it free from blame,
Fearing all that causes shame:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

12 May we grow from day to day,
Glad to learn each holy way,
Ever ready to obey:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

13 May we ever try to be
From our sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like Thee:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

14 May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

15 Jesus, Son of God most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

16 Jesus, from Thy heavenly throne,
Watching o'er each little one,
Till our life on earth is done:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

17 Jesus, Whom we hope to see
Calling us in heaven to be
Happy evermore with Thee:
Hear us, holy Jesus. Amen.

LITANIES.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE.

556

7.7.7.5.

- 1 Lord of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.
- 4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then,
Jesus, hear and save. Amen.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE.

557

8.7.

PART I.

- 1 Pity on us, heavenly Father,
For the love of Jesus take,
And with Thine own Holy Spirit,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 2 By the lowly cradle manger
Over which the angels spake
Songs of peace, and words of wonder;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 3 By the tender human nature
He for us did stoop and take,
All His travail, thirst and hunger;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 4 By the tears, whose loving kindness
From His human eyes did brake
When He stood by human sorrow;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 5 By the words, whose free forgiveness
In the dying thief did wake
Hope of Paradise and pardon;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 6 By the thorns, that mocking crowned Him,
By the bloody sweat that brake
From His brow, in bitter anguish;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

- 7 By His limbs outstretched and wounded,
By the cleft the spear did make,
By the blood and by the water;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

PART II.

- 8 From a heart by sin deceived,
Bent, with froward will, to take
Its own downward course of madness;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 9 From a soul whose death-like slumber
Will not at Thy call awake,
But sleep on, nor heed its danger;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 10 From foul hands, and thoughts uncleanly
That their resting place would make
In the souls redeemed by Jesus;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 11 In the time of tears, and laughter,
When we sleep, and when we wake,
Rising, resting, coming, going,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 12 In the hour of our departure,
When life's lingering sands do shake,
In the grave, and Rest remaining,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 13 In the glorious Resurrection,
When the dead in Christ awake
At the voice of the archangel,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.
- 14 In the dreadful day of Judgment,
When the worlds before Thee quake,
Plead our cause, O God our Saviour;
Save us for Thy mercies' sake. Amen.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE.

558

7.7.7.6.

- 1 Son of God, for man decreed
To be born the woman's Seed,
Very God, and Man indeed;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 2 Thou Whose wisdom all things planned,
Held by Whose almighty hand
All things in their order stand;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

LITANIES.

- 3 God with us, Emmanuel,
Coming here as man to dwell,
Saving us when Adam fell;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 4 Saviour, full of truth and grace,
Leaving Thine eternal place
To restore our fallen race;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 5 Image of the God unseen,
Still what Thou hadst ever been
Though in form of infant mean;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 6 Word, by Whom the worlds were made,
In a lowly manger laid,
Taught on earth a humble trade;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 7 Jesus, led by love to share
All the forms of grief and care,
That we sinful mortals bear;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 8 Good Physician, come to cure
All the ills that men endure,
And to make our nature pure;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 9 Man of sorrows, weak and worn
With Thy woes for sinners borne,
Lest we should for ever mourn;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 10 Shepherd, Who Thy watch dost keep,
Guarding still Thy chosen sheep
From the spoiler's malice deep;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 11 Lamb, from earth's foundation slain,
By Whose bitter stripes of pain
We are freed from guilty stain;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 12 Only victim we can plead,
Our High-Priest to intercede.
Advocate in all our need;
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 13 Standing now before the throne,
Pleading that which can alone
For the sin of man atone;
Hear us, holy Jesus.

- 14 Only hope of those who pray,
Only help while here we stay,
Life of those who pass away;
Hear us, holy Jesus. Amen.

LITANY OF THE INCARNATE LIFE.

559

7.7.7.6.

- 1 God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy heavenly throne,
Spare us, holy Trinity.
- 2 Thou Who leaving crown and throne
Camest here, an outcast lone,
That Thou mightest save Thine own,
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 3 Thou with sinners wont to eat,
Who with loving words didst greet
Mary weeping at Thy feet.
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 4 Thou Whose saddened look did chide
Peter when he thrice denied,
Till with bitter tears he cried,
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 5 Thou Who hanging on the tree
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be
To-day in Paradise with Me."
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 6 Thou, despised, denied, refused,
And for man's transgressions bruised,
Sinless, yet of sin accused,
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 7 Thou Who on the cross didst reign,
Dying there in bitter pain,
Cleansing with Thy blood our stain,
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 8 Shepherd of the straying sheep,
Comforter of them that weep,
Hear us crying from the deep,
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 9 That in Thy pure innocence
We may wash our souls' offence,
And find truest penitence,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.
- 10 That we give to sin no place,
That we never quench Thy grace,
That we ever seek Thy face,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

LITANIES.

- 11 That denying evil lust,
Living godly, meek, and just,
In Thee only we may trust,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.
- 12 That to sin for ever dead
We may live to Thee instead,
And the narrow pathway tread,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.
- 13 When shall end the battle sore,
When our pilgrimage is o'er,
Grant Thy peace for evermore,
We beseech Thee, Jesus. Amen.

LITANY OF PENITENCE.

560

7.7.7.6.

PART I.

- 1 Father, hear Thy children's call:
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,
Prodigals, confessing all :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 2 Christ, beneath Thy Cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame;
Penitent we breathe Thy Name:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 4 Love, that caused us first to be,
Love, that bled upon the tree,
Love, that draws us lovingly:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 5 We Thy call have disobeyed,
Into paths of sin have strayed,
And repentance have delayed :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 6 Sick, we come to Thee for cure,
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 7 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

- 8 Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART II.

- 9 By the gracious saving call
Spoken tenderly to all
Who have shared in Adam's fall,
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 10 By the nature Jesus wore,
By the stripes and death He bore,
By His life for evermore,
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 11 By the love that longs to bless,
Pitying our sore distress,
Leading us to holiness,
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 12 By the love so calm and strong,
Patient still to suffer wrong
And our day of grace prolong,
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 13 By the love that speaks within,
Calling us to flee from sin,
And the joy of goodness win,
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 14 By the love that bids Thee spare,
By the heaven Thou dost prepare,
By Thy promises to prayer,
We beseech Thee, hear us.

PART III.

- 15 Teach us what Thy love has borne,
That with loving sorrow torn
Truly contrite we may mourn :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 16 Gifts of light and grace bestow,
Help us to resist the foe,
Fearing what alone is woe :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 17 Let not sin within us reign,
May we gladly suffer pain,
If it purge away our stain :
We beseech Thee, hear us.
- 18 May we to all evil die,
Fleshly longings crucify,
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high :
We beseech Thee, hear us.

LITANIES.

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| <p>19 Grant us faith to know Thee near,
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,
And through trial persevere:
We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>20 Grant us hope from earth to rise,
And to strain with eager eyes
Towards the promised heavenly prize:
We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>21 Grant us love Thy love to own,
Love to live for Thee alone,
And the power of grace make known :
We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>22 All our weak endeavors bless,
As we ever onward press,
Till we perfect holiness:
We beseech Thee, hear us.</p> <p>23 Lead us daily nearer Thee,
Till at last Thy face we see,
Crowned with Thine own purity:
We beseech Thee, hear us. Amen.</p> | <p>6 By the insult of the Jews,
When Barabbas they would choose,
And did Thee their King refuse,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>7 By Thy going forth to die,
When they raised the wicked cry,
"Crucify Him, crucify!"
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>8 By the cross which Thou didst bear,
By the cup they bade Thee share,
Mingled gall and vinegar,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>9 By Thy nailing to the tree,
By the title over Thee,
By the gloom of Calvary,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>10 By the parting of Thy clothes,
By the mocking of Thy foes,
As they watched Thy dying woes,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>11 By Thy seven words then said,
By the bowing of Thy head,
By Thy numbering with the dead,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> |
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LITANY OF THE PASSION.

561

7.7.7.6.

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| <p>1 Jesus, Who for us didst bear
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,
Hearken to our lowly prayer;
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>2 By that hour of agony,
Spent while Thine apostles three
Slumbered in Gethsemane,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>3 By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray
That the cup might pass away,
So Thou mightest still obey,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>4 By the kiss of treachery,
To Thy foes betraying Thee,
By Thy harsh captivity,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>5 By the scourging Thou hast borne,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the reed and crown of thorn,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> | <p>12 By the piercing of Thy side,
By the stream of double tide,
Blood and water, thence supplied,
Hear us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>13 Cleansing us from outward sin,
And from evil thoughts within,
That we may true pureness win,
Save us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>14 When temptation sore is rife,
When we faint amidst the strife,
Thou, Whose death hath been our life,
Save us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>15 While on stormy seas we toss,
Let us count all things as loss,
But Thee only on Thy cross;
Save us, holy Jesus.</p> <p>16 So, with hope in Thee made fast,
When death's bitterness is past,
We may see Thy face at last;
Save us, holy Jesus.</p> |
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562

7.7.7.6.

(THE WORDS ON THE CROSS.)

PART I.

"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."—ST. LUKE, xxiii. 34.

1 Jesus, in Thy dying woes,
Even while Thy life-blood flows,
Craving pardon for Thy foes :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Saviour, for our pardon sue.
When our sins Thy pangs renew,
For we know not what we do :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Oh, may we, who mercy need,
Be like Thee in heart and deed,
When with wrong our spirits bleed :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

PART II.

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."
ST. LUKE, xxiii. 43.

1 Jesus, pitying the sighs
Of the thief, who near Thee dies,
Promising him Paradise :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 May we, in our guilt and shame,
Still Thy love and mercy claim,
Calling humbly on Thy Name :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Oh, remember us who pine,
Looking from our cross to Thine;
Cheer our souls with hope divine :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

PART III.

"Woman behold thy Son." "Behold thy mother."
ST. JOHN, xix. 26, 27.

1 Jesus, loving to the end
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,
And Thy dearest human friend :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 May we in Thy sorrows share,
And for Thee all peril dare,
And enjoy Thy tender care :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 May we all Thy loved ones be,
All one holy family,
Loving for the love of Thee :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

PART IV.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me."
ST. MATT. xxvii. 46.

1 Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown,
With our evil left alone,
While no light from heaven is shown :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 When we vainly seem to pray,
And our hope seems far away,
In the darkness be our stay :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Though no Father seem to hear,
Though no light our spirits cheer,
Tell our faith that God is near :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

PART V.

"I thirst."—ST. JOHN, xix. 28.

1 Jesus, in Thy thirst and pain,
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,
Thirsting more our love to gain :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Thirst for us in mercy still;
All Thy holy work fulfil :
Satisfy Thy loving will :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 May we thirst Thy love to know;
Lead us in our sin and woe
Where the healing waters flow :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

PART VI.

"It is finished."—ST. JOHN, xix. 30.

1 Jesus, all our ransom paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

2 Save us in our soul's distress,
Be our help to cheer and bless,
While we grow in holiness :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

LITANIES.

- 3 Brighten all our heavenward way,
With an ever holier ray,
Till we pass to perfect day :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

PART VII.

"Father into Thy hands I commend My Spirit."
ST. LUKE, xxiii. 46.

- 1 Jesus, all Thy labor vast,
All Thy woe and conflict past,
Yielding up Thy soul at last :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 2 When the death shades round us lower,
Guard us from the tempter's power,
Keep us in that trial hour :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 3 May Thy life and death supply
Grace to live and grace to die.
Grace to reach the home on high.
Hear us, holy Jesus.

Amen.

LITANY OF THE FOUR LAST THINGS.

563

- 1 Jesus, life of those who die,
Advocate with God on high,
Hope of immortality:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 2 Thou Whose death to mortals gave
Power to triumph o'er the grave,
Living now, from death to save:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 3 Thou before Whose great white throne
All our doings must be shown,
Pleading now for us Thine own:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 4 Thou Whose death was borne that we,
From the power of Satan free,
Might not die eternally:
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 5 Thou Who dost a place prepare,
That in heavenly mansions fair
Sinners may Thy glory share:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

DEATH.

- 6 We are dying day by day ;
Soon from earth we pass away ;
Lord of life, to Thee we pray :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 7 Ere we hear the angel's call,
And the shadows round us fall,
Be our Saviour, be our all :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 8 Wean our hearts from things below ;
Make us all Thy love to know ;
Guard us from our ghostly foe :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 9 Shelter us with angel's wing ;
To our souls Thy pardon bring ;
So shall death have lost its sting :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 10 In the gloom Thy light provide ;
Safely through the valley guide ;
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

JUDGMENT.

- 11 When Thy summons we obey
On the dreadful Judgment day,
Let not fear our soul dismay :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 12 While the lost in terror fly,
May we see with joyful eye
Our redemption drawing nigh :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 13 May we see Thee on Thy throne
As the Saviour we have known,
And have followed as our own :
Hear us, holy Jesus.
- 14 May we then, among the blest
Who Thy Name on earth confessed,
Hear Thee calling us to rest :
Hear us, holy Jesus.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

HELL.

- 15 From the awful place of doom,
Where in rayless outer gloom
Dead souls lie as in a tomb,
Save us, holy Jesus.
- 16 From the black, the dull despair
Ruined men and angels share,
From the dread companions there,
Save us, holy Jesus.
- 17 From the unknown agonies
Of the soul that helpless lies;
From the worm that never dies,
Save us, holy Jesus.
- 18 From the lusts that none can tame,
From the fierce mysterious flame,
From the everlasting shame,
Save us, holy Jesus.

HEAVEN.

- 19 Where Thy saints in glory reign,
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Pure from every guilty stain,
Bring us, holy Jesus.
- 20 Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling cease,
Where the weary rest in peace,
Bring us, holy Jesus.
- 21 Where the pleasures never cloy,
Where in angels' holy joy
Thy redeemed their powers employ,
Bring us, holy Jesus.
- 22 Where in wondrous light are shown
All Thy dealings with Thine own,
Who shall know as they are known,
Bring us, holy Jesus.
- 23 Where, with loved ones gone before,
We may love Thee and adore
In Thy presence evermore,
Bring us, holy Jesus. Amen.

X. Appendix.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

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6.5.

- 1 Jesus, King of glory
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
Pardon our transgressions,
Cleanse us from our sin;
By Thy Spirit help us
Heavenly life to win.
Jesus, King of glory
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry.
- 2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In Thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship Thee;
Celebrate Thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth,
All Thy loving guidance
Of our heedless youth;
Jesus, King of glory
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.
- 3 For the little children,
Who have come to Thee;
For the glad, bright spirits
Who Thy glory see;
For the loved ones resting
In Thy dear embrace;
For the pure and holy
Who behold Thy face,
Jesus, King of glory
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.
- 4 For Thy faithful servants
Who have entered in;
For Thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed Thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory;
Jesus, King of glory
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear our grateful cry.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, Thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day.
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life.
Jesus, King of glory
Throned above the sky,
Jesus, tender Saviour,
Hear Thy children cry. Amen.

565

7.6.

1 Come, praise your Lord and Saviour
In strains of holy mirth;
Give thanks to Him, O children,
Who lived a child on earth.

He loved the little children,
And called them to His side,
His loving arms embraced them,
And for their sake He died.

2 O Jesus, we would praise Thee
With songs of holy joy;
For Thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.

Make us like Thee, obedient,
Like Thee from sin-stains free,
Like Thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like Thee.

8 O Jesus, we would praise Thee,
The lowly maiden's son:
In Thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.

Oh, give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in Thee so fair!

4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be Thou the light and pattern
Of all our childhood's days;

And lead us ever onward,
That, while we stay below,
We may, like Thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow. Amen.

566

7s.

1 Now the dreary night is done,
Comes again the glorious sun;
Crimson clouds and silver white
Wait upon his breaking light.

2 Child of Mary, Thou dost know
What of danger, joy, or woe
Shall to-day my portion be;
Let me meet it all in Thee.

3 Thou wast meek and undefiled;
Make me holy too, and mild:
Thou didst foil the tempter's power;
Help me in temptation's hour.

4 Thou didst love Thy mother here:
Make me gentle, kind and dear:
Thou wast subject to her word;
Teach me to obey, O Lord.

5 Fretful feelings, passion, pride,
Never did with Thee abide;
Make me watch myself to-day,
That they lead me not astray. Amen.

567

8.7.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me:
Keep me safe till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer!

8 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well:
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

568

S.M.

1 We come, Lord, to Thy feet
On this Thy holy day:
Oh, come to us, while here we meet
To learn, and praise, and pray!

2 Our many sins forgive;
The Holy Spirit send;
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

8 Lord fill our hearts with love;
Our teachers' labors own;
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy throne. Amen.

569

7s.

- 1 Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend,
Father, for Thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend;
We are weak, almighty Thou.
- 2 With the peace Thy word imparts
Be the taught and teacher blest;
In their lives and in their hearts,
Father, be Thy laws impressed.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind,
Trusting faith, enduring love. Amen.

570

8.5.7.5.

- 1 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who for us was born,
In the stable, cold and poor,
On glad Christmas morn.
- 2 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who was crucified
On Good Friday for our sins:
Loving us He died.
- 3 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who for sinners lay
In the tomb, and rose upon
Happy Easter day.
- 4 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
He Who is our Way
Went up in a cloud to heaven
On Ascension day.
- 5 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
Who at Whitsuntide
Sent His Holy Spirit down
With us to abide.
- 6 Glory to the blessed Jesus!
We will praise His love,
All our days on earth below,
And for aye above. Amen.

571

8.7.8.7.7.7.

- 1 Once in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby,
In a manger for His bed;
Mary was that mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew;
And He feelth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads his children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars His children crowned,
All in white shall wait around.

572

6.5.

- 1 Now a new year opens,
Now we newly turn
To the holy Saviour,
Lessons fresh to learn.
- 2 This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.
- 3 Of Thy cross thus early
Tokens Thou dost give;
By Thy wounds Thou healest;
By Thy death we live.
- 4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst Thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5 In Thy blessed footsteps
Ever may we tread ;
Safe wher keeping near Thee,
By Thy Spirit led. Amen.

573

8.7.

- 1 Saw you never, in the twilight,
When the sun had left the skies,
Up in heaven the clear stars shining
Through the gloom, like silver eyes?
So of old the wise men, watching,
Saw a little stranger star,
And they knew the King was given,
And they followed it from far.
- 2 Heard you never of the story
How they crossed the desert wild,
Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
Till they found the holy Child?
How they opened all their treasure,
Kneeling to that infant King ;
Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
Gave the myrrh in offering.
- 8 Know ye not that lowly baby
Was the bright and morning Star?
He Who came to light the Gentiles,
And the darkened isles afar?
And, we too, may seek His cradle ;
There our hearts' best treasures bring ;
Love, and faith, and true devotion,
For our Saviour, God, and King.

574

7s.

- 1 Lamb of God, for sinners slain ;
By Thy mercy born again,
For Thy guidance still we pray,
Lest from grace we fall away.
- 2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the Water and the Blood,
Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Holy may we ever be.
- 8 Aid us with Thy daily grace
Steadfastly to run our race ;
Grant us victory in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.
- 4 Praise to Thee, from all on earth,
God, Who gavest us new birth ;
Praise from all the heavenly host ;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

575

6.5.

1 Golden harps are sounding,
Angel voices sing,
Pearly gates are opened,
Opened for the King ;
Jesus, King of glory,
Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
To His throne above.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing ;
Jesus hath ascended !
Glory to our King !

2 He Who came to save us,
He Who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die ;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high !
All His work, etc.

8 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace ;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you ;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work, etc. Amen.

576

7.7.5.7.7.7.5.

- 1 Great Creator, Lord of all,
Father, Friend, on Thee we call ;
Hear Thy children's prayer.
Guide us, rule us, as is best,
With Thy loving favor blest,
Till we reach Thy home of rest,
And are with Thee there.
- 2 Jesus, Who for man didst die,
Who dost plead Thy death on high,
And our place prepare ;
From sin's bondage set us free,
Lead us onward after Thee,
Till with joy Thy face we see,
And Thy likeness wear.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

8 Holy Spirit, Life, and Light,
Wisdom, Pureness, Love, and Might,
Fallen souls restore ;
Guide our spirits when we pray,
Cheer us, help us on our way,
Make us holier day by day,
Till we sin no more.

4 Ever blessed Three in One,
May Thy will in us be done,
Show in us Thy love ;
Keep us Thine while here below,
Make us in Thy grace to grow,
And at last Thy glory know
In the world above. Amen.

577

7B.

1 Glory to the Father give,
God in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring.
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost !
He reclaims the sinner lost ;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity.
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love." Amen.

578

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 God almighty, in Thy temple
Low before Thy throne we bow ;
From Thy dwelling-place in glory
Hear our supplications now,
While we offer
Earnest prayer and solemn vow.

2 Christ our Saviour, Thou Who carest
For the youngest of Thy fold,
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing.
As Thou didst in days of old ;
Priceless treasure,
Richer far than gems or gold.

8 God the Holy Ghost, be near us ;
Ever dwell our hearts within ;
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,
Give us grace to conquer sin,
And, through Jesus,
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

4 Holy Trinity, defend us
In a world with evil rife ;
Let Thine angel-guards surround us,
In each sore and bitter strife :
Oh, preserve us
Unto everlasting life !

579

L.M.

1 God hath two families of love ;
One is on earth and one above ;
One is in battle sharp and sore ;
And one at rest for evermore.

2 The Church on earth maintains the fight
Against the devil and his might :
The Church at rest with war hath done ;
And yet the two are only one.

3 For they who loved their Saviour here,
And died in God's true faith and fear,
Are waiting now in Paradise
To join the Church beyond the skies.

4 We thank Thee, Saviour, for the grace
By which they reached that blessed place ;
Oh, teach us so to live, that we
May follow them, as they did Thee !

5 Teach us to live in faith and love,
Until Thou callest us above,
To see Thee as Thou art, and stand
Before Thee in the far-off land. Amen.

580

7a.

1 King of glory ! Saviour dear !
Grant us grace to persevere :
Leader of the hosts of God,
May we tread where Thou hast trod !

2 Once for Thee, the Crucified,
Many a faithful martyr died :
How can we, Thy children, show
All our love for all Thy woe ?

CHILDREN'S SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

8 They for Thee faced axe and wheel,
Fire, and beasts, and piercing steel:
Like them, may we suffer shame,
Pain or loss for Thy dear Name.

4 Bearing calmly for our Lord
Thoughtless jest or bitter word;
Curbing angry speech and tear,
Strong in Thee to persevere.

5 Persevere, Thy yoke is light!
Persevere, Thy crown is bright!
Persevere, and we shall sing
In the palace of our King!

581

6.5.

1 Jesus, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before Thee,
Children's praises hear.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

582

7.5.

1 Hear Thy children's hymn of praise,
Lord of earth and sea,
Which our joyful voices raise,
Father, unto Thee.

2 Gentle Jesus, Thou didst love
Little children here;
Bid Thine angels guard us well
From all harm and fear.

8 Blessed Spirit, be Thou near
When temptations rise;
Keep Thy little ones from sin,
Fix their wandering eyes.

4 Thy dear cross, salvation's sign,
On our brow we bear;
Christ's own infant soldier-band
Christ's own cross should share.

5 When the battle's fought and won,
Weary warfare o'er,
Angels bright will bear us home
Safe to heaven's shore.

6 Alleluia! let us sing
To the Father, Son,
With the Holy Spirit blest,
Ever Three in One. Amen.

583

7s.

1 God of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from Thy lofty seat:
Hear, oh, hear our lowly cry!
Guide, oh, guide our wandering feet!

2 Young and erring travelers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarcely fear the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesus, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with Thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Take us, keep us, make us Thine.

4 When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with deepest care,
Whom have we to trust but Thee?

5 Let us ever hear Thy voice,
Ask Thy counsel every day:
Saints and angels will rejoice,
If we walk in wisdom's way.

6 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more;
Love, while endless ages roll. Amen.

584

7a.

- 1 Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can Thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from Thy Hand.
- 2 Loving Saviour, Thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.
- 3 We would praise Thee every day,
Gladly all Thy will obey,
Like Thy blessed ones above
Happy in Thy precious love.
- 4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach Thy lambs Thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the strait and narrow way.
- 5 Where Thou ledest we would go,
Walking in Thy steps below,
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

585

8.7.

- 1 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When to Thee our hymns we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.
- 2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.
- 3 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When for Jesus' sake, we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.
- 4 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for Thy Day in peace.
- 5 Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemed host,
May we fully magnify Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

586

7.6.

- 1 There's a friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This friend is always worthy
Of that dear Name He bears.
- 2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.
- 3 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.
- 4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.
- 5 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
All, all above is treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. Amen.

587

C.M.

- 1 Come, Christian children, come and raise
Your voice with one accord;
Come, sing in joyful songs of praise
The glories of your Lord.

- 2 Sing of the wonders of His love,
And loudest praises give
To Him Who left His throne above,
And died that you might live.
- 3 Sing of the wonders of His truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.
- 4 Sing of the wonders of His power,
Who with His own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.
- 5 Sing of the wonders of His grace,
Who made and keeps you His,
And guides you to the appointed place
At His right hand in bliss.

588

8.7.

- 1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms and carried
In Thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.
- 2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.
- 3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of blood and water,
Flowing from Thy wounded side;
And to heavenly pastures lead us,
Where Thy own still waters glide.
- 4 Let Thy holy word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve what'er is right;
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with Thy heavenly might.
- 5 Taught to hush the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King. Amen.

589

7a.

- 1 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee;
We amid the throng would be.
- 2 Holy, holy, holy! cry
Angels round Thy throne on high:
Lord of all the heavenly powers,
Be the same loud anthem ours.
- 3 Glorified apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast Thou not a mission too
For Thy children here to do?
- 4 With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.
- 5 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
Oh, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear! Amen.

590

8.7.

- 1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing
On Thy children gathered here,
May they all, Thy Name confessing,
Be to Thee for ever dear;
May they be like Joseph, loving,
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;
And their faith, like David, proving,
Steadfast unto death endure.
- 2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee;
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
Through life's desert dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.
- 3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
Holy Spirit from above;
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,
May they with Thy presence shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. Amen.

591

C. M.

- 1 Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn
To David's Son and Lord:
With cherubim and seraphim,
Exalt the incarnate Word.
- 2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.
- 3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy blood, our life; Thy Word, our feast;
Thy Name, our only plea.
- 4 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our ever grateful song. Amen.

592

P. M.

- 1 Hosanna we sing, like the children dear,
In the olden days when the Lord lived here;
He blessed little children, and smiled on
them,
While they chanted His praise in Jerusalem.
- 2 Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold and their raiment
white,
As they followed their Shepherd, with loving
eyes,
Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.
- 3 Hosanna we sing, for He bends His ear,
And rejoices the hymns of His own to hear;
We know that His heart will never wax
cold
To the lambs that He feeds in His earthly
fold.
- 4 Alleluia we sing in the Church we love,
Alleluia resounds in the Church above;
To Thy little ones, Lord, may such grace
be given,
That we lose not our part in the song of
heaven.

Amen.

593

7s.

- 1 Father, lead us, day by day,
Ever in Thine own sweet way;
Teach us to be pure and true,
Show us what we ought to do.
- 2 When in danger make us brave;
Make us know that Thou canst save:
Keep us safe by Thy dear side;
Let us in Thy love abide.
- 3 When we're tempted to do wrong,
Make us steadfast, wise, and strong;
And, when all alone we stand,
Shield us with Thy mighty hand.
- 4 When our hearts are full of glee,
Help us to remember Thee;
Happy most of all to know
That our Father loves us so.
- 5 When our work seems hard and dry,
May we press on cheerily;
Help us patiently to bear
Pain and hardship, toil and care.
- 6 May we do the good we know,
Be Thy children true below,
Then at last go home to be
Children still, dear Lord, to Thee.

Amen.

594

7s.

- 1 Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lessons cannot be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee;
Loving Him Who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him Who first loved me.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love Who first loved me. Amen.

595

78.

1 Lamb of God, I look to Thee :
Thou shalt my example be ;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

2 Fain I would be as Thou art ;
Give me Thy obedient heart ;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am ;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

5 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ the holy Child in me.

596

6.5.

1 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offenses,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love ;
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

186

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

597

6.6.6.6.8.8.

1 Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim,
Before the sacred ark :
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept ;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept ;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word !
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh, give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates !
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh, give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death !
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.
Amen.

598

S.M.

1 Fair waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When, full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

2 To God so good and great
Thy cheerful thanks they pour ;
Then carry to His temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

CHILDREN'S SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

- 8 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to Thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may Thy children be.
- 4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.
- 5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve Thy Church below,
And join Thy saints in heaven. Amen.

599 6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

- 1 Above the clear blue sky,
In heaven's bright abode,
The angel host on high
Sing praises to their God :
Alleluia!
They love to sing
To God their King
Alleluia!
- 2 But God from children's tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise :
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To God our King
Alleluia!
- 8 O blessed Lord, Thy truth
To all Thy flock impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To God our King
Alleluia!
- 4 Oh, may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around!
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound :
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To God their King
Alleluia!

600 6.8.

- 1 O Jesus, God and Man,
For love of children once a child !
O Jesus, God and Man,
We hail Thee, Saviour, sweet and mild !
- 2 O Jesus, God and Man !
We children all are dear to Thee :
Oh, lead us to Thyself,
To love Thee for eternity !
- 8 O Jesus, Lord and God !
The friend of children ever sure ;
Thy blood has washed us clean
From guilt ; oh, keep us always pure !
- 4 O Jesus, Saviour dear !
We thank Thee ever for Thy love,
And pray that to the Faith
We may all true and faithful prove.
- 5 O Jesus, Mary's Son !
On Thee for grace we children call,
That we each other love,
But Thee above, and chief of all.
- 6 O Jesus, bless our work ;
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive !
Oh, happy, happy they
Who in the love of Jesus live !
- 7 O God most great and good,
At work, at play, by night, by day,
Make us remember Thee,
Who so rememberest us alway. Amen.

601 6s.

- 1 Great Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all Thy flock doth keep,
Leading by waters calm :
Do Thou my footsteps guide,
To follow by Thy side;
Make me Thy little lamb.
- 2 I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
As far from Thee I stray ;
My weary feet may bleed.
For rough are paths which lead
Out of Thy pleasant way.

3 But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong,
The weary one will bear ;
And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green.
Where all the flowers are fair.

4 Till, from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within,
Dear Saviour, Who hast died,
Thou bringest me in love,
Safe to Thy fold above,
For ever to abide. Amen.

602

7s.

- 1 Lord, Thy children guide and keep.
As with feeble steps they press
On the pathway rough and steep
Through the weary wilderness.
Holy Jesus, day by day,
Lead us in the narrow way.
- 2 There are stony ways to tread ;
Give the strength we sorely lack.
There are tangled paths to tread ;
Light us, lest we miss the track.
Holy Jesus, etc.
- 3 There are sandy wastes that lie
Cold and sunless, vast and drear.
Where the feeble faint and die ;
Grant us grace to persevere.
Holy Jesus, etc.
- 4 There are soft and flowery glades
Decked with golden-fruited trees,
Sunny slopes and scented shades ;
Keep us, Lord, from slothful ease.
Holy Jesus, etc.
- 5 Upward still to purer heights !
Onward yet to scenes more blest,
Calmer regions, clearer lights,
Till we reach the promised rest !
Holy Jesus, etc. Amen.

603

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us ;
For our use Thy folds prepare :
Blessèd Jesus !
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free :
Blessèd Jesus !
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us learn Thy will ;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill :
Blessèd Jesus !
Thou hast loved us : love us still. Amen.

604

8.7.

- 1 Grant us, O our heavenly Father,
Now in these our early days,
Thee in all things to remember,
Thee to serve, and Thee to praise.
- 2 With the cross of Christ, our Saviour,
Stamped upon our infant brows,
May we in the battle's dawning
Heed His word, and keep our vows.
- 3 Then in holy Confirmation,
By the laying on of hands,
Strength may we receive, and blessing,
To obey our Lord's commands.
- 4 Drawing nearer still and nearer.
May we close and closer cling
To our Lord, and to His altar
There ourselves an offering bring.
- 5 Step by step in life advancing,
Onward, upward, as we move
Through the world unharmed, rejoicing
In His all-redeeming love :
- 6 Blest in joy, upheld in sorrow,
At our work as in His sight,
May His presence still be with us.
As we do it with our might.
- 7 Serving Thee, our heavenly Father,
From the dawn to set of sun,
Serving Thee in life's young morning.
Till our work on earth is done :
- 8 Till the shadows of the evening
Shall for ever pass away,
And the Resurrection-morning
Kindle into perfect day. Amen.

605

6.5.

- 1 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou Thyself art dwelling
With us at this hour.
- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory,
And Thy royal state.
- 3 Out beyond the shining
Of the farthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.
- 4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.
- 5 Jesus, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art with us now;
Fill us with Thy goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.
- 6 Multiply our graces :
Give us love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere !
- 7 Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?

606

7s.

- 1 Son of God, eternal Word,
Glorious Day-spring, Christ the Lord :
Shine upon us with Thy rays,
While we celebrate Thy praise.
- 2 When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quickened by Thy breath ;
We arose with Thee, our Head,
First-begotten from the dead.
- 3 Send to us the Holy Ghost ;
Give the light of Pentecost ;
That we may for ever bless
Thee, the Sun of Righteousness.

4 Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us and within ;
May we know Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in Thine eye.

5 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the blessed Trinity. Amen.

607

L. M.

1 Howauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lowly pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !

2 Oh, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light?
Oh, who like Thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God !
Amen.

608

L. M.

1 Saviour, Who didst from heaven come down,
A little child awhile to be;
Whose precious blood and thorny crown,
From death and sin have ransomed me:

2 Teach me, dear Saviour, some return
Of lowly service for Thy love,
Such as a thankful child may learn,
Such as Thy Spirit shall approve.

3 The hearts of little ones are claimed
For Thine own altar by Thy word ;
May I lay there my own unblamed,
And wilt Thou lift it heavenward, Lord ?
Amen.

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

609

8.7.8.7.4.7.

- 1 In the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do:
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garner too.
- 2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorn
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.
- 8 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.
- 4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till, sin's dominion falling,
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.
- 5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia!
Singing, all eternity. Amen.

610

8.7.

- 1 God in heaven, hear our singing !
Only little ones are we;
Yet a great petition bringing,
Father, now we come to Thee.
- 2 Let Thy kingdom come, we pray Thee ;
Let the world in Thee find rest !
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest !
- 8 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the angels' song above !
- 4 Father, send the glorious hour !
Every heart be Thine alone !
For the kingdom, and the power,
And the glory are Thine own. Amen.

190

611

7a.

- 1 Jesus loves me; this I know,
For the Bible tells me so :
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.
- 2 Jesus loves me, He Who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
- 8 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way:
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high.
Amen.

Also the following:

- 554 Jesus, Saviour ever mild,
555 Jesus, from Thy throne on high.
556 Lord of mercy and of might.

Parochial Missions.

612

8.7.8.7.3.

- 1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering full and free!
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some portion fall on me,
Even me!
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father !
Sinful though my heart may be ;
Thou might'st punish, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me,
Even me!
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor :
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me,
Even me!
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see ;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me!
- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping ?
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping ?
Oh, forgive and rescue me,
Even me!

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of God, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me,
 Even me!

7 Pass me not ! this lost one bringing,
 'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee !
 All my heart to Thee is springing;
 Blessing others, oh, bless me,
 Even me!
 Amen.

613

7.6.

1 To-day Thy mercy calls us
 To wash away our sin,
 However great our trespass,
 Whatever we have been;
 However long from mercy
 Our hearts have turned away,
 Thy precious blood can cleanse us,
 And make us white to-day.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,
 And all who enter in
 Shall find a Father's welcome,
 And pardon for their sin.

The past shall be forgotten,
 A present joy be given,
 A future grace be promised,
 A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,
 His Holy Spirit waits;
 His blessed angels gather
 Around the heavenly gates:

No question will be asked us
 How often we have come;
 Although we oft have wandered,
 It is our Father's home.

4 Oh, all-embracing mercy !
 Oh, ever-open door !
 What should we do without Thee
 When heart and eyes run o'er?

When all things seem against us,
 To drive us to despair,
 We know one gate is open,
 One ear will hear our prayer.

614

L. M.

1 When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend,
 And plead with Thee for mercy there,
 Think of the sinner's dying friend,
 And for His sake receive my prayer.

2 Oh, think not of my shame and guilt.
 My thousand stains of deepest dye!
 Think of the blood which Jesus spilt,
 And let that blood my pardon buy.

3 Think, Lord, how I am still Thine own,
 The trembling creature of Thy hand;
 Think how my heart to sin is prone,
 And what temptations round me stand.

4 Oh, think upon Thy holy Word,
 And every plighted promise there!
 How prayer should evermore be heard,
 And how Thy glory is to spare.

5 Oh, think not of my doubts and fears,
 My strivings with Thy grace divine;
 Think upon Jesus' woes and tears,
 And let His merits stand for mine.

6 Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull;
 Thine arm can never shortened be;
 Behold me here; my heart is full;
 Behold, and spare, and succor me.
 Amen.

615

7s.

1 Jesus Christ is passing by;
 Sinner, lift to Him thine eye;
 As the precious moments flee,
 Cry, "Be merciful to me."

2 Jesus Christ is passing by;
 Will He always be so nigh?
 Now is the accepted day;
 Seek for healing while you may.

3 Fearest thou He will not hear?
 Art thou bidden to forbear?
 Let no obstacle defeat;
 Yet more earnestly entreat.

4 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
 "What wilt thou then have of Me?"
 Rise and tell Him all thy need;
 Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

5 "Lord, I would Thy mercy see ;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me :
Let it penetrate my soul ;
All my heart and life control."

6 Oh, how sweet ! the touch of power
Comes ; it is salvation's hour :
Jesus gives from guilt release ;
Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.

7 Glory to the Saviour's Name !
He is ever still the same ;
To His matchless honor raise
Never-ending songs of praise.

616

S. M.

- 1 Only one prayer to-day,
One earnest, tearful plea ;
A litany from out the heart.
Have mercy, Lord, on me.
- 2 Although my sin is great,
Still to my God I flee ;
Yes, I can dare look up, and say,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."
- 3 Because of Jesus' cross,
And that unfathomed sea,
The crimson tide which laves the world,
Have mercy, Lord, on me.
- 4 No other Name than His,
My hope, my help may be :
Oh, by that one all-saving Name,
Have mercy, Lord, on me !
- 5 In garb of sorrow clad
I crave Thy pardon free ;
In life to die, in death to live ;
Have mercy, Lord, on me. Amen.

617

S. M.

- 1 The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come :
The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims
To all His children, Come.
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come :
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

8 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life !
"Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, Who invites,
Declares, I quickly come.
Lord ! even so ; I wait Thy hour !
Jesus, my Saviour, come. Amen.

618

7s.

- 1 Hark, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
"Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Speaks to each one, "Lov'st thou Me ?"
- 2 He delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be ;
Yet will He remember thee.
- 4 His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 We shall see His glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partners of His throne shall be ;
Hear Him asking, "Lov'st thou Me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love Thee and adore ;
Oh, for grace to love Thee more !

619

8s.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all,
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more !
- 2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought,
How can I love Thee as I ought ?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy Name ?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore ;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more !

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought!
Oh, far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I am or have is Thine;
And Thou, my Saviour, Thou art mine.
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
Oh, make me love Thee more and more!
Amen.

620

6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.

1 My song is love unknown;
My Saviour's love to me;
Love to the loveless shown,
That they might lovely be.
Oh, who am I,
That for my sake,
My Lord should take
Frail flesh, and die?

2 He came from His blest throne,
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
Thee longed-for Christ would know.
But oh, my friend!
My friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew His way,
And His sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day,
Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath,
And for His death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst Him rise.

5 They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away:
A murderer they save;
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful He
To suffering goes,
That He His foes
From thence might free.

6 In life no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was His home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein He lay.

7 Here might I stay and sing:
No story so divine.
Never was love, dear King,
Never was grief like Thine!
This is my friend,
In Whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

621

7.7.8.5.

1 Light that from that dark abyss
Madest all things, none amiss,
To share Thy beauty, share Thy bliss,
Come to us: oh, come!

2 Light that dost o'er all things reign,
Life that dost all life maintain;
Oh, Life that doth create again,
Come to us: oh, come!

3 Light of men, that left the skies,
Light that looked through human eyes,
And died in darkness as man dies,
Come to us: oh, come!

4 Light that stooped to rise and raise,
Soared to God above our gaze,
And still art near us, all the days,
Come to us: oh, come!

5 Light that makest manifest,
Beautifiest, hallowest,
Light in Thy joyous strength at rest,
Come to us: oh, come!

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

6 Leave us not to say we see,
While we shut our eyes to Thee,
Who knockest very patiently:
Enter, Lord, and come!

7 All our good is Thine alone;
All our evil is our own;
Oh, drive it from before Thy throne!
Come to us : oh, come!

8 Works of darkness put away;
With Thy harness us array
To walk in light and wait for day,
And for Thee to come!

9 We have done great wrong to Thee,
Yet we do belong to Thee;
Oh, make our life one song to Thee!
Come to us : oh, come!

10 Come in all the majesty
Of Thy great humility!
Come! the whole earth cries out to Thee.
Come to us : oh, come! Amen.

622

7.6.

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within.
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrow share.

4 I need Thee, precious Jesus,
Thou joy of all Thine own;
Who through such toil and sorrow
Hast mounted to Thy throne:

There, with Thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be,
To sing Thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

623

7.6.

1 I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost;

Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood, must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own;
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,
For, oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song;
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear:
E'en when my eyes are holden,
I know that Thou art near.

How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest with Thee!

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

- 5 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessed Lord, but Thine.
- 6 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

624

6a.

- 1 Thy life was given for me!
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransom'd be,
And quicken'd from the dead.
Thy life was given for me:
What have I given for Thee?
- 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me:
Have I spent one for Thee?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me:
Have I left aught for Thee?
- 4 And Thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love.
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to Thee?
- 5 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent!
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Thou gavest Thyself for me:
I give myself to Thee.

625

7.6.

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
- I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in His blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
- I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases:
He all my sorrows shares.

- 3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on His breast recline.
- I love the Name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His Name abroad is poured.
- 4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child;
- I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.

626

7a.

- 1 Love of Jesus, all divine.
Fill this longing heart of mine;
Ceaseless struggling after life,
Weary with the endless strife.
- Saviour, Jesus, lend Thine aid;
Lift Thou up my fainting head;
Lead me to my long-sought rest,
Pillowed on Thy loving breast.

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

- 2 Thou alone my trust shall be,
Thou alone canst comfort me;
Only, Jesus. let Thy grace
Be my shield and hiding-place;

Let me know Thy saving power
In temptation's fiercest hour :
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side
Let me evermore abide.

- 3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,
Kindled here this sacred fire,
Weaned my heart from all below,
Thee, and Thee alone to know.
Thou, Who hast inspired the cry,
Thou alone canst satisfy:
Love of Jesus, all divine,
Fill this longing heart of mine. Amen.

627

6.5.

- 1 Lo ! the voice of Jesus
Fondly speaks to all :
He it is Who frees us
From sin's bitter thrall;
He it is Whose nature,
Human as our own,
Pleads for every creature
By the Father's throne.

- 2 Lo ! the voice of Jesus,
Heard within the breast,
Tells us He will ease us,
Howsoever distressed :
Tells us that our sorrow
For the night may last,
But a glad to-morrow
Breaks upon us fast.

- 3 Lo ! the voice of Jesus
Bids us still endure :
Seek not what will please us,
But things just and pure ;
Strive through self-denial
Upwards to the light,
Where faith's years of trial
Shall be lost in sight. Amen.

628

7.5.7.5.7.5.7.5.8.8.

- 1 When the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee ;

When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
To his father's love ;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

- 4 When the child, with loving heart,
Youth, or maiden fair ;
When the aged, trusting still,
Seek Thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.
Amen.

629

8.8.8.6.

- 1 O holy Saviour, friend unseen,
The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean :
Help me, throughout life's varying scene,
By faith to cling to Thee.

- 2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to Thee ?

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

8 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

4 Oft when I seem to tread alone
Some barren waste with thorns o'ergrown,
A voice of love in gentle tone
Whispers, "Still cling to Me."

5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee.

5 They fear not life's rough storms to brave,
Since Thou art near and strong to save,
Nor shudder e'en at death's dark wave,
Because they cling to Thee.

630

7s.

1 Jesus, merciful and mild,
Lead me as a helpless child :
On no other arm but Thine
Would my weary soul recline.

Thou art ready to forgive,
Thou canst bid the sinner live;
Guide the wanderer, day by day,
In the strait and narrow way.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling place ;
All Thy promises are sure,
Ever shall Thy love endure :

Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in Thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour, all divine,
Hast Thou made me truly Thine?
Hast Thou bought me by Thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?

Hearken to my humble prayer,
Let me Thine own image bear,
Let me love Thee more and more,
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Amen.

631

7s.

1 Prince of Peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease;
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask; but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

8 May Thy will, not mine, be done ;
May Thy will and mine be one ;
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall ;
Thou my life, my God, my all!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

Amen.

632

7.6.

1 O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!

I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my guide.

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!
The world is ever near:
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

8 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will!

Oh, speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control!
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul!

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;

And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Oh, give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own!
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.

Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end!
At last in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend!

Amen.

633

L. M.

1 He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain :

He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me ;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

634

8.7.8.7.4.7.

1 Glory be to God the Father!
Glory be to God the Son!
Glory be to God the Spirit!
Great Jehovah, Three in One!
Glory, glory,
While eternal ages run!

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2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring:
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings;
Honor, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! Amen.

635

P. M.

1 Praise, praise ye the Name of Jehovah our
God!
Declare, oh, declare ye His glories abroad!
Proclaim ye His mercy from nation to
nation,
Till the uttermost islands have heard His
salvation!
For His love floweth on free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

2 Praise, praise ye the Lamb, Who for sinners
was slain!
Who went down to the grave, and ascended
again;
And Who soon shall return when these dark
days are o'er,
To set up His kingdom in glory and power:
For His love floweth on free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

3 Then the heaven and the earth and the sea
shall rejoice,
The field and the forest shall lift the glad
voice,
The sands of the desert shall bloom and be
green,
And Lebanon's glory be shed o'er the scene:
For His love floweth on free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

4 Her bridal attire and her festal array,
All nature shall wear on that glorious day,
For her King cometh down with His people
to reign,
And His presence shall bless her with Eden
again;
For His love floweth on free and full as a
river,
And His mercy endureth for ever and ever.
Amen.

636

C.M.

- 1 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.
- 2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail:
- 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine;
God's presence and His very self,
And essence all-divine.
- 5 O generous love! that He, Who smote
In man for man the foe:
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;
- 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
- 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

637

S.M.

- 1 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make Thy people hear.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By Thine almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for Thee;
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
Exalt Thy precious Name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For Thee and Thine inflame.

5 Revive Thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all Thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours. Amen.

638

7. 6. 7. 5.

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;

Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:

Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:

Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

639

8.7.

- 1 Call them in! the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold;
Peace and pardon freely offer!
Can you weigh their worth with gold?

Call them in! the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus!
He is waiting: call them in!

- 2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast!
Call them in! the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.

Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,
Wait the lost ones: call them in!

- 3 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:
Speak love's message low and tender!
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.

See the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Call them in! the lost and lonely:
Christ is coming: call them in!

640

7.6.

- 1 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high His royal banner!
It must not suffer loss:

From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead;
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

- 2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey!
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day!

Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes!
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

- 3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone!
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,
And watching unto prayer,
When duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there!

- 4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day, the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.

To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

641

7.6.8.6.8.6.8.6.

- 1 Beneath the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty Rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noon-tide heat,
And the burden of the day.

- 2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears.
These wonders I confess,
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

- 3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

642

P.M.

- 1 Days and moments quickly flying
Speed us onward to the dead:
Oh, how soon shall we be lying
Each within his narrow bed!

- 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer
Now to make th' eternal choice!

PAROCHIAL MISSIONS.

8 Mark we whither we are wending;
Ponder how we soon must go
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.

4 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies:
For the bygone years retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

5 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin;
Stay not in our work nor slumber
Till Thy holy rest we win.

6 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand;
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on Thy right hand.

[After fourth and sixth verses.]

Life passeth soon;
Death draweth near:
Keep us, good Lord,
Till Thou appear;
With Thee to live,
With Thee to die,
With Thee to reign
Through eternity! Amen.

643

8s.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

2 When clouds and darkness veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

3 His word, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

4 When He shall come, with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found!
Clothed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is shifting sand.

644

8.7.

1 Onward, Christian! though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guardian legion
Very near thee; press thou on!

2 Listen, Christian! their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is love:"
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it; press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done." Amen.

645

6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be over-past;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

8 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Also the following:

16 At even when the sun did set.
88 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.
97 When I survey the wondrous cross.
244 My God, accept my heart this day.
278 Look from Thy sphere of endless day.
306 A few more years shall roll.
320 Jesus lover of my soul.
321 Rock of ages.
328 Art thou weary.
383 O Jesus. Thou art standing.
384 Glory be to Jesus.
387 O Jesus, Lord most merciful.
447 O love that casts out fear.
451 O Jesus, King most wonderful.
455 Come unto Me, ye weary.
456 O Lamb of God, still keep me.
457 Hail! Thou once despised Jesus.
468 Come, let us sing the song of songs.
473 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates.
485 God is love : that anthem olden.
498 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.
517 O brothers, lift your voices.
528 Not your own, but His ye are.
535 Soon and for ever.
537 Oh, where shall rest be found.
544 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.
686 I heard the voice of Jesus say.

Lay Helpers.

646

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Gird you with your armor bright!
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky!
Let it float there wide unfurled!
Bear it onward! lift it high!

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go!
Let the voice of hope be heard!

4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray!
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display!

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease!
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace!

6 Guard the helpless! seek the strayed!
Comfort troubles! banish grief!
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief!

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord! Amen.

647

L.M.

1 Go, labor on! spend and be spent!
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught ;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not :
The Master praises : what are men ?

3 Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer :
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on :
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

5 Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, " Behold, I come!"

7s.

DEDICATION OF PLACES AND THINGS.

648

6.6.4.6.6.4.

1 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tost,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

649

C. M.

1 How blessed from the bonds of sin
And earthly fetters free,
In singleness of heart and aim,
Thy servants, Lord, to be!

The hardest toil to undertake
With joy at Thy command,
The meanest office to receive
With meekness at Thy hand:

2 With willing heart and longing eyes
To watch before Thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:

No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow, calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The one beloved's will.

3 Thus may we serve Thee, gracious Lord!
Thus ever Thine alone,
Our souls and bodies given to Thee,
The purchase Thou hast won.

Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by Thy side,
By life or death, in this poor flesh
Let Christ be magnified!

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly!
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh;
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company!
And ever where the Master is
Shall His blest servants be! Amen.

Also the following:

168 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.
164 The son of consolation.
517 O brothers, lift your voices.
521 Upon the holy mount they stood.
522 All unseen the Master walketh.
523 Not your own, but His ye are.

Dedication of Places and Things.

[BURIAL GROUND.]

650

8s.

1 O Thou, in Whom Thy saints repose,
When life's brief conflict finds its close;
Behold us met before Thy face
To hallow this their resting-place:
Safe are the souls whom Thou dost keep;
And safely here their dust shall sleep.

2 Thou knowest, Lord,—for Thou hast wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,—
What tears must flow, what hearts must
bleed,
When here we sow the precious seed:
Thou still rememberest, on Thy throne,
Thy garden grave and sealed stone.

3 Bid then Thy hosts encamp around
This chosen spot of holy ground:
Here let calm hope with memory dwell,
And faith, of heavenly comfort tell:
No thought of ill, no footstep rude
Profane the sacred solitude.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

4 Here when Thy mourners shall repair
In lonely grief and trembling prayer,
Lift Thou sad hearts and streaming eyes
To those fair glades of Paradise,
Where safe within the guarded gate
Thy ransomed souls in patience wait.

5 And when the valley, thick with corn,
Shall joy to see Thy harvest-morn,
Here may the angel-reapers find
Full many a sheaf for Thee to bind,
And in Thy golden garner store,
Gathered and safe for evermore. Amen.

[CHURCH BELLS.]

651

8.7.

1 Raised between the earth and heaven.
Now our bells are set on high ;
In the Name of Him Who giveth
Skill, and strength, and industry.

2 For His praise we meekly lay them
As a gift beneath His throne ;
All their sweet and noblest music
Shall resound for Him alone.

3 Faithful men afar shall listen,
'Mid their daily toil or rest,
While the melody shall bid them
Love the Church where all are blest.

4 Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,
Shall be signed with joyful peal ;
And the music from the steeple
Shall our faith and love reveal.

5 They who languish, sick and lonely,
Shall be minded, as they sigh,
Of the Church's one communion,
God's true home and family.

6 When the spirits of the faithful
Pass away to light and peace ;
Solemn tones shall then forewarn us,
Soon our life and work must cease.

7 May these loud and well-tuned voices,
Pealing forth in grand accord,
Lift our hearts through joy and sorrow
To Thy throne, most gracious Lord.
Amen.

[AN ORGAN.]

652

P.M.

1 Angel-voices, ever singing
Round Thy throne of light :
Angel-harps, for ever ringing,
Rest not day nor night ;
Thousands only live to bless Thee,
And confess Thee
Lord of might !

2 Lord, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine ;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices
For Thy praise combine ;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee ;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

4 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be !
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity !
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and heaven
Render Thee ! Amen.

For the Sick and Afflicted.

653

C.M.

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe !

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God ;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without ;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

4 Lord, give us such a faith as this ;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. Amen.

654

8.4.

1 My God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound ;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest ;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

655

S. M.

1 " My times are in Thy hand : "
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to Thy care.

2 " My times are in Thy hand,"
Whatever they may be ;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to Thee.

3 " My times are in Thy hand : "
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 " My times are in Thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified !
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

656

L. M.

1 O Love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear !
On Thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

4 On Thee we rest our burdening woe,
O Love divine, for ever dear !
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

657

11s.

1 Tho' faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way ;
The Lord is our leader, His word is our stay ;
Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be
near,
The Lord is our refuge, and whom can we
fear ?

2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint ;
The weak, and oppressed, He will hear
their complaint ;
The way may be weary, and thorny the
road,
But how can we falter ? our help is in God !

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps He leads;
His flock in the desert how kindly He feeds!
The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears,
And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our home!

658 11.10.

1 We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

659 11.10.

1 Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens of to-morrow,
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,
And lay them at Thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned, of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path! but this, Thou knowest, Lord.

FOR THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
 As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast
 proved;
 On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
 O Saviour, Thou hast wept, and Thou
 hast loved;
 And love and sorrow still to Thee may
 come,
 And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,
 And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
 On everlasting strength our weakness stay-
 ing,
 Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness com-
 plete:
 Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy
 throne,
 And follow on to know as we are known.

660

L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around ;
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
 Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heavenly whisper, " Come to Me."
 2 It tells me of a place of rest ;
 It tells me where my soul may flee :
 Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
 How sweet the bidding, " Come to Me !"
 3 " Come, for all else must fail and die !
 Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
 To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion ; Come to Me."
 4 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above ;
 And gently whisper, " Come to Me !"
 Amen.

661

6s.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be:
 Lead me by 'Thine own hand,
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best ;
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to Thy rest.

2 I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might ;
 Choose Thou for me, my God :
 So shall I walk aright.
 Take Thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to Thee may seem ;
 Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose Thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine the choice,
 In things or great or small ;
 Be Thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all. Amen.

662

7.6

1 Lord Jesus by Thy Passion,
 To Thee I make my prayer ;
 Thou Who in mercy smitest,
 Have mercy, Lord, and spare.
 2 Oh, wash me in the fountain,
 That floweth from Thy side !
 Oh, clothe me in the raiment
 Thy blood hath purified !
 3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,
 And lead from strength to strength,
 That unto Thee in Sion
 I may appear at length !
 4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,
 And open wide the door,
 That I may enter freely
 And never leave Thee more !
 5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,
 To that most blessed place,
 Where angels and archangels
 Look ever on Thy face ;
 6 Where gladsome alleluias
 Unceasingly resound ;
 Where martyrs, now triumphant,
 Walk robed in white and crowned !
 7 Oh, make my spirit worthy,
 To join that ransomed throng !
 Oh, teach my lips to utter
 That everlasting song !

HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

8 Oh, give that last, best blessing,
That even saints can know,
To follow in Thy footsteps
Wherever Thou dost go!

9 Not wisdom, might, or glory,
I ask to win above;
I ask for Thee, Thee only,
O Thou eternal love!

Home and Personal Use.

663

8s.

- 1 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend!
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise. Amen.

664

C.M.

- 1 My Father, for another night
Of quiet sleep and rest,
For all the joy of morning light,
Thy holy Name be blest.
- 2 Now with the new-born day I give
Myself anew to Thee,
That as Thou wilt I may live,
And what Thou wilt be.
- 3 Whate'er I do, things great or small,
Whate'er I speak or frame,
Thy glory may I seek in all,
Do all in Jesus' Name.
- 4 My Father, for His sake, I pray,
Thy child accept and bless;
And lead me by Thy grace to-day
In paths of righteousness. Amen.

665

C.M.

- 1 The morning bright with rosy light
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
- 2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive, and let me live,
Lord Jesus, near Thy side.
- 3 Oh, make Thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like Thee; then shall I be
Prepared to see Thy face. Amen.

666

L.M.

- 1 Saviour, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to Thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

667

8.7.

- 1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
- 2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow ;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear ;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms ;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness ;
While I sleep, still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour !
Lay my head upon Thy breast
Till the morning ; then awake me !
Morning of eternal rest. Amen.

668

88.

1 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of Thine,
My all to Thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If Thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me ;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

3 A sovereign protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound.
His grace, as the dew, shall descend ;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul He delights to defend.

669

L. M.

1 Great God, to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise :
Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord ; His Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 With hope in Him mine eyelids close ;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy Name.
Amen.

670

8.7.8.7.7.7.

1 Through the day Thy love has spared us ;
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesus, Thou our guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
Amen.

671

C. M.

1 To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 He will not let Thy foot be moved,
Thy guardian will not sleep ;
Behold, the God who slumbers not
Will favored Israel keep.

3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall Thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

672

S.M.

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On Thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 Give me a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To Thee and Thy great Name;

A jealous, just concern
For Thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify Thy grace.

3 I rest upon Thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till Thou my patient spirit guide
Into Thy perfect love. Amen.

673

C.M.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee.
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died!

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame.
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious Name.

.210

674

8a.

1 Jesus, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh, knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there!
Thine wholly, Thine alone, I am;
Be Thou alone my constant flame.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone!
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
May every act, word, thought, be love!

3 O love, how cheering is Thy ray!
All pain before Thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er Thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee!

4 Still let Thy love point out my way!
What wondrous things Thy love hath
wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark, final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

Amen.

675

C.M.

1 My God, I love Thee: not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because if I love not
I must for ever die.

2 But, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,

3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell;

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord!

6 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

676

L. M.

1 No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

2 Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded safe from every foe.

677

C. M.

1 When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise!

678

8s.

1 Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows:
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in Thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in Thee.

3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My base affections crucify,
Nor let one favorite sin survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call!
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love, be all my choice! Amen.

679

L. M.

1 Let me with light and truth be blest;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in Thy sacred temple pray.

2 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, Who is my only joy:
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

3 Why then cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppressed with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruined state repair.

680

C.M.

1 O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Oh, let my strength be as my day!
For good, remember me.

4 If worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble frame should be,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 And oh, when in the hour of death
I own Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Dear Lord, remember me. Amen.

681

S.M.

1 My spirit, on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just.
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform:
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.

682

7s.

1 Sovereign ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.

2 He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by His wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own Thy hand,
Still to Thee surrendered stand,
Know that Thou art God alone,
We and ours are all Thy own! Amen.

683

C.M.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My path of life attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end. Amen.

684

C.M.

1 While Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

HOME AND PERSONAL USE.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour.
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storms shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart will rest on Thee.

685

S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Jesus' love :
The fellowship of Christian minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one ;
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
Not like the world's, our pain ;
But one in Christ, and one in heart,
We part to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

686

C. M.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink, and live.

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
'Till traveling days are done.

687

L. M.

1 As, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still ;

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of heaven his spirit cheers ;
No more he grieves for troubles past ;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 Jesus, on Thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to Thine abode ;
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labors of the road.

688

6s.

1 There is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe.
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace:
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

8 O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side!

214

To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done!

4 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe!
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love!
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

DOXOLOGIES.

NOTE.—After the Long, Common, and Short Metres, the Doxologies follow in numerical order ; first the simple numbers, then the double, and then the mixed. And the sequence is always from the higher to the lower, as 10s, 8s, 7s ; 8.7, 7.6, 6.5, etc.

L. M.

PRaise God, from Whom all blessings flow !
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ! Amen.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

D. C. M.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all-divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One
Let saints and angels join :
Glory to Thee, blest Three in One,
The God Whom we adore,
As was, and is, and shall be done,
When time shall be no more. Amen.

S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

D. S. M.

Praise, as in ages past,
Praise, as in glory now,
Praise, while eternity shall last,
To Thee, O God, we vow ;
Whom all the heavenly host
And saints on earth adore ;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be glory evermore. Amen.

1

10s.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in
heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.
Amen.

2

8s.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
And Spirit, thrice holy and blest,
Th' eternal, supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.
Amen.

3

8.8.8.8.8.8.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

4

8.8.8.8.8.8.

8s.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven's triumphant
host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.
Amen.

5

D. 8s.

Eternal Father ! throned above,
Thou fountain of redeeming love !
Eternal Word ! Who left Thy throne
For man's rebellion to atone ;
Eternal Spirit, Who dost give
That grace whereby our spirits live :
Thou God of our salvation, be
Eternal praises paid to Thee. Amen.

DOXOLOGIES.

	6	7s.	11	8.7.
	Holy Father, Holy Son, Holy Spirit, Three in One ! Glory, as of old, to Thee, Now, and evermore shall be. Amen.		Praise the Father, earth and heaven, Praise the Son, the Spirit praise. As it was, and is, be given Glory through eternal days. Amen.	
	7	7.7.7.7.7.7.	12	8.7.8.7.8.7.
7s.	Praise the Name of God most high, Praise Him, all below the sky, Praise Him, all ye heavenly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; As through countless ages past, Evermore His praise shall last. Amen.		8.7.	Praise and honor to the Father, Praise and honor to the Son, Praise and honor to the Spirit, Ever Three and ever One ; One in might and one in glory While eternal ages run. Amen.
	8	D.7s.	13	D.8.7.
	Holy Father, fount of light, God of wisdom, goodness, might ; Holy Son, Who cam'st to dwell, God with us, Emmanuel ; Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, God of comfort, peace, and love ; Evermore be Thou adored, Holy, holy, holy Lord. Amen.		Let the voice of all creation, Earth and heaven's triumphant host, Praise the God of our salvation, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. See the heavenly elders casting Golden crowns before His throne : Alleluias everlasting Be to Him, and Him alone. Amen.	
	9	6s.	14	7.6.
	To Father, and to Son. And, Holy Ghost, to Thee, Eternal Three in One, Eternal glory be. Amen.		To Father, Son, and Spirit, The God Whom we adore, Be loftiest praises given, Now and for evermore. Amen.	
6s.	10	D.6s.	15	D.7.6.
	To Father and to Son. And, Holy Ghost, to Thee, Eternal Three in One. Eternal glory be ; As hath been, and is now, And shall be evermore : Before Thy throne we bow, And Thee our God adore. Amen.		7.6.	O Father ever glorious, O everlasting Son, O Spirit all victorious, Thrice holy Three in One, Great God of our salvation, Whom earth and heaven adore, Praise, glory, adoration, Be Thine for evermore. Amen.

DOXOLOGIES.

- | | | |
|---|----------------|----------|
| 16 | 6.5. 21 | 8.8.8.6. |
| <p>Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run. Amen.</p> | | |
| 6.5. 17 | D.6.5. or 11s. | 22 |
| <p>O Father almighty, to Thee be addressed.
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever
 blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and
 from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be
 given. Amen.</p> | | |
| 18 | 8.7.8.7.4.7. | 23 |
| <p>Great Jehovah ! we adore Thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, joined in glory
 On the same eternal throne:
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One. Amen.</p> | | |
| 19 | 8.7.8.7.7.7. | 24 |
| <p>Praise the Father throned in heaven ;
 Praise the everlasting Son ;
 Praise the Spirit freely given ;
 Praise the blessed Three in One.
 As of old, the Trinity
 Still is worshipped, still shall be. Amen.</p> | | |
| 20 | 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. | 25 |
| <p>To Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
 Eternal Three in One confest,
 Be highest glory given,
 As hath been from the ages past,
 As shall be while the ages last,
 By all in earth and heaven. Amen.</p> | | |
| <p>O Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 As was, and is, and shall be done,
 Glory to Thee, O Lord. Amen.</p> | | |
| <p>Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,
 Alleluia round Thy throne
 Rise eternally. Amen.</p> | | |
| <p>To God the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise ;
 Glory to God the Son ;
 To God, the Spirit, praise :
 With all our powers, eternal King,
 Thy Name we sing, while faith adores.
 Amen.</p> | | |
| <p>To Father and to Son
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given,
 As hath been heretofore
 And shall be evermore :
 Let all His Name adore
 In earth and heaven. Amen.</p> | | |
| <p>Come, let us adore Him ; come, bow at His
 feet !
 Oh, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet !
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the
 skies ! Amen.</p> | | |

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APPENDIX.

PREFACE.

THE Hymnal revised is herewith offered to the General Convention by the Committee appointed for this work.

The leading principles which have guided the Committee in the compilation of the Book are these :

1. To conform the contents and the arrangement of the Hymnal to the Book of Common Prayer.

2. To provide for the present needs and demands of the Church in her public worship and her increased activities, as the conditions have changed within the last twenty years.

3. To provide so fully for hymns in the various departments of Church life and work as to make unnecessary the purchase of additional books for special occasions.

4. To meet the necessities not merely of the larger City Parishes, but to include hymns which would satisfy the wants of smaller and remote missions and the needs of individual souls for the deepening, cultivation and expression of their personal devotion.

5. To include, as far as possible, the expression of the varying schools of theological thought and phases of religious feeling in the Church.

6. To place as many as possible of the hymns for the various seasons under the heading of "General," where they can readily be found by means of the first-line references, and where they will naturally come into use throughout the year.

The Committee has had constantly in mind three canons by which to test the value of a hymn :

- (a) That while undoubtedly one object of a hymn is to rouse devotional feeling, as indicated by the Apostolic injunction, "Speaking to one another in Psalms and spiritual songs," and as abundantly illustrated by the texture of the Psalter; yet *expression* rather than *impression* should be the chief characteristic of a good hymn as a direct utterance of prayer or praise to God.

- (b) That it was the duty of a Committee to criticize every hymn, and to present only such as come up to the recognized standards of the best authorities in hymnology, without *too* much regard to the prejudices or the associations of the past, or to the passing popularity of the present, based, both of them, upon the insecure and insufficient ground of sentiment; and also to dis sever the actual merits of each hymn from the accident of an attractive tune, which often sings into favor words quite unmeaning and unworthy of use.

- (c) That while other things being equal, a return to the original form of a hymn is desirable, it is perfectly legitimate, when the authors are not named in connection with the hymns, to change the language of a hymn, which the Church chooses to adopt as part of its public worship.

PREFACE.

Dr. Martineau, in the preface to his "Hymns of Praise and Prayer," argues for this liberty in the following language, on which the Committee is content to rest this claim : "In common with earlier Christians who turned the Psalter to their use, Watts altered David, and Wesley altered Watts ; Jeremy Taylor, as well as Tate and Brady, was corrected by Bishop Heber ; George Herbert by Bishop Horne ; and the Moravian Hymns appear in their successive editions with various transformations. In the absence of this liberty there could be no literature of devotion common to Christendom. The whole hope of any gathering together of Christians in a comprehensive 'City of God' depends on a gradual falling away of transitory from permanent elements in the *sacra* transmitted from the past ; and they can never be sifted out and lay bare the imperishable residuum, unless each Communion is free to take what it can from the life of the rest, and so test the real range of possible sympathy."

The increased number of hymns is due to the actual need of meeting the exigencies, emergencies and diversities already alluded to, and is justified by the size of those Hymnals which have secured the largest use.

The writing of this Preface brings to an end the work of the Committee, whose only further duty is to present the Report to the body which appointed it. And it brings to an end an association of much labor, of mutual counsel and concession, of earnest interest and high aims, clouded by only two events : the removal from very valuable service to our American Church of the Bishop of Nova Scotia, who brought most cultivated taste and thought to our labors ; and, to us, the far sadder removal, to the rest of Paradise, of our beloved brother, Albert Zabris-
kie Gray, in whom a character of most intense devoutness lent consecration to his ripe scholarship, his rich poetic feeling, and his rare and exquisite taste.

W. C. DOANE, D.D., Bp. of Albany, *Chairman*.

B. H. PADDOCK, D.D., Bp. of Massachusetts.

S. BENEDICT, D.D.

H. W. NELSON, JR., *Secretary*.

HENRY COPPÉE, LL.D.

JAMES S. BIDDLE.

W. K. ACKERMAN.

NOTE.

At a meeting of the Committee on the Revision of the Hymnal, held in New York on the 13th and 14th of June, 1889, this preliminary Report was amended as follows :

(a) By striking out Hymns Nos. 4, 8, 29, 30, 419, 430, 432, 452, 475, 479, 489, 505, 521, 523, 49, 82, 84, 85, 93, 124, 132, 146, 149, 162, 165, 545, 556, 558, 561, 579, 585, 589, 608, 611, 620, 169, 172, 186, 213, 231, 237, 246, 388, 403, 411, 621, 636, 641.

(b) By restoring from the present Hymnal the following :

D. C. M.

1 Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be
Upon the heavens displayed,
And earth and its inhabitants
Be terribly afraid:
For, not in weakness clad, Thou com'st,
Our woes, our sins to bear,
But girt with all Thy Father's might,
His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,
Oh, who can understand?
Or who abide, when Thou in wrath
Shalt lift Thy holy hand?
The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,
The sun in heaven grow pale;
But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,
Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass
Our time in trembling here,
That when upon the clouds of heaven
Thy glory shall appear,
Uplifting high our joyful heads,
In triumph we may rise,
And enter, with Thine angel train,
Thy palace in the skies.

D. C. M.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years,
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

C. M.

1 Calm on the listening ear of night
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 Celestial choirs from courts above
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

APPENDIX.

- 8 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.
- 5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring,
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"
- 6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born!
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

S. M.

- 1 The ancient law departs
And all its terrors cease;
For Jesus makes with faithful hearts
A covenant of peace.
- 2 The Light of Light divine,
True Brightness undefiled,
He bears for us the shame of sin,
A holy, spotless Child.
- 3 To-day the Name is Thine,
At which we bend the knee;
They call Thee Jesus, Child divine!
Our Jesus deign to be.

10s.

- 1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
rise;
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine eyes:
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend:
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

6

- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke
decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
away;
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

7s.

- 1 Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted and yet undefiled.
- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.
- 5 Keep, oh, keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide.

L. M.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 1 Weary of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod;
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

8s.

APPENDIX.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face:
Open Thine arms and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

C. M.

1 Blest day of God! most calm, most bright,
The first, the best of days;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
His rising thee did raise,
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.

3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind;
And they the day of Christ who love,
A happy week shall find.

4 This day I must with God appear;
For, Lord, the day is Thine;
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

L. M.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

2 This day may our devotion rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away:
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

L. M.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, Whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! oh, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine.
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more reverse His Name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And oh, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me.

P. M.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His
fold,
I should like to have been with them
then.

APPENDIX.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on
my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look
when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

8 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to pre-
pare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him
there,
For "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands who wander
and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for
them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

L. M.

1 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed:
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound:
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

L. M.

1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

2 Convinced that He is God alone,
From Whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom He chooses for His own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

8 Oh, enter then His temple gate,
Thence to His courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still His Name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

C. M.

1 Now from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

8 New time, new favors, and new joys
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

C. M.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins:
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

8 Dear, dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

APPENDIX.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

7s.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

C. M.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame:
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

S. M.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.
- 4 There shall we see His face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thought of such amazing bliss
Shall constant joys create.
- 6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 7 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through Emmanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

APPENDIX.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
- 8 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

By adding from other sources the following, viz.:

L.M.

7.6.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek,
Thy erring children lost and lone.</p> <p>2 Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.</p> <p>3 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.</p> <p>4 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.</p> <p>5 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.</p> <p>6 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.</p> <p>7 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.</p> | <p>1 From glory unto glory! Be this our joyous
song;
As on the King's own highway, we bravely
march along.
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring
cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness of another
glad New Year.</p> <p>2 From glory unto glory! What great things
He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what tri-
umphs He hath won!
From glory unto glory! What mighty
blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His
own so freely down!</p> <p>3 The fullness of His blessing encompasseth
our way;
The fullness of His promises crowns every
bright'ning day;
The fullness of His glory is beaming from
above,
While more and more we learn to know the
fullness of His love.</p> <p>4 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds
shall be,
Uniting all who love our Lord in pure sin-
cerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling
glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that
mighty love to know.</p> |
|---|--|

APPENDIX.

5 Oh, let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true:
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

6 Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fullness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.

C. M.

- 1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My blest Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!
- 2 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 8 He speaks; and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!
- 5 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy Name.

C. M.

- 1 Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end his toilsome day.

8 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
And he that to God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing my Saviour's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all.
And I shall be with Him.

10s.

- 1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 8 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

10s.

- 1 Thou, who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray,
That all Thy Church might be for ever one,
Grant us at every Eucharist to say
With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."

APPENDIX.

Oh, may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

- 2 For all Thy Church, O Lord, we intercede;
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to
cease;
Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of Peace;
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

- 3 We pray Thee, too, for wanderers from Thy
fold;
Oh, bring them back, good Shepherd of
the sheep,
Back to the faith which saints believed of
old,
Back to the Church which still that faith
doth keep;
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,
Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

- 4 So, Lord, at length when Sacraments shall
cease,
May we be one with all Thy Church above,
One with Thy saints in one unbroken peace,
One with Thy saints in one unbounded
love;
More blessed still, in peace and love to be
One with the Trinity in Unity.

7.6.

- 1 O Father, bless the children
Brought hither to Thy gate;
Lift up their fallen nature,
Restore their lost estate;

Renew Thy image in them,
And own them, by this sign,
Thy very sons and daughters,
New born of birth divine.

- 2 O Jesus, Lord, receive them;
Thy loving arms of old
Were opened wide to welcome
The children to Thy fold;

Let these, baptised, and dying,
Then rising from the dead,
Henceforth be living members
Of Thee, their living Head.

- 3 O Holy Spirit, keep them;
Dwell with them to the last,
Till all the fight is ended,
And all the storms are past.
Renew the gift baptismal,
From strength to strength, till each.
The troublous waves o'ercoming,
The land of life shall reach.

- 4 O Father, Son, and Spirit,
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,
We wait the promised blessing
In this accepted hour!
We name upon the children
The Threefold Name divine;
Receive them, cleanse them, own them,
And keep them ever Thine.

10.10.7.

- 1 Lord of the harvest! it is right and meet
That we should lay our first-fruits at Thy
feet

With joyful Alleluia!

- 2 Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after
prayer;
Sweet is the worship that with heaven we
share,

Who sing the Alleluia!

- 3 Lowly we prayed, and Thou didst hear on
high;
Didst lift our hearts and change our sup-
pliant cry

To festal Alleluia!

- 4 So sing we now in tune with that great
song,
That all the age of ages shall prolong,
The endless Alleluia!

- 5 To Thee, O Lord of harvest, Who hast
heard
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the
word,

We sing our Alleluia!

- 6 O Christ, Who in the wide world's ghostly
sea
Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee
We sing our Alleluia!

APPENDIX.

7 To Thee, eternal Spirit, Who again
Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous
main,

We sing our Alleluia!

8 Yea, West and East the companies go
forth:

"We come!" is sounding to the South
and North:

To God sing Alleluia!

9 The fishermen of Jesus far away
Seek in new waters an immortal prey:
To Christ sing Alleluia!

10 The holy Dove is brooding o'er the deep,
And careless hearts are waking out of
sleep;

To Him sing Alleluia!

11 Yea, for sweet hope new-born, blest work
begun,

Sing Alleluia to the Three in One,
Adoring Alleluia!

12 Glory to God! the Church in patience
cries;

Glory to God! the Church at rest replies,
With endless Alleluia!

7.6.

1 O Thou before Whose presence
Naught evil may come in,
Yet Who dost look in mercy
Down on this world of sin;

Oh, give us noble purpose
To set the sin-bound free,
And Christ-like, tender pity
To seek the lost for Thee.

2 Fierce is our subtle foe-man:
The forces at his hand,
With woes that none can number,
Despoil the pleasant land;

All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

3 So hast Thou wrought among us
The great things that we see!
For things that are we thank Thee,
And for the things to be:

For bright Hope is uplifting
Faint hands and feeble knees,
To strive beneath Thy blessing
For greater things than these.

4 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power!
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle-hour:

Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph, meet to praise Thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

8.7.8.8.7.

1 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
'All of self, and none of Thee.'

2 Yet He found me: I beheld Him
Bleeding on th' accursed tree;
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father;"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
'Some of self, and some of Thee.'

3 Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
'Less of self, and more of Thee.'

4 Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last has conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire,
'None of self, and all of Thee.'

S.M.

1 Far down the ages now,
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
And longs to reach her crown.

2 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

3 No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.

APPENDIX.

4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain, or poverty, or want,
Through peril, or through blood.

5 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom still in view.

1 Praise to the heavenly Wisdom
Who knows the hearts of all,
The saintly life's beginnings,
The traitor's secret fall:
Our own ascended Master,
Who heard His Church's cry,
Made known His guiding presence,
And ruled her from on high.

2 Elect in His foreknowledge
To fill the lost one's place,
He formed His chosen vessel
By hidden gifts of grace:
Then, by the lots disposing,
He lifted up the poor,
And set him with the Princes
On high for evermore.

3 For on the golden breastplate
Of our great Priest above,
Twelve are the stones that glisten
As throbs that heart of love;
And twelve the fair foundations
Of Salem's jasper wall;
And twelve the thrones predestined
Within her judgment-hall.

4 No mystic gem is lacking
In that divine array;
No empty throne shall darken
The glory of that day;
For lo! on Twelve the Spirit,
The Father's promise, came;
And Twelve went forth together
To preach the saving Name.

5 Still guide Thy Church, chief Shepherd;
Her losses still renew;
Be Thy dread keys entrusted
To faithful hands and true;

Apostles of Thy choosing
May all her rulers be,
That each with joy may render
His last account to Thee!

1 Winter reigneth o'er the land,
Freezing with its icy breath:
Dead and bare the tall trees stand;
All is chill and drear as death.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

4 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all nature, rising, break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So, Lord, after slumber blest,
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest,
Of a never-fading Spring.

1 Lord Jesus, on the holy mount
We would abide with Thee,
Still drinking from the blessed fount
Of grace, so rich and free.

2 There prophets praise Thy glorious Name.
And deeds which Thou hast done,
And there the Father's words proclaim
His own beloved Son.

3 The rays of Thy transfigured face
Beam with such golden light,
That we would never leave the place
Nor lose the heavenly sight.

4 But there is work on earth to do,
The suffering soul to heal;
The harvest great, the laborers few
Thy Kingdom to reveal.

7a.

7.6.

C.M.

APPENDIX.

- 5 We may not linger on the mount,
Where bright Thy glories shine;
We may not taste the sacred fount
Of blessedness divine:
- 6 But let some beams of heavenly light
Make bright our earthly way;
Then grant the beatific sight
Of heaven and endless day.

P. M.

- 1 I heard a sound of voices
Around the great white throne,
With harpers harping on their harpe
To Him that sat thereon:
"Salvation, glory, honor!"
I heard the song arise,
As through the courts of heaven it rolled
In wondrous harmonies.
- 2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him Who died and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.
- 3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem;
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.
- 4 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour, King,
They reign for evermore.
- 5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

- 6 O Lamb of God Who reignest!
Thou Bright and Morning Star,
Whose glory lightens that new earth
Which now we see from far.
O worthy Judge eternal!
When Thou dost bid us come,
Then open wide the gates of pearl,
And call Thy servants home.

L. M.

- 1 Thy Temple is not made with hands,
'Tis lit by many a golden star;
The purple heights of mountain lands
Its everlasting pillars are.
- 2 Thee, highest heaven cannot contain,
Great Lord of earth, and sky, and sea!
Yet enter in, and bless the fane
Adoring hands have reared for Thee.
- 3 [*Unworthy gift and touched with fears,
And memories of our loved at rest;
Draw nigh, O Lord, and dry our tears,
And be Thy presence here confest.]
- 4 For welcome to the babe new born,
For strengthening hands on bended head,
For blessings on the marriage morn,
And sweet words whispered o'er the dead;
- 5 For food divine to souls sufficed.
For words that warn, for prayers that
press,
Arise and enter in, O Christ!
And with Thy presence all things bless.
- 6 So praise to Thy great Name shall rise
Up from these walls, this sacred floor,
Who made, Who saves, Who sanctifies,
For ever and for evermore.

7s.

- 1 Jesus, cast a look on me,
Give me sweet simplicity;
Make me poor and keep me low,
Seeking only Thee to know:
- 2 Weaned from my lordly self,
Weaned from the miser's pelf,
Weaned from the scorner's ways,
Weaned from the lust of praise.

* To be used of a memorial church.

APPENDIX.

- 8 All that feeds my busy pride,
Cast it evermore aside;
Bid my will to Thine submit,
Lay me humbly at Thy feet.
- 4 Make me like a little child,
Of my strength and wisdom spoiled;
Seeing only in Thy light,
Walking only in Thy might:
- 5 Leaning on Thy loving breast,
Where a weary soul may rest;
Feeling well the peace of God,
Flowing from Thy precious blood.

6.6.4.

- 1 When the bright morn I see,
My soul I lift to Thee,
Jesus, my King.
E'er in my heart abide,
Each day till eventide,
With comforting.

- 2 So in night's lonely hour,
Be my protecting power:
On Thee I lean.
Turn Thou my heart to praise,
E'en through life's troubled ways,
And sorrows keen.

- 3 Thus by no ill beguiled,
O Father! keep Thy child:
Thy spirit pour;
That to some weary heart
Thy love I may impart,
Thine aid implore.

- 4 Lift me with soaring wings,
Musing on holy things,
Earth's cares above.
Grant me Thy grace, to win
If but one soul, from sin
To Jesus' love.

(c) By the following changes, viz.:

No. 16, vs. 1, line 1, "ere" and "was" for "when" and "did."

No. 20, vs. 4, substitute:

"Be Thou nigh, should death o'ertake us;
Jesus then our refuge be,
And in Paradise awake us,
There to rest in peace with Thee."

No. 23, vs. 2, line 5, "call" for "trump."

No. 35, vs. 1, line 1, "now that" for "and now."

After 64. Add to first-line references the following:

"No. 443. All praise to Thee, eternal Lord."

No. 64, vs. 4, line 2, "who've" for "who have."

No. 97, vs. 2, line 2, "cross" for "death."

No. 104, by omission of vs. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

No. 118, vs. 1,

"thy terrors now

Can no longer, death, appal us."

No. 158, by omission of vs. 3.

No. 191, vs. 1, line 1, and vs. 2, line 1, read:

"For all Thy saints, O Lord."

No. 198, vs. 1, line 2, "his" for "your."

No. 235, D.L.M. for 8s, and omit vs. 5.

No. 236, omit vs. 5, 6, 7.

No. 241, substitute plain type for italics.

No. 249, omit vs. 3.

No. 316, vs. 1, line 2, "sins" for "crimes."

No. 367, omit vs. 8.

No. 386, vs. 2, line 2, "passing" for "pressing."

No. 400, vs. 3, substitute:

"The sacred, sevenfold grace is Thine,
Dread Finger of the Hand divine!
The promise of the Father Thou!
Who dost the tongue with power endow."

No. 424, reverse order of vs. 3 and 4, and transfer vs. 5 to end of Hy. 426.

No. 447, vs. 2, substitute plural pronouns.

No. 459, vs. 4, line 6, "We praise Thee" for "Thee we praise."

No. 488, vs. 1, line 4, "sky" for "blue;" vs. 2, line 1, "wakes" for "makes."

No. 583, vs. 3, line 4, read "Make us, take us, keep us Thine."

No. 630, vs. 3, lines 2 and 3, "Thou hast."

No. 640, vs. 2, line 7, "let" for "your."

No. 657, vs. 4, line 4, omit "is" after "heaven."

No. 670, vs. 1, line 2, read "Hear us ere the hour of rest."

By striking out the heading "Christian Life" and distributing the hymns under it elsewhere, according to subject.

By transferring Hymn 350 to "Children's Services and Sunday-Schools," and Hymn 253 to "Home and Personal Use." By omitting all Amens.

APPENDIX.

The following is the arrangement, in the final report, of hymns restored from the present Hymnal; and of additional hymns adopted from other sources:

8 Present Hymnal,	to go	after	42	819 Preliminary Report		
22 " "	"	"	160	320	"	"
26 " "	"	"	61	321	"	"
32 " "	"	"	148	322	"	"
36 " "	"	"	504	323	"	"
49 " "	"	"	82	324	"	"
57 " "	"	"	378	325	"	"
70 " "	"	"	619	326	"	"
128 " "	"	"	617	327	"	"
149 " "	"	"	28	328	"	"
158 " "	"	before	31	329	"	"
218 " "	"	"	622	330	"	"
226 " "	"	after	584	331	"	"
271 " "	"	"	257	332	"	"
277 " "	"	in place of	489	333	"	"
347 " "	"	to go after	670	334	"	"
358 " "	"	"	619	335	"	"
401 " "	"	"	672	336	"	"
435 " "	"	"	676	337	"	"
462 " "	"	"	471	338	"	"
502 " "	"	"	530	339	"	"
356 Ancient and Modern,	"	"	647	340	"	"
435 " "	"	"	307	341	"	"
522 " "	"	"	470	342	"	"
541 " "	"	"	504	343	"	"
535 " "	"	"	635	344	"	"
537 " "	"	"	522	345	"	"
553 " "	"	"	212	346	"	"
562 " "	"	"	230	347	"	"
587 " "	"	"	281	348	"	"
607 " "	"	before	524	349	"	"
613 " "	"	after	157	350	"	"
631 " "	"	"	618	351	"	"
64 Church Hymns	"	"	533	352	"	"
" Lord Jesus, on the holy Mount "	"	"	171	353	"	"
" I heard a sound of voices "	"	"	544	354	"	"
" Thy Temple is not made with hands "	"	"	270	355	"	"
" Jesus cast a look on me "	"	"	678	356	"	"
" When the bright morn I see "	"	"	664	357	"	"
				378	"	"
253 Preliminary Report	to go after	687	N. B.—There are three Hymns to go after 619. They go in the following order: No. 70 from Present Hymnal; 317, Preliminary Report; and 333, Present Hymnal.			
316 " "	"	"	86	There are also three to go after 670. These go in the following order: 347, Present Hymnal; 339 and 340, Preliminary Report.		
317 " "	"	"	619			
318 " "	"	"	672			

in their } after 374
order }

before 617

" 375

after 653

before 374

after 433

" 434

" 436

" 447

" 463

" 670

" 497

" 522

before 412

" 524

after 411

" 593

" 517

" 637

" 674

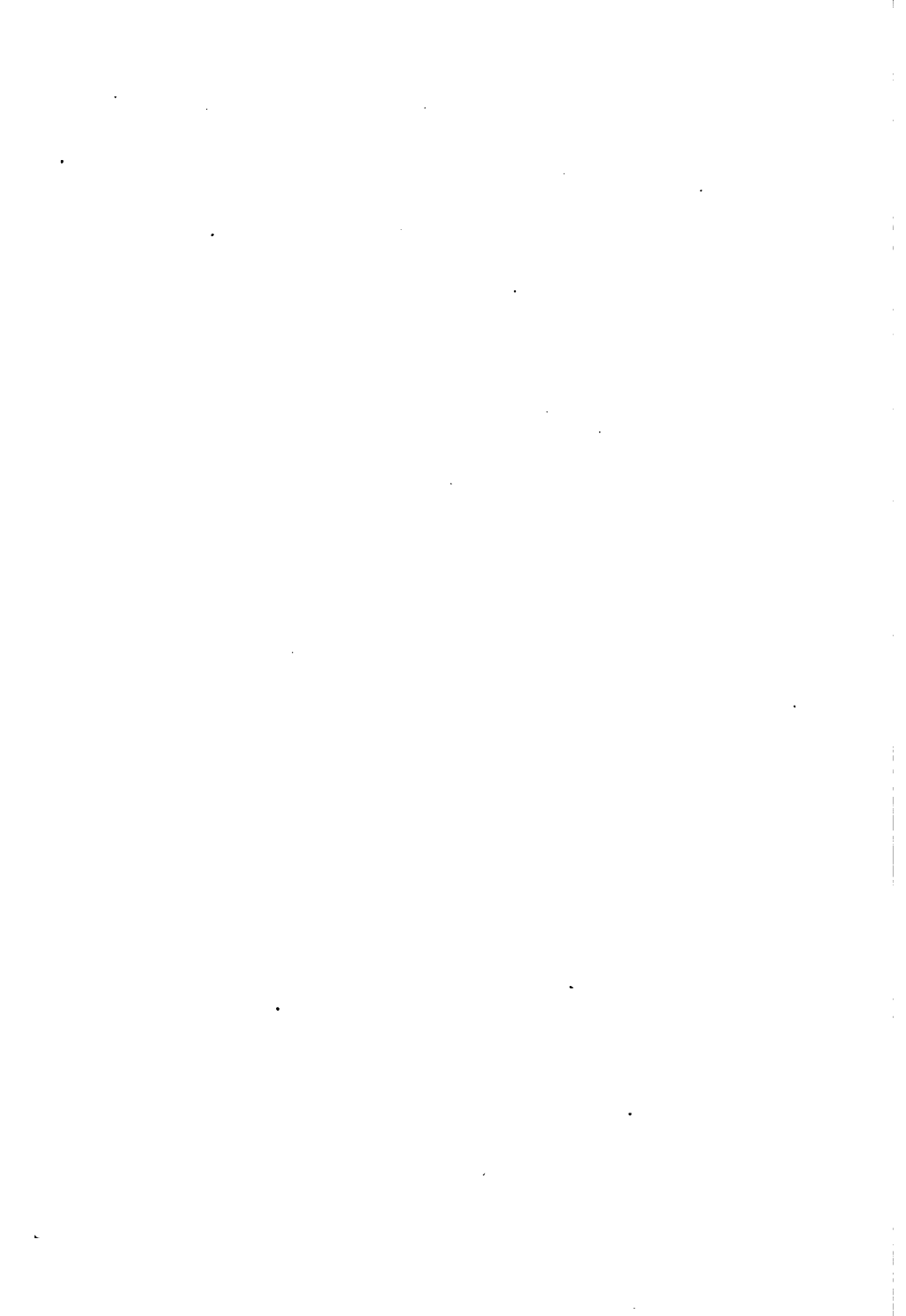
" 686

" 616

A number of verbal corrections and some changes in order were also made, which, it is hoped, may be incorporated in a perfect copy of this Report, to be issued in readiness for the assembling of the General Convention in October next.

H. W. NELSON, JR.,

Secretary.



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OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
*FROM THE ABOLITION OF THE
ROMAN JURISDICTION.*

BY
RICHARD WATSON DIXON, M.A.,

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CHURCH OF ENGLAND
*FROM THE ABOLITION OF THE
ROMAN JURISDICTION.*

BY
RICHARD WATSON DIXON, M.A.,

VICAR OF WARKWORTH; HONORARY CANON OF CARLISLE.

EDWARD VI. A.D. 1549—1553.

THE Third Volume of this work contains, except the first two years, the reign of Edward VI. It therefore gives the history of the First and Second Prayer Books of Edward, the Ordinals, the Forty-two Articles, and the other great Edwardian formularies. It relates fully, perhaps for the first time, the history of the Great Risings of 1549: the various Visitations of the Universities, and the Disputations held there: the trials and deprivation of the bishops of the Old Learning, especially Bonner and Gardiner: the beginning of Nonconformity: the beginning of Separation. It takes up, from the former volumes, the further history of the abortive scheme of a Commission for revising the ecclesiastical laws, of which the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum* was the outcome: it takes up Pole, the Foreign Hortators, Cranmer's efforts for a concord with the Continent, and the Reformation in Ireland. It traces the influence of the licensed preachers: and gives an account of the affair of the Lady Mary's Mass. Such are some of the chief contents of the volume.

The materials for the history of Edward VI. exist in great part only in manuscript. Use has been made of this mass of unpublished information. Several important documents are now published for the first time. The author has gone on the principle of not reproducing originals which may be found in the collections of former historians.

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Phila, May 1/89

My dear Sir

I have for
a small pamphlet
having reference to the
Hygiene impaled by
the Com^o. It was
got up merely for my
own amusement
and it occurred to
me to put it in print.
It may facilitate
somewhat the getting
up such "Annotations"

as you published upon
the present Hymanal,
should this have one
over so so far.

This little "Helf" is
very unpretentious, of
course, and is not for
sale. Should you
care for any other
copies, let me know

Yours sincerely
Jas. B. P. Allen

Rev. C. L. Hutchins D. D.
Newford

A HELP

TO THE EXAMINATION OF

THE HYMNAL

(PRELIMINARY DRAFT),

TO BE REPORTED TO THE GENERAL CONVENTION,

OCTOBER, 1889.

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COLLINS PRINTING HOUSE.

NOTE.

The references to different Hymn Books which follow, were prepared for printing, to serve the convenience of the compiler, and may be found useful by others.

They are without authority of the Hymnal Committee, and do not pretend to completeness, nor, indeed, to perfect accuracy. They are a *help* only.

The finished revision, as it will be presented to the Convention, is to be published "at least three months before the meeting" of October 2d, 1889.

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ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THIS PAPER.

NAMES OF BOOKS, ETC., REFERRED TO.

Hymnal . . .	Hymnal of Protestant Episcopal Church.
A. & M. . . .	Hymns Ancient and Modern.
Ch. Eng. . . .	Church of England Hymn Book—G. Thring.
Hymy.	The Hymnary.
H. Comp. . . .	Hymnal Companion to Prayer Book—Bickersteth.
Ch. H.	Church Hymns—(A. Sullivan) S. P. C K.
Alt. H.	Altar Hymnal.
Ch. Hl.	Church Hymnal (Irish).
Hutch.	Sunday School Hymnal—Hutchins.
Tuck.	Children's Hymnal—Tucker.
Carm. S. . . .	Carmina Sanctorum.
West. Ab. . . .	Westminster Abbey Hymn Book.
Bk. Pr.	Book of Praise—Roundell Palmer.
Meth. H. . . .	Methodist Hymnal.
Xt. Song . . .	Christ in Song—P. Schaff.
Sp. Songs . . .	Spiritual Songs—Chas. S. Robinson.
Songs Sanct. .	Songs for the Sanctuary—Chas. S. Robinson.
Y. to Y. . . .	From Year to Year.—Bickersteth.
Ch. Serv. Bk. .	Children's Service Book—M. Woodward, London.
H. & T. Child. .	Hymns and Tunes for Children—Warrington, Philadelphia.
Peo. H.	The People's Hymnal.
Well. H. . . .	Wellington College Hymnal.
Evang. H. . . .	Evangelical Hymnal.
Hy. Not. . . .	Hymnal noted.
Sar. H.	Sarum Hymnal.
H. for Missions .	Hymns and Tunes for Missions, <i>P. M. Society</i> , N. Y. 1887.
Ch. P.	Church Porch—W. R. Huntington (1881).
Child. H. Bk. .	Children's Hymn Book—Mrs. Brock, London, Bishop W. W. Howe, and others.
Chope	The Hymnal—by Rev. R. R. Chope, London.

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

(WITH REFERENCES.)

1. New every morning is the love.
Hymnal, 329.
2. Awake, my soul, and with the sun.
Hymnal, 332.
3. O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace.
St. Ambrose, tr. by Chandler.—Ch. Hl. 6: Ch. H. 10:
Hl. Comp. 2: Carm. S. 41: West. Ab. 9: Ch. Eng. 13.
4. Framers of the light.
S. Childs Clarke.—H. & T. Child. 7: Child. H. Bk. 7.
5. Come, my soul, thou must be waking.
Hymnal, 330.
6. Now that the daylight fills the sky.
Latin tr. by Neale.—Hy. Not. 4: Ch. Eng. 10: A. & M. 1.
7. Every morning mercies new.
H. Bonar.—Carm. S. 541.
8. As the sun doth daily rise.
Earl Nelson.—Hymn. 54: Ch. H. 3.
9. O Jesus, crucified for man.
W. W. How.—Ch. H. 59: Ch. Eng. 87.
10. O brightness of the immortal Father's face.
From Greek tr. by E. W. Eddis.—Ch. Eng. 40: C. H. 25.
11. All praise to Thee, my God, this night.
Hymnal, 333.
12. Holy Father, cheer our way.
R. H. Robinson.—A. & M. 22: Ch. Eng. 36: Ch. H. 23.
13. The radiant morn hath passed away.
Thring.—Hy. 90: A. & M. 19: Ch. H. 16: Ch. Eng. 24.
14. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.
Hymnal, 336.
15. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.
Hymnal, 335.
16. At even, when the sun did set.
H. Twells.—Ch. Eng. 27: H. Comp. 19: A. & M. 20:
Ch. H. 18.
17. The shadows of the evening hours.
Hymnal, 337.
18. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.
Hymnal, 338.

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19. Softly now the light of day.
Hymnal, 340.
20. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing.
J. Edmeston.—Ch. Hl. 24 : H. Comp. 23.
21. The sun is sinking fast.
Hymnal, 345.
22. The day is past and over.
Hymnal, 341.
23. God, that madest earth and heaven.
Hymnal, 344.
24. Our day of praise is done.
Hymnal, 346.
25. The day is gently sinking to a close.
Hymnal, 349.
26. Now the day is over.
Baring-Gould.—A. & M. 346 : Tuck. 10 : Ch. H. 24.
27. On this day, the first of days.
Sir H. W. Baker.—A. & M. 34 : Child. H. Bk. 45.
28. This day, by Thy creative word.
W. W. How.—Ch. H. 46 : Hymy. 14 : Ch. Hl. 31.
29. As Thou didst rest, O Father, o'er nature's finished birth.
A. Barry.—Ch. Eng. 63.
30. Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness.
C. Elliott.—Ch. Eng. 72 : Ch. H. 49.
31. O day of rest and gladness.
Hymnal, 160.
32. With joy we hail the sacred day.
Lyte.—Carm. S. 91 : S. Sanct. 23.
33. Welcome, sweet day of rest.
Hymnal, 147.
34. This is the day of light.
Hymnal, 159.
35. And now the wants are told, that brought.
Wm. Bright.—A. & M. 32.
36. Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise.
Hymnal, 169.
37. Almighty Father, bless the word.
Hymnal, 166.
38. Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.
Hymnal, 165.
39. Hark ! the voice eternal.
Ch. Eng. 101.
40. Hark ! a thrilling voice is sounding.
St. Ambrose, tr. by Caswall.—Sar. H. 25 : A. & M. 47 :
Ch. H. 67 : Ch. Eng. 106 : Ch. Hl. 47.
41. Lo, He comes with clouds descending.
Hymnal, 1.
42. Come, quickly come, dread Judge of all.
Hymnal, 9.

43. Great God, what do I see and hear!
Hymnal, 484.
44. Day of wrath! oh day of mourning!
Hymnal, 483.
45. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry.
Hymnal, 12.
46. Rejoice, rejoice, believers!
Hymnal, 5.
47. Christ is coming! let creation.
J. R. McDuff.—Scotch Hymn Book : Spirit. Songs, 1014 :
Meth. 1016.
48. O come, O come, Emmanuel.
Hymnal, 13.
49. Come, Lord, and tarry not!
H. Bonar.—Christ in Song, 395 : Songs Sanct. 1144.
50. The Church has waited long.
H. Bonar.—Ch. Hl. 72 : Hymy. 207.
51. Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes.
Hymnal, 15.
52. O'er the distant mountains breaking.
Monsell.—Carm. S. 700.
53. O come, all ye faithful.
Hymnal, 19.
54. Hark! the herald angels sing.
Hymnal, 17.
55. Sing, oh, sing, this blessed morn.
Bp. C. Wordsworth.—H. & T. Child. 61 : Child. H. Bk. 79.
56. Of the Father sole-begotten.
Neale.—A. & M. 56 : Hymy. 137 : Hl. Noted, 66.
57. While shepherds watched their flocks by night.
Hymnal, 18.
58. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing.
Hymnal, 23.
59. O little town of Bethlehem!
Phillips Brooks.—Hutch. 223.
60. Angels, from the realms of glory.
Hymnal, 24.
61. Hark! what means those holy voices.
Hymnal, 20.
62. Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus.
Hymnal, 16.
63. To hail Thy rising, Sun of life.
Hymnal, 27.
64. From the eastern mountains.
Thring.—Ch. of Eng. 137 : Child. H. Bk. 96.
65. Earth has many a noble city.
Prudentions, tr. by Caswell.—A. & M. 76 : Ch. Eng. 139.
66. O Thou, Who by a star didst guide.
J. M. Neale.—Christ in Song, 125 : Hl. Comp. 191 : Carm.
Sanct. 176 : Choep, 45.

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67. When from the East the wise men came.
J. H. Hopkins.—Car. H. & Songs, p. 177.
68. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.
Hymnal, 37.
69. Hail, Thou source of every blessing!
Basil Woodd.—Ch. of Eng. 141: Ch. H. 96.
70. As with gladness men of old.
Hymnal, 45.
71. Songs of thankfulness and praise.
C. Wordsworth.—A. & M. 81: Ch. Eng. 144.
72. Within the Father's house.
J. R. Woodford.—Hymy. 182: West. Ab. 81: Sarum, 71.
73. All praise to Thee, O Lord.
H. W. Beadon.—Hymy. 183; Sarum, 72.
74. Fierce raged the storm of wind.
H. W. Beadon.—Hymy. 184: Sarum, 74: Ch. H. 361.
75. Not by Thy mighty hand.
J. R. Woodford.—Hymy. 186: West. Ab. 97: Ch. Eng. 142: Sarum, 75: Ch. Hl. 105.
76. Alleluia, song of sweetness.
Hymnal, 430.
77. In exile here we wander.
Hymnal, 205.
78. Lord of the hearts of men.
Paris Breviary, tr. by Bp. Woodford.—Evang. Hl. 51: Hymy. 197.
79. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.
Hymnal, 527.
80. Blessed Saviour, Thou hast taught us.
Thring.—Ch. of Eng. 152.
81. Thou, Who on that wondrous journey.
H. Alford.—Ch. of Eng. 452.
82. Bowed down with sorrow, sin, and shame.
Thring.—Ch. of Eng. 153.
83. Lord! Who throughout these forty days.
C. F. Herniman.—Ch. Service B. 31: Child. H. Bk. 107.
84. Awhile in spirit, Lord, to Thee.
J. F. Thruff.—Ch. Eng. 154: Ch. H. 103.
85. O Thou who dost to man accord.
J. W. Hewett, tr. Latin.—A. & M. 86.
86. Saviour! when in dust to Thee.
Hymnal, 53.
87. With broken heart and contrite sigh.
Hymnal, 71.
88. Lord, in this Thy mercy's day.
Hymnal, 63.
89. All glory, laud, and honor.
Hymnal, 72.

90. Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Hymnal, 73.
91. The royal banners forward go.
Hymnal, 79.
92. O Thou, Who through this holy week.
Neale.—Ch. Eng. 178: Child. H. Bk. 118.
93. O sinner, lift the eye of faith.
J. M. Neale.—A. & M. 104.
94. Lord Jesus! when we stand afar.
W. W. How.—Bk. Pr. 50: Ch. H. 115: Ch. Eng. 339:
Chope, 194.
95. See the destined day arise!
Hymnal, 81.
96. We sing the praise of Him who died.
Hymnal, 78.
97. When I survey the wondrous cross.
Hymnal, 83.
98. This day the wondrous mystery.
E. Caswall.—Hymy. 234.
99. O sacred head, surrounded.
Hymnal 87 in part, and A. & M. 111, 3 verses.
100. At the cross her station keeping.
Tr. by E. Caswall.—A. & M. 117.
101. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.
Hymnal, 84.
102. O come and mourn with me awhile.
Hymnal, 89.
103. Resting from His work to-day.
Hymnal, 90.
104. It is finished! Blessed Jesus.
W. D. MacLagan.—A. & M. 122.
105. So rest, our Rest!
W. Mercer.—Ch. Eng. 188: Hymy. 259: Chope, 97.
106. The grave itself a garden is.
Wordsworth's Holy Year.
107. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.
Ellerton.—Hymy. 289: H. Comp. 179: Carm. S 210:
Ch. Eng. 190.
108. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.
Tr. by Neale.—Hymy. 285: Ch. Eng. 196: A. & M.
133: Christ in Song, p. 243: Tuck. 239.
109. Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
Hymnal, 98.
110. Jesus Christ is risen to-day.
Hymnal, 99.
111. Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Gurney—A. & M. 138: Ch. H. 132.
112. Christ the Lord is risen again.
Hymnal, 106.

113. The day of resurrection!
Hymnal, 105.
114. He is risen, He is risen.
Hymnal 107, amended.
115. At the Lamb's high feast we sing.
Hymnal, 100.
116. The foe behind, the deep before.
J. M. Neale.—Ch. Eng. 205: Ch. H. 138: Hymy. 295.
117. The strife is o'er, the battle done!
Hymnal, 103.
118. Jesus lives! Thy threatening woe.
Hymnal, 104 (1st v. altered): A. & M. 140: Ch. Eng. 324: Carm. S. 245: Ch. H. 405: Hymy. 293: Sarum, 148: Peoples', 128: Ch. Hl. 190: Spl. Songs, 937: Songs Sanct. 1224.
119. Alleluia! Alleluia!
C. Wordsworth.—A. & M. 137: Ch. Eng. 197: H. Comp. 187: Carm. S. 219: Ev. H. 245.
120. Sing, with all the sons of glory.
W. J. Irons.—Ch. Eng. 202: West. Ab. 155.
121. Hark! ten thousand voices sounding.
Kelly.—Ch. Hl. 199.
122. See the conqueror mounts in triumph.
C. Wordsworth.—Ch. H. 147: West. Ab. 102: H. Comp. 222: Ch. Eng. 216: Carm. S. 220.
123. Hail the day that sees Him rise.
C. Wesley.—A. & M. 147: Ch. H. 143: H. Comp. 217: Hymy. 311: Carm. S. 224: Al. H. 37.
124. O King eternal, King most high.
Well. H. p. 108.
125. Christ our King to heaven ascendeth.
J. H. Hopkins.—C. H. & Songs, p. 116.
126. O Saviour, Who for man hast trod.
C. Coffin, tr. by Chandler.—A. & M. 146: Ev. H. 259: Carm. S. 247.
127. Our Lord is risen from the dead.
Hymnal, 117.
128. Hear us, Thou that broodest.
Ch. Eng. 218.
129. To Thee, O Comforter divine.
F. R. Havergal.—A. & M. 212.
130. Come to our poor nature's night.
G. Rawson.—Ch. Eng. 225: H. Comp. 252.
131. Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.
Hymnal, 133.
132. All glory to the Father be.
Bernard Barton.—Ch. H. 154.
133. O Holy, holy, holy Lord.
Hymnal, 139.

134. O God of life, Whose power benign.
A. T. Russell.—Hymy. 572: Chope, 134.
135. Father of heaven, Whose love profound.
Hymnal, 142.
136. Hark! the loud celestial hymn.
C. A. Walworth.—Carm. S. 49.
137. Sound aloud Jehovah's praises.
H. A. Martin.—Ch. H. 155.
138. Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult.
C. F. Alexander.—A. & M. 403: H. Comp. 318: Ch. Eng.
494: Ch. H. 404: Chope, 169.
139. King of saints, O Lord incarnate.
Hymnary, 841.
140. O Thou, Who didst, with love untold.
Emma Toke.—Ch. Eng. 495: Ch. H. 160: Chope, 282.
141. How oft, O Lord, Thy face hath shone.
Wm. Bright.—A. & M. 404.
142. Jesus, Lord, Thy praise we sing.
Hymy. 149.
143. O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed.
J. F. Thrupp.—Ch. Eng. 123.
144. O Thou, who gav'st Thy servant grace.
Bp. Heber.—Ch. Eng. 125: Chope, 30.
145. An exile for the faith.
E. Caswall.—Hymy. 151: A. & M. 458.
146. Oh, who are they so pure and bright.
W. J. Irons.—Ch. Eng. 127: Chope, 98.
147. Lord, to Thee glad songs of praise.
H. & T. Child, 74: Child. H. Bk. 85.
148. Glory to Thee, O Lord.
Hymnal, 179.
149. O blessed day, when first was poured.
From the Latin.—A. & M. 71.
150. Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Hymnal, 33.
151. To Thee, O God, we Gentiles pay.
Hymy. 343.
152. We sing the glorious conquest.
John Ellerton.—A. & M. 406: Ch. H. 167.
153. In his temple now behold Him.
Ch. Eng. 499: Ch. H. 163: H. Comp. 348.
154. Rejoice, ye sons of men!
W. W. How.—Ch. H. 169.
155. Behold a humble train.
Hymnal, 180.
156. Hail to the Lord Who comes.
J. Ellerton.—Child. H. Bk. 363.
157. Bishop of the souls of men.
G. Moultrie.—A. & M. 408.

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158. The angel sped on wings of light.
W. W. How.—Ch. H. 171.
159. Praise we the Lord this day.
Hymnal, 181.
160. We praise Thy grace, O Saviour.
W. W. How.—Ch. H. 173.
161. There is one way, and only one.
C. F. Alexander.—A. & M. 411.
162. Blest be, O Lord, the grace of love.
Bp. Wordsworth.
163. O Son of God, our Captain of salvation.
J. Ellerton.—Ch. Eng. 505: Ch. H. 175: A. & M. 413.
164. The son of Consolation!
Coote.—Ch. H. 176.
165. When Christ the Lord would come on earth.
Alford.—Ch. H. 178: Ch. Eng. 113: West. Ab. 55: Bk Pr. 130.
166. The heavenly King must come.
H. A. Martin.—Ch. H. 177.
167. "Thou art the Christ, O Lord."
W. W. How.—A. & M. 417: Ch. H. 180.
168. O Rock of ages, one Foundation.
H. A. Martin.—Ch. 179.
169. We praise Thy Name, O Lord, most high.
Ch. Eng. 508: Hymy. 366.
170. For all Thy saints, a noble throng.
C. F. Alexander.—A. & M. 418.
171. Lord, it is good for us to be.
A. P. Stanley.—Ch. Eng. 491: West. Ab. 220: Carm. S. 187: Meth. H. 200: Hymy. 369.
172. With trembling awe the chosen three.
W. W. How.—West. Ab. 221.
173. O wondrous type! O vision fair.
Sarum. Brev. tr. by Neale.—Meth. H. 199.
174. King of saints, to whom the number.
J. Ellerton.—A. & M. 419: Child. H. Bk. 372.
175. Behold, the Master passeth by!
Bp. How. and Bp. Ken.—Ch. H. 183: Ch. Eng. 510.
176. Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright.
Neale.—A. & M. 423: H. Comp. 364: Al. H. 94: Ch. H. 186.
177. Where the angel-hosts adore Thee.
Denton.—Ch. H. 187: Hymy. 373: Chope, 292.
178. Father, before Thy throne of light.
F. W. Farrar.—H. Comp. 365: West. Ab. 224: Ch. H. 184.
179. Oh, blest was he, whose earlier skill.
W. W. How.—Ch. H. 188.

180. What thanks and praise to Thee we owe.
W. D. MacLagan.—A. & M. 425.
181. Thou Who sentest Thine apostles.
Ellerton.—Ch. Eng. 512.
182. When Thou, O Lord, didst send the twelve.
Holy Year, 108.
183. From all Thy saints in warfare, for all Thy saints at rest.
Hymnal, 175.
184. The saints of God! Their conflict past.
Bp. W. D. MacLagan—Ch. H. 191: A. & M. 428: Ch. Eng. 520.
185. For all the saints, who from their labors rest.
Hymnal, 187.
186. Their names are names of kings.
S. J. Stone.—Ch. Eng. 522 (altered): Child. H. B. 384.
187. Lo! round the throne, a glorious band.
Mary Duncan.—West. Ab. 203: A. & M. 435: Ch. Eng. 518.
188. Who are these like stars appearing.
Schenk, tr. by Miss Cox.—Ch. H. 554: Hymy. 387: Ch. Eng. 523: H. Comp. 360: A. & M. 427.
189. Hark! the sound of holy voices.
Hymnal, 189.
190. Who are these in bright array.
Hymnal, 494.
191. For Thy dear saint, O Lord.
Bp. Mant.—A. & M. 448: Ch. H. 197: Ch. Hl. 344.
192. Lord of the Church, we humbly pray.
E. Osler.—Ch. Eng. 570: Ch. Hl. 216: West. Ab. 249.
193. Guide Thou, O God, the guardian hands.
G. Phillimore.—Ch. H. 250: Hymy. 420.
194. The earth, O Lord, is one wide field.
J. M. Neale —A. & M. 354.
195. Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high.
Hymnal, 270.
196. Thou who the night in prayer didst spend.
197. Lord of the harvest, hear.
Hymnal, 170.
198. Ye servants of the Lord.
Hymnal, 171.
199. Great King of nations, hear our prayer.
Gurney.—Ch. H. 259: A. & M. 375: H. Comp. 38.
200. In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord.
W. Bullock.—A. & M. 377.
201. To Thee our God we fly.
W. W. How.—A. & M. 142: Ch. H. 537.
202. Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead.
Hymnal, 172.

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203. Christ, by heavenly hosts adored.
II. Harbaugh.—Carm. S. 743.
204. Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail!
Gurney.—H. Comp. 49: Ch. H. 279: West. Ab. 265:
Ch. Eng. 607: Hymy. 465.
205. We plough the fields, and scatter.
Jane M. Campbell, from German.—A. & M. 383: Ch. Eng.
609: Ch. H. 282.
206. To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise.
W. C. Dix.—A. & M. 384: Alt. H. 101: Ch. Eng. 603:
Ch. H. 281.
207. Father of mercies, God of love.
Alice Flowerdew.—A. & M. 388: Chope, 266.
208. Lord of the harvest, once again.
J. Austin.—A. & M. 387: Ch. Eng. 606: West. Ab. 264.
209. Praise to God, immortal praise.
Hymnal, 302.
210. Come, ye thankful people, come.
Hymnal, 306.
211. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face.
H. Bonar.—Ch. H. 209: Ch. Eng. 533: H. Comp. 386:
Bk. Pr. p. 479.
212. Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord.
Latin, tr. by Neale.—A. & M. 313: Ch. H. 207: Ch. Eng.
531: H. Comp. 383.
213. Once, only once, and once for all.
W. Bright.—A. & M. 315: Ch. Eng. 403.
214. O God, unseen yet ever near.
E. Osler.—A. & M. 320: Sarum, 227: H. Comp. 384:
Ch. Hl. 363.
215. Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee.
Bp. Woodford, from Thos. Aquinas.—A. & M. 312: Sarum
H. 221: Hymy. 439: Ch. Eng. 538: Ch. H. 216: West.
Ab. 242.
216. Jesus to Thy table led.
R. H. Baynes.—Ch. Eng. 534: Ch. H. 211: Christ in
Song, p. 597.
217. O Bread of Life, from heaven.
Christ in Song, p. 589.
218. O heavenly Father, mindful of the love.
W. Bright.—A. & M. 322: Al. H. 150.
219. Come, O Saviour, to Thy table.
Brown—Borthwick.—Ch. H. 206.
220. I am not worthy, holy Lord.
Sir H. W. Baker.—A. & M. 323.
221. My God, and is Thy table spread.
Hymnal, 205.
222. Bread of the world, in mercy broken.
Hymnal, 207.

223. Bread of heaven, on Thee we feed.
Hymnal, 209.
224. Thou standest at the altar.
Eddis.—Ch. H. 217.
225. O Holy Jesus, Prince of peace!
Brown—Borthwick.—Ch. H. 214.
226. According to Thy gracious word.
Hymnal, 211.
227. Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless.
Hymnal, 210.
228. "Till He come:" Oh, let the words.
Bickersteth.—H. Comp. 392.
229. Father of heaven, Who hast created all.
Knapp, tr. by Kennedy.—Ch. Eng. 544: Ch. H. 220.
230. Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding.
Hymnal, 213.
231. God of that glorious gift of grace.
Monzell.—H. Comp. 398: Ch. H. 222.
232. O God, our strength, our hope, our rock.
Year to Year, 205.
233. In token that thou shalt not fear.
Hymnal, 214.
234. Stand, soldier of the cross.
Bickersteth.—Year to Year, 208: Ch. H. 229: H. Comp. 402.
235. O God, in Whose all-searching eye.
Ch. Eng. 552.
236. The cross is on our brow.
W. C. Dix.—Hymy. 501: Tuck. 88.
237. Behold us, Lord, before Thee met.
C. Wordsworth.—A. & M. 348: Ch. H. 232: Well. H. 210.
238. Holy Spirit, Lord of love.
Bp. MacLagan.—H. & T. for Child. 127: Child. H. Bk. 298.
239. Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil.
Hymnal, 240.
240. Holy Spirit, Lord of glory.
Baynes.—Ch. H. 234: H. & T. Child. 128.
241. O gracious Saviour, bless us.
Ch. Serv. Bk. 81.
242. Thine for ever: God of love.
Hymnal, 238.
243. O happy day, that stays my choice.
Hymnal, 235.
244. My God, accept my heart this day.
Hymnal, 234.
245. Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast.
Ch. Eng. 554.
246. O Father, all-creating.
J. Ellerton.—Ch. Eng. 555.

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247. To Thee, O Father, throned on high.
Bp. W. C. Doane.
248. Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise.
C. Wesley.—Ch. H. 243.
249. God of the living, in Whose eyes.
J. Ellerton.—Ch. Eng. 560.
250. Now the laborer's task is o'er.
J. Ellerton.—A. & M. 401: Ch. Eng. 562.
251. On the resurrection morning.
Baring—Gould.—H. for Miss. 89.
252. Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
Hymnal, 260.
253. A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping.
Jas. S. Burns.—H. for Miss. 110.
254. Let no hopeless tears be shed.
R. F. Littledale, from Latin.—Ch. H. 248: Ch. Eng. 561:
Al. H. 108.
255. Blessèd art thou, who passed before.
Mrs. H. Brock.—Child. H. Bk. 352: H. & T. Child. 132.
256. Lord of the living harvest.
Monseil.—Ch. H. 301: Ch. Eng. 573: Meth. H. 808.
257. Bow down Thine ear, almighty Lord.
T. E. Powell.—Ch. H. 251: Ch. Eng. 568.
258. O Spirit of the living God.
Hymnal, 126.
259. Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.
Hymnal, 137.
260. Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray.
C. G. Woodhouse.—Ch. Eng. 574.
261. Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace.
Bernard Barton.—See Christopher's Hymn Writers, p. 191.
262. Lord, Thy word abideth.
Sir H. W. Baker.—Ch. H. 426: A. & M. 243: Ch. Hl.
129: Chope, 59.
263. Father of mercies! in Thy word.
Hymnal, 360.
264. O Word of God incarnate.
Hymnal, 362.
265. O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills.
Hymnal, 276.
266. In the name which earth and heaven.
Ellerton.—Ch. H. 306.
267. O Thou, in Whom alone is found.
H. Ware, Jr.—Ch. Eng. 624.
268. And will the great eternal God.
Doddridge.—Meth. H. 867.
269. O Thou, whose own vast temple stands.
W. C. Bryant.—Carm. S. 612.

270. Great God of our salvation.
Archbishop Benson.
271. Jesus! where'er Thy people meet.
Cowper & Keble.—Sarum H. 268: Ch. H. 312.
272. Lift the strain of high thanksgiving.
Ellerton.—Ch. Eng. 627: A. & M. 397: Ch. H. 311.
273. Look from Thy sphere of endless day.
W. C. Bryant.—Carm. S. 634: Spir. Songs, 923.
274. Fling out the banner! let it float.
Bp. G. W. Doane.—Hymy. 521: Ev. H. 473: Carm. S. 624.
275. From Greenland's icy mountains.
Hymnal, 283.
276. Arise, O Lord, and shine.
Wm. Hurn.—Ch. Eng. 583: Chope, 43: Ch. H. 289.
277. Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping.
H. Downton.—A. & M. 362: H. Comp. 110: Ch. H. 292.
278. Saviour, sprinkle many nations.
Bp. A. C. Coxé.—Ch. H. 294: Ch. Eng. 587: Hymy. 520: A. & M. 359: Ch. Hl. 115: West. Ab. 255.
279. Lord, a Saviour's love displaying.
E. Hawkins.—Ch. Eng. 585: West. Ab. 210; Chope, 63.
280. Souls in heathen darkness lying.
Hymnal, 292.
281. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
Hymnal, 284.
282. Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them.
T. Kelly.—H. Comp. 111: West. Ab. 257: Ch. Eng. 588.
283. Hark! the swelling breezes.
H. & T. Child. 137: Child. H. Bk. 312.
284. Arm of the Lord, awake, awake.
Hymnal, 287.
285. Oh, that the Lord's salvation.
H. F. Lyte.—Ch. H. 296: Carm. S. 636: Sp. Songs, 927.
286. Wake, harp of Zion, wake again.
Edmeston.—Ch. Eng. 590.
287. Oh, why should Israel's sons, once blest.
Hymnal, 294: (Disowned of heaven, etc.)
288. O God of mercy, God of might.
Thring.—Ch. Eng. 542: Chope, 242.
289. O Thou through suffering perfect made.
Bp. W. W. How.—Ch. H. 297.
290. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old.
E. H. Plumtre.—Ch. H. 298: Hymy. 451: Ch. Eng. 59: A. & M. 369: Carm. S. 185.
291. Thou to Whom the sick and dying.
Thring.—Ch. Eng. 592: A. & M. 368: Ch. H. 302.
292. Father, Who mak'st Thy suffering sons.
Bp. A. C. Coxé.

293. Lord, lead the way the Saviour went.
Hymnal, 300.
294. Lord of glory, Who hast bought us.
Eliza S. Alderson.—A. & M. 367.
295. We give Thee but Thine own.
Hymnal, 299.
296. O Fount of good, to own Thy love.
Doddridge.—Hymy. 523: see Hymnal, 296.
297. Holy offerings, rich and rare.
Monsell.—Ch. Eng. 541: Ch. H. 284.
298. Lord, while for all mankind we pray.
J. R. Wreford.—S. Sanct. 1315.
299. God of our fathers.
John Henry Hopkins.
300. God bless our native land!
Hymnal, 309.
301. O Lord of Hosts! Almighty King!
Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Ch. Eng. 602.
302. O God of love, O King of peace.
Hymnal, 312.
303. Dread Jehovah, God of nations.
Hymnal, 310.
304. Across the sky the shades of night.
J. Hamilton.—Ch. Eng. 129.
305. O God, the Rock of ages.
Bickersteth.—H. Comp. 83.
306. A few more years shall roll.
Hymnal, 28.
307. For Thy mercy and Thy grace.
H. Downton.—Ch. H. 89: H. Comp. 84: Ch. Eng. 131:
A. & M. 73.
308. Another year is dawning.
F. R. Havergal.—Havergal's Poems.
309. O Lord, be with us when we sail.
Dayman.—Ch. H. 324: Ch. Eng. 600.
310. Eternal Father! strong to save.
Hymnal, 267.
311. Almighty Father, hear our cry.
Bickersteth.—A. & M. 371: H. Comp. 532; Ch. Eng. 599.
312. On the waters, dark and drear.
W. C. Dix.—A. & M. 372: Ch. H. 325.
313. While o'er the deep Thy servants sail.
Bp. Geo. Burgess.—Carm. S. 664: Meth. H. 111.
314. Safe upon the billowy deep.
Prof. Henry Coppée.
315. O mighty God, Creator, King.
Thring.—Ch. Eng. 598.
316. O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry.
Hymnal, 386.

317. O Jesus, Saviour of the lost.
Hymnal, 388.
318. Lord Jesus, think on me.
A. W. Chatfield.—A. & M. 185: Ch. Eng. 338.
319. Weary of earth, and laden with my sin.
Hymnal, 67. (Some omissions and 4th v. added.)
320. Jesus, lover of my soul.
Hymnal, 393.
321. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
Hymnal, 531.
322. O Thou the contrite sinner's friend.
C. Elliott.—H. Comp. 139: Ch. Eng. 393: West. Ab. 127.
323. O help us, Lord; each hour of need.
Milman.—Ch. H. 470: Ch. Eng. 374: A. & M. 279: West. Ab. 118: Ch. Hl. 65.
324. O Thou to whose all-searching sight.
Hymnal, 62.
325. In the hour of trial.
Hymnal, 443.
326. Ashamed of Thee! O dearest Lord.
W. W. How.—Ch. Eng. 254.
327. Jesus, my Saviour, look on me.
Hymnal, 394.
328. Art thou weary, art thou languid.
Hymnal, 514.
329. Just as I am, without one plea.
Hymnal, 392.
330. I hunger and I thirst.
Monsell.—H. Comp. 378.
331. My God, my Father, while I stray.
Hymnal, 256.
332. Nearer, my God, to Thee.
Hymnal, 507 (2d verse new).
333. My faith looks up to Thee.
Hymnal, 237.
334. Lord, forever at Thy side.
Hymnal, 466.
335. Father of love, our guide and friend.
W. J. Irons.—Ch. Eng. 284: Carm. S. 490: West. Ab. 379: Chope, 247.
336. The King of love my Shepherd is.
Hymnal, 464.
337. Love divine, all love excelling.
Hymnal, 456.
338. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee.
Hymnal, 454.
339. When morning gilds the skies.
E. Caswall.—A. & M. 303: Peop. H. 452: Chope, 207: Hymy. 547.

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340. Call Jehovah Thy salvation.
Hymnal, 469. Montgomery—God shall charge his angel legions.
341. O God of Bethel, by whose hand.
Hymnal, 326. Doddridge—some restorations.
342. Heirs of unending life.
Hymnal, 479.
343. My soul, be on thy guard!
Hymnal, 470.
344. Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve.
Hymnal, 476.
345. Oft in danger, oft in woe.
Hymnal, 477.
346. A charge to keep I have.
Hymnal, 474.
347. Soldiers of Christ, arise.
Hymnal, 216.
348. The Son of God goes forth to war.
Hymnal, 176.
349. Go forward, Christian soldier.
L. Tuttielt.—Ch. H. 235: Carm. S. 432.
350. Looking upward every day.
Mary Butler.—Ch. Eng. 661: Child. H. Bk. 221.
351. Oh, happy band of pilgrims.
Tr. by Neale.—A. & M. 224: Ch. H. 468: Ch. Eng. 373:
H. Comp. 325.
352. If thou wouldst life attain.
E. Caswall.—Ch. Eng. 310: Hymn. 604.
353. Jesus, I live to Thee.
H. Harbaugh.—Carm. S. 367.
354. Let me be with Thee where Thou art.
Charlotte Elliott.—Ch. H. 412: H. Comp. 227.
355. One sweetly solemn thought.
Phoebe Carey.—H. Comp. 24: Carm. S. 668.
356. For ever with the Lord!
Hymnal, 489.
357. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.
Hymnal, 447.
358. Ancient of days, Who sittest, throned in glory.
Bp. W. C. Doane.
359. Creator of mankind!
Chope's Hymnal, 173.
360. Shine on our souls, eternal God.
Doddridge.—Carm. S. 539.
361. Where'er have trod Thy sacred feet.
Unknown.—Ch. H. 553: Ch. Eng. 479.
362. Thou art coming, O my Saviour!
F. R. Havergal.—A. & M. 203: H. Comp. 71: Ev. H.
182: Carm. S. 693.

363. Jesus came: the heavens adoring.
Thring.—Ch. Eng. 323: Carm. S. 170: Choep, 155.
364. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown.
Charlotte Elliott.—Ch. Serv. Bk. 121: Child. H. Bk. 153.
365. To the Name of our salvation.
Ellerton fr. Latin.—A. & M. 179: Ch. H. 536: H. Comp. 523.
366. Conquering kings their titles take.
Tr. by Chandler.—A. & M. 175: H. Comp. 87.
367. There is a Name I love to hear.
Whitfield.—H. Comp. 291: Ch. Hl. 98.
368. Jesus! the very thought is sweet.
Neale fr. Latin.—A. & M. 177: Hl. Noted, 18: Choep, 215.
369. O One with God the Father.
Bp. Walsham W. How.—Ch. H. 98.
370. Joy to the world! the Lord is come.
Hymnal, 40.
371. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
Hymnal, 34.
372. God of mercy, God of grace.
H. F. Lyte.—Ch. H. 373: A. & M. 218: Ch. Eng. 294: Hymy. 181: Carm. S. 14.
373. Far from my heavenly home.
Hymnal, 520.
374. Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee.
Hymnal, 251.
375. Sinful, sighing to be blest.
J. S. B. Monsell.—H. Comp. 148: Ch. Eng. 416.
376. Out of the deep I call.
Sir H. W. Baker.—A. & M. 250: Ch. H. 482: Carm. S. 315.
377. Jesus, Lord of life and glory.
J. Cummins.—A. & M. 287.
378. Have mercy, Lord, on me.
Hymnal, 60.
379. Lord, when we bend before Thy throne.
Hymnal, 69.
380. Heal me, O my Saviour, heal.
Thring.—Ch. H. 380: Ch. Eng. 305.
381. Son of Man, to Thee I cry.
Bp. Mant.—Ch. H. 502: Ch. Eng. 424: Hymy. 588: West. A. 133.
382. O Jesus, Thou art standing.
Hymnal, 10.
383. Lord! I beseech Thee on this day.
Choep's Hl. 69.
384. Glory be to Jesus.
Hymnal, 74.

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385. There is a green hill far away.
Hymnal, 231.
386. O Jesus, we adore Thee.
Sp. Songs, 288.
387. O Jesus! Lord most merciful.
Hamilton.—Ch. Eng. 177: Peop. H. 71.
388. Christ, the Life of all the living.
C. Winkworth.—Hymy. 41.
389. To Him Who for our sins was slain.
Hymnal, 109.
390. Glory, glory everlasting.
Kelly.—Ch. Hl. 196.
391. Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done.
W. J. Irons.—Ch. Eng. 464.
392. Christ, above all glory seated!
Latin tr. by Copeland.—Ch. Eng. 269: Chope, 121.
393. The Head, that once was crowned with thorns.
Hymnal, 114.
394. Thou art gone up on high.
Hymnal, 113.
395. Crown Him with many crowns.
Hymnal, 116, as in Ch. Eng. 277: Bridges & Thring.—*See also* Ch. H. 354: H. Comp. 225: Hymy. 535: Peop. H. 478: Sarum, 219: Sp. Songs, 320: Carm S. 233: Ev. H. 137.
396. Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.
Hymnal, 132.
397. Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Hymnal, 135.
398. Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come!
E. Caswall.—Sarum, 175: A. & M. 156.
399. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.
Hymnal, 131.
400. Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest.
E. Caswall.—A. & M. 347.
401. Creator Spirit, by Whose aid.
Hymnal, 129.
402. Spirit divine, attend our prayers.
Reed.—H. Comp. 246.
403. Praises to Him, Whose love has given.
H. Bonar.—Carm. S. 108.
404. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Hymnal, 138.
405. God, my Father, hear me pray.
J. Holme.—Tuck. 42.
406. Holy, holy, holy, Lord.
Hymnal, 140. *See* Ch. Eng. 236.
407. Round the Lord in glory seated.
Hymnal, 431.

408. Come, Thou almighty King.
Hymnal, 428.
409. Three in One, and One in Three.
Rorison.—H. Comp. 256: A. & M. 163: Chope, 135.
410. Let saints on earth in concert sing.
Wesley.—As in A. & M. 221. See Hymnal, 188.
411. Soldiers, who are Christ's below.
Paris Brev. tr. by J. H. Clark.—A. & M. 447: Carm. S. 429.
412. Oh! what, if we are Christ's.
H. W. Baker.—Bk. Pr. 192: Ch. Hl. 354: Sarum, 302:
Carm. S. 598: A. & M. 446.
413. Not to the terrors of the Lord.
Hymnal, 184.
414. Lo! what a crowd of witnesses.
Hymnal, 183.
415. Ten thousand times ten thousand.
Alford.—A. & M. 222: H. Comp. 72.
416. O heavenly Jerusalem.
I. Williams.—A. & M. 429: Peop. H. 532: Hymy. 381.
417. Light's abode, celestial Salem.
Neale.—A. & M. 232: Hl. Noted, 104: Hymy. 609.
418. There is a land of pure delight.
Hymnal, 488.
419. Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.
J. M. Neale.—A. & M. 235: Ch. H. 476: Ch. Eng. 396.
420. Those eternal bowers.
Neale, fr. St. John Damascene.—Ch. H. 524: H. Comp. 234: Peop. H. 298: Hl. Noted, 47.
421. O Paradise, O Paradise.
Faber.—Hymnal, 509. See Ch. H. 473.
422. Awake, awake, O Sion.
B. Gough.—Peop. H. 460: Carm. S. 660.
423. The world is very evil.
Hymnal, 490.
424. Brief life is here our portion.
Hymnal, 491.
425. For thee, O dear, dear country.
Hymnal, 492.
426. Jerusalem, the golden!
Hymnal, 493.
427. Blessed city, heavenly Salem.
Neale.—A. & M. 396: Hl. Noted, 43: Chope, 279.
428. Jerusalem, my happy home.
Hymnal, 496: altered to A. & M. 236.
429. O Mother dear, Jerusalem!
Hymnal, 495.
430. Jerusalem on high.
S. Crossman.—Ch. H. 394: A. & M. 233: H. Comp. 363:
Hymy. 607.

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431. The roseate hues of early dawn.
Mrs. C. F. Alexander.—A. & M. 229: Ch. Eng. 439:
Ch. H. 514: H. Comp. 313: Hymy. 621: Westm. A.
355: Ch. Hl. 333: Peop. H. 566.
432. Lord, if on earth the thought of Thee.
W. Hammond.—Ch. H. 417.
433. Blest are the pure in heart.
Keble.—A. & M. 261: Ch. H. 339: Ch. Eng. 263: H.
Comp. 349.
434. As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs.
Hymnal, 155.
435. Shepherd, with thy tenderest love.
Songs Sanct. 786.
436. The God of love my shepherd is.
Hymnal, 464: as in Ch. Eng. 435. *See* 336 of this col-
lection.
437. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.
Hymnal, 530.
438. Jesus, still lead on.
Tr. from German, H. for Miss. 68: Ch. H. 401: H. Comp.
17: Ch. Hl. 291: Peop. H. 395.
439. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.
Hymnal, 506.
440. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.
Hymnal, 512.
441. O very God of very God.
Neale.—Ev. H. 54: Carm. S. 531.
442. O heavenly Word! eternal Light!
From Latin.—A. & M. 46: Choep, 7.
443. All praise to Thee, eternal Lord.
Luther.—Carm. Sanct. 163: Spirit Sgs. 243: Evl. Hl.
209.
444. Christ, Whose glory fills the skies.
Hymnal, 331 (v. 2, l. 2. *See* Hymy. 58).
445. Lord of all being; throned afar.
Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Carm. S. 106: Songs Sanct. 223.
446. God is love: His mercy brightens.
Sir John Bowring.—Ch. Eng. 292: Carm. S. 12.
447. O love that casts out fear.
448. Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts!
Ray Palmer.—H. Comp. 376: Ch. H. 403: Ch. Eng. 320:
A. & M. 190.
449. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.
Hymnal, 395.
450. Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
Hymnal, 455.
451. O Jesus, King most wonderful!
S. Bernard, tr. by Caswall.—Ch. Eng. 380: A. & M. 178:
Hymy. 560.

452. O Jesus, Thou the beauty art.
S. Bernard, tr. by Caswall.—A. & M. 178 : Carm. S. 370.
453. Eternal God! we look to Thee.
Menick & Thring.—Ch. Eng. 281 : Chope, 172.
454. Laboring and heavy laden.
J. S. B. Monsell.—Meth. H. 732 : Sp. Songs, 478.
455. 'Come unto Me, ye weary.
W. C. Dix.—H. Comp. 345 : Ch. H. 351 : Ch. Eng. 375 :
A. & M. 256.
456. O Lamb of God, still keep me.
J. G. Deck.—Sp. Songs, 289 : S. Sanct. 1097.
457. Hail, Thou once-despised Jesus!
Hymnal, 76.
458. Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
W. C. Dix.—A. & M. 316 : Ch. H. 332.
459. Jesus, our risen King.
Ch. Eng. 326.
460. Awake, and sing the song.
Hymnal, 463.
461. Sing, my soul, His wondrous love.
Hymnal, 373.
462. Come, magnify the Saviour's love!
E. Osler.—Tuck. 105.
463. Saviour, source of every blessing.
Hymnal, 370.
464. O Saviour, precious Saviour.
F. R. Havergal.—A. & M. 307 : Ch. Eng. 389.
465. Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hymnal, 4.
466. Come, let us join our cheerful songs.
Hymnal, 208.
467. Thou, God, all glory, honor, power.
Hymnal, 203.
468. Come, let us sing the song of songs.
Montgomery.—Peop. H. 475 : Carm. S. 259 : Songs Sanct.
337 : Al. H. 158.
469. All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Hymnal, 424. See Ch. H. 330 : Westm. A. 154.
470. O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord.
Tr. by Ray Palmer.—Carm. S. 250 : Spl. Songs, 332.
471. Children of the heavenly King.
Hymnal, 449.
472. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven.
Hymnal, 529.
473. Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Tr. by C. Winkworth.—Carm. S. 168 : Christ in Song,
p. 17.
474. Rejoice, the Lord is King!
C. Wesley.—A. & M. 202 : Ch. H. 488 : H. Comp. 517 :
Ch. Eng. 411 : Ch. Hl. 198 : West. Ab. 307 : Peop. 551.

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475. The Lord is King! He wrought His will.
Keble.—Ch. Eng. 619.
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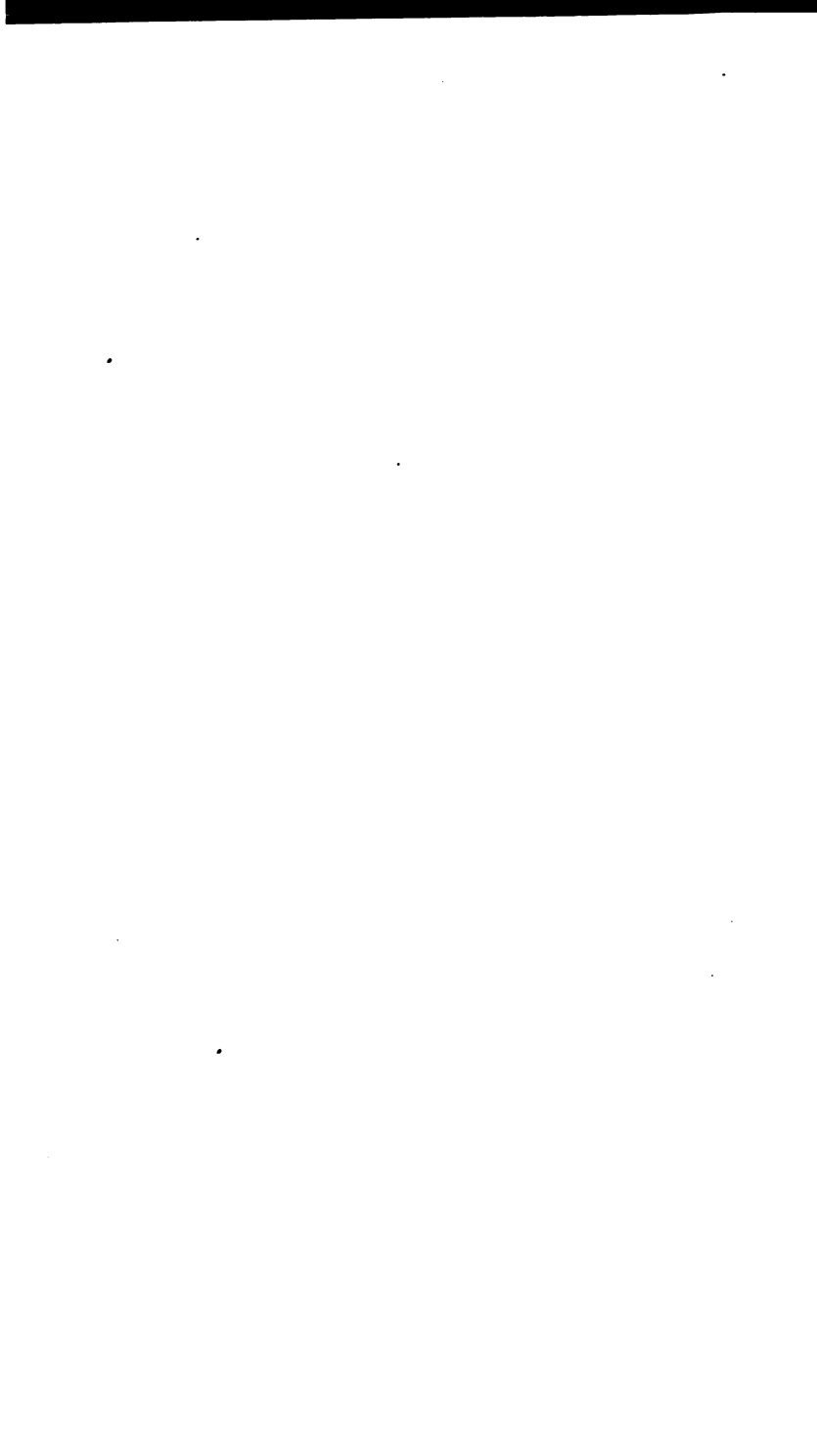
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Come, Thou almighty King 408	For the beauty of the earth 484
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come... 398	For Thee, O dear, dear country... 425
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Lord, while for all mankind we pray	298
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O Jesus, Saviour of the lost	317
O Jesus, thou art standing.....	382
O Jesus, Thou the beauty art ...	452
O Jesus, we adore Thee	386
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O mighty God, Creator, King	315	Oh, that the Lord's salvation	285
O mother dear, Jerusalem	429	Oh, what if we are Christ's	412
O One with God the Father	369	Oh, what the joy and the glory must be	419
O Paradise, O Paradise	421	Oh, where shall rest be found	537
O Rock of ages, one Foundation	168	Oh, who are they, so pure and bright	146
O sacred head surrounded	99	Oh, why should Israel's sons once blessed	287
O Saviour, bless us ere we go	18	Oh, worship the King	480
O Saviour! precious Saviour	464	On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry	45
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod	126	On our way rejoicing as we homeward move	542
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O Son of God, our captain of salvation	163	On the waters dark and drear	312
O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed	143	On this day, the first of days	27
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O Thou from Whom all goodness flows	680	Once, only once, and once for all	213
O Thou, in Whom alone is found repose	267	One sweetly solemn thought	355
O Thou, that hear'st when sinners cry	650	Only one prayer to-day	616
O Thou, the contrite sinners' friend	316	Onward, Christian soldiers	550
O Thou, through suffering perfect made	322	Onward, Christian, though the region	644
O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight	289	Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed	396
O Thou, Who by a star didst guide	324	Our day of praise is done	24
O Thou, Who didst with love untold	66	Our Lord is risen from the dead	127
O Thou, Who dost to man accord	140	Out of the deep I call	376
O Thou, Who gav'st Thy servant grace	85	Pity on us, heavenly Father	557
O Thou, Who madest land and sea	144	Pleasant are Thy courts above	499
O Thou, Who through this holy week	526	Praise my soul, the King of heaven	472
O Thou, Whose own vast temple stands	92	Praise, praise ye the Name of Jehovah our God	635
O Very God of Very God	269	Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him	488
O wondrous type! O vision fair	441	Praise the Rock of our salvation	505
O Word of God incarnate	173	Praise to God, immortal praise	209
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Of in danger, oft in woe	56	Praises to Him Whose love has given	493
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Oh, blest was He, whose earlier skill	493	Raised between the earth and heaven	651
Oh, come loud anthems let us sing	179	Rejoice, rejoice, believers	46
Oh, for a faith that will not shrink	491	Rejoice, the Lord is King	474
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Safe upon the billowy deep	314	Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	131
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Saviour, blessed Saviour.....	548	Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	640
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	20	Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright	176
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us	603	Summer suns are glowing	532
Saviour, source of every blessing	463	Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear	14
Saviour, sprinkle many nations...	278	Suppliant lo! Thy children bend	569
Saviour, teach me day by day ...	594	Sweet the moments rich in blessing	101
Saviour, when in dust to Thee ...	86	Sweet Saviour, bless us, ere we go	18
Saviour, when night involves the skies	666	Tarry with me, O my Saviour ...	667
Saviour, Who didst from heaven come down	608	Ten thousand times ten thousand	415
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Shepherd of tender youth	498	The day is past and over	22
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Sing, my soul, his wondrous love	461	The grave itself a garden is	106
Sing, oh sing, this blessed morn	55	The head that once was crowned with thorns	393
Sing praise to God Who reigns above	477	The heavenly King must come... 166	
Sing with all the sons of glory...	120	The King of love my Shepherd is	336
Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness	546	The Lord is King; He wrought His will.....	475
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Songs of praise the angels sang	494	The Son of God goes forth to war	348
Songs of thankfulness and praise	71	The Spirit in our hearts.....	617

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HYMN	HYMN
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There is a green hill far away ... 385	To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise 206
There is a land of pure delight... 418	To Thee our God we fly..... 201
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Thou art gone up on high..... 394	We praise Thy grace, O Saviour 160
Thou art the Christ, O Lord..... 167	We praise Thy Name, O Lord most high 169
Thou art the Way, to Thee alone 530	We sing the glorious conquest... 152
Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown 364	We sing the praise of Him Who died 96
Thou glorious Sun of Righteousness 30	We walk by faith and not by sight 528
Thou God, all glory, honor, power 467	We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen..... 658
Thou hidden love of God, whose height 678	Weary of earth and laden with my sin 319
Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow 659	Welcome, happy morning, age to age shall say..... 107
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Thou Who sentest Thine apostles 181	When all Thy mercies, O my God 677
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While Thee I seek, protecting			
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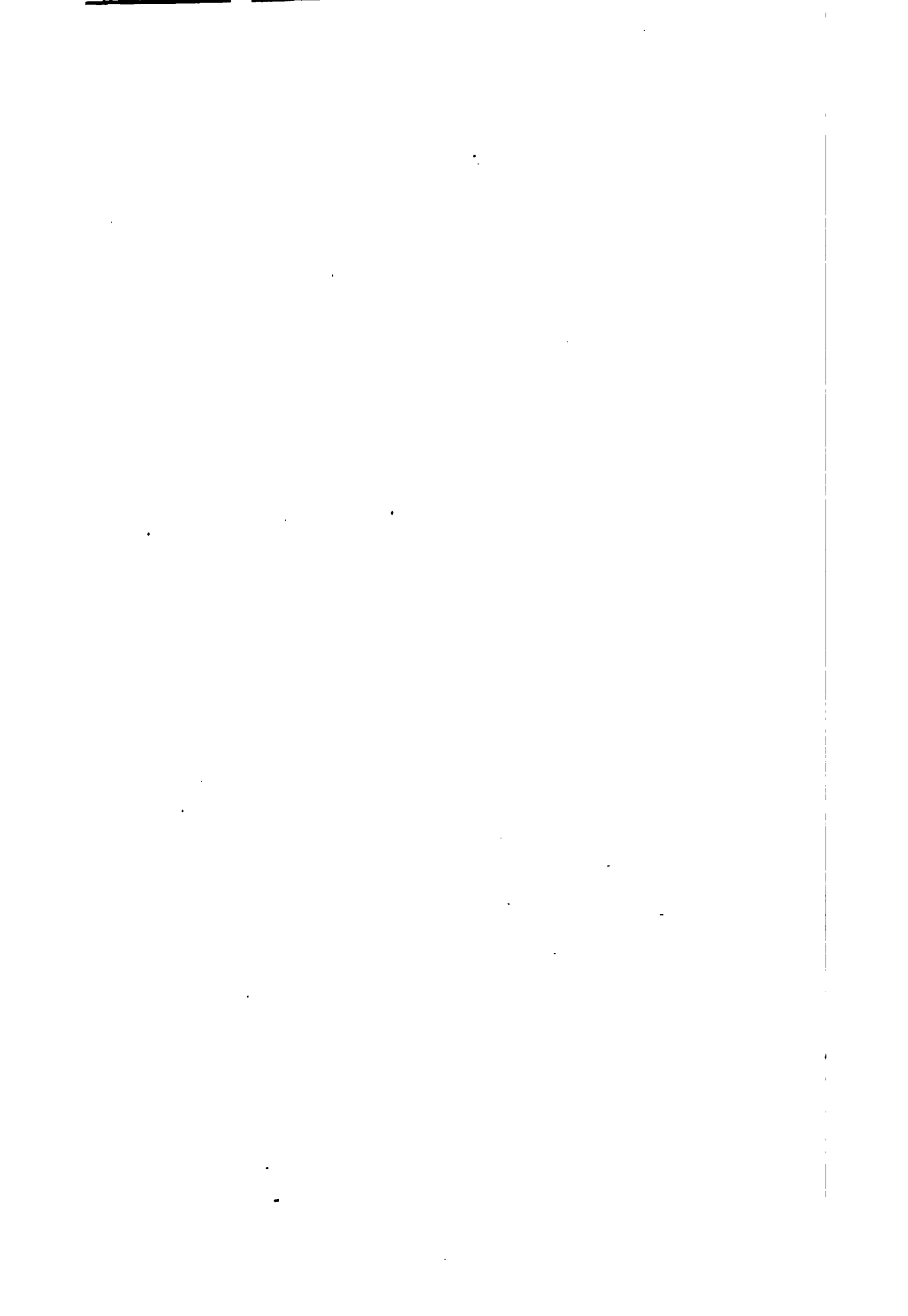
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The Hymnal Revised and Enlarged.

The Hymnal Revised and Enlarged; being the Preliminary Report of the Committee on the Hymnal, appointed by the General Convention of 1886. New York: James Pott & Co. 1889.

THE publication of the *Preliminary Report of the Committee on the Hymnal* has made that Committee the subject of much (in my way of thinking) unfair criticism. The Committee was most certainly properly appointed, and if the last General Convention deemed the gentlemen named by it to be fit and proper persons to carry out its intentions, a careful examination of the Report will be more in order than pettish scolding, because the standard of this or that one's devising has not been adhered to or attained. It has really been quite discouraging to take up several of the Church papers and find (instead of the careful examination which one had a right to expect before an opinion), a hastily expressed judgment, evidently founded upon such an imperfect knowledge of the Report that nothing could excuse or explain. Most of the writers on the subject seem to have quite overlooked that part of the title page which says that it is

"THE PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE."

It is only just that this should be carefully borne in mind, but when the *Churchman* [February 2, 1889,] characterises the Report as

A preposterous aggregation of almost 700 selections.

—and the *Standard of the Cross* [May 11, 1889,] superciliously says

The calm but decided judgment of the Literary Editor that the new collection cannot possibly be accepted . . . is reassuring.

—both papers are speaking entirely beside the mark, and show most conclusively an utter absence of that careful consideration which the Committee had a right to expect before a judgment was pronounced.

It was, for instance, neither just nor fair for the *Standard of the Cross* [May 11, 1889,] to state that

The Church's one foundation

had been omitted. This statement was corrected in the next issue of the paper, but it had already done much to create prejudice, and many heard of the statement who even now are unaware of its untruth. Nor is the statement true which is made in the same issue of the same paper, that

O sacred head now wounded

is among the omitted ones. A slightly different translation of the same hymn, and one which many would prefer, can be found in the Report [No. 99]. And it is equally unjust and unfair for the *Living Church* [May 11, 1889,] to cite as among the missing hymns

Bread of Heaven, on Thee we feed

God shall charge His angel legions

for both of them are in the *Preliminary Report*. Even the *Churchman* [April 27, 1889,] couldn't rest satisfied without making the same charge, and neither of the two last-named papers has, so far as I have seen, made the slightest acknowledgment of its errors. I suppose the Report does not altogether consist of such hymns as these editors like; but if they cannot really bring their minds to the fact that *they* do not make the Church, surely sufficient care might have been taken to guard against such flagrant mistakes. If they did not like the book or the *personnel* of the Committee they still might have made no statements which could positively be contradicted.

The work of the Committee is so important that no snap judgments, such as have just been quoted, should be allowed to have any weight; and it is to place the matter fairly and fully before the Church that this article is written. Before, however, the Report itself is examined, a glance at various criticisms and suggestions will probably prove instructive and even entertaining.

Bishop Wilmer [*Churchman*, December 29, 1888,] thinks that, as the *Prayer Book* provides amply for prayer, the Hymnal should be devoted entirely to praise, thanksgiving, and adoration; and would exclude every other kind of

hymn. He also thinks the Psalms in metre might be dispensed with, because we have the prose Psalter in the *Prayer Book*. Without laying much stress upon the perfectly fair argument that as we have the Bible it is therefore unnecessary to insert in the *Prayer Book* the Epistles, Gospels, and Psalter; it is very plain the adoption of such a proposal would consign to oblivion so many hymns that only a very small section of the Church would be willing to lose, that it is scarcely likely to be entertained. Just think of banishing such hymns as

Jesus, lover of my soul
Abide with me, fast falls the eventide
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear
Jerusalem, my happy home

or such metrical Psalms as

All people that on earth do dwell
Have mercy, LORD, on me
Before JEHOVAH's awful throne.

The *musical* editor of the *Churchman* [February 2, 1889,] lays down seven requirements (I cannot call them rules), as follows:

- (1) Outside of Processionals and Occasionals he would allow but 250 hymns.
- (2) No hymn that will wear out may be used.
- (3) Only few and simple metres to be used.
- (4) The hymns must be singable.
- (5) Hymns outside liturgic requirements could be grouped together.
- (6) A restoration of the old Introits.
- (7) A decision, whether the *Benedictus qui venit* and the *Agnus Dei*, may be sung.

The simplicity shewn in (2) could hardly be matched. How shall we tell whether a hymn will wear out until it is put into some hymnal and tried? As to (6) and (7) I am not aware that the Committee was instructed to report upon these questions. As to (1), there is no Hymnal of any repute which has so few hymns in it. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, first edition had but 273; but the latest edition has 638. As to (3), the time has gone by when congregations will be content with but Long, Short, and Common metres

and many of the most beautiful hymns of the present day are of metres unheard-of a few years ago. As to (5), that is the very thing the Committee has done. Conservatism is all very well, but we cannot always be willing to simply follow in the rut our forefathers made.

Rev. C. L. Hutchins [*Churchman*, February 2, 1889,] recommends waiting until the new editions of *Church Hymns* and *Hymns Ancient and Modern* are published. Compilers of tune books would no doubt be much assisted by such a proceeding, as they would be saved the trouble of selecting tunes for the hymns; but surely there is no necessity for the American Church to be simply a copier of the English Church! Are not the same sources of supply open to both? Has the American Church no men capable of selecting good hymns? The new edition of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is out, and it is more remarkable for the introduction of a number of those old hymns which it is now the fashion in certain quarters to decry than for anything else. As examples, the following have been added,

Come my soul thy suit prepare
O God of Jacob by whose hand
When all Thy mercies, O my God
O for a thousand tongues to sing

The most astonishing piece of writing on the subject is an article on *Hymns*, by the Rev. W. Kirkus, in the *Standard of the Cross* [February 16, 1889]. It is really laudatory of Dr. Martineau's *Hymns of Praise and Prayer*. Mr. Kirkus evidently thinks that book one of the most perfect of its kind, and quotes, as a hymn "of supreme excellence," a poem by Faber (beautiful no doubt), which I think no congregation could be induced to sing, and which is not in any way a hymn. But besides this Mr. Kirkus is deeply conscious of the ability of Dr. Martineau as an editor of hymns. He says of Dr. Martineau,

His knowledge of literature, his critical subtlety, his spiritual insight, his transparent sincerity, combine to render him an almost ideal editor of hymns. His poetical instinct has kept him safe, and his sturdy honesty has protected authors from unfair treatment.

This is very pretty, and more so if true; for indeed hymn writers have suffered much and unjustly from editors and tinkers of all kinds. Now in this same hymn book where authors are so religiously guarded (so Mr. Kirkus would have us believe) there is an index of nearly 150 hymns, to which (to use Dr. Martineau's own words)

The usual clew has been lost by the alteration or absence of the first line.

Now, note a few of the alterations which, according to Mr. Kirkus, so admirably preserve the integrity of both hymn and editor:

Saviour again to Thy dear Name we raise
is altered to

Again to Thee our guardian God we raise
Afflicted soul, to Jesus dear
figures as

Afflicted saint, to God draw near
Jesus, gentlest Saviour
becomes

Father, gracious Father
and, most astonishing!

Jesus, lover of my soul
he would have us sing

Father, refuge of my soul
and so on, I had almost said, *ad infinitum*, but certainly *ad nauseam*. Perhaps the worst (or best) example is the verse which is given as the first verse of Montgomery's noble hymn, "Hail to the LORD's anointed." Dr. Martineau's *poetical instinct and sturdy honesty* leads him to attach the author's name (without any notice of alteration) to the following balderdash.

Receive Messiah gladly,
And lift the downcast eyes;
Ye people, speak not sadly;
He makes the fallen rise:

In all your habitations,
Complaint and crying cease ;
The long desire of nations
Brings everlasting peace.

Now, as the book actually swarms with similar alterations, how much is the critic's opinion worth? It is a question to me whether Mr. Kirkus ever did more than (to use his own words) "open the book at random," and then having lighted upon the hymns he quotes, indulged in the rhapsody of which I have given part.

A writer in the *Living Church* [May 18, 1889,] dwells mostly on what he is pleased to term the *false prosody* of many of the hymns in the Report, and urges that a musician should have been appointed to compile the Hymnal. He names several musicians who have published tune books, and goes on to detail instances of this *false prosody*, which he is sure would have been avoided if any one of these musicians had compiled the Report. This writer is not the only one who has written in this strain. More than once the same argument has been used by the musical editor of the *Churchman*, in numbers whose dates have slipped my memory. It is very curious that each of the musicians named in the article has in his own tune book perpetrated scores of such blunders (as the writer would call them); indeed, no tune book exists, or can exist without them. To strike out what such purists call *false prosody* and *amorphous stanzas* would send to the limbo of forgotten things nearly every hymn, good and bad, and most tunes would have to follow. There is really no false prosody in the hymns when judged by proper standards. Latin and Greek quantities are not to be applied to English verse, which must be measured by the genius of its own language. No educated person would scan the lines quoted in the *Living Church* as they are there marked, and such italicising is, to say the least, disingenuous. Each of the lines quoted, when accented properly, is quite correct. The fact of the matter is, that owing to the exigencies of musical accent, that and the rhetorical accent do not always coincide. This, however, is a matter of very small moment, and a glance at the works of the best masters

reveals many such misplacing of accent. That noble air in the Messiah, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," is an instance. Shall that air be dropped, or shall we allow it to be tinkered into correctness? It simply cannot be helped, and not all the wailing of these purists will be of the least avail; and one who says (as the writer in the *Living Church* does) that enough of what he calls perfect verses can be collected to constitute a sufficient Hymnal, and that the presence of such lines as he quotes is a confession of illiteracy and a depraving influence, should be classed among those purists who would prevent us saying *can't*, *mustn't*, and are horrified at such phrases as *rise up*, *sit down*. It is simply the utterance of one who has studied *books*, not *men*. We must have our colloquialisms and our idioms, even though they do not strictly conform to the rules of would-be grammarians.

When we come to figures, the wildest guesses appear to be the rule. The *Churchman* [April 27, 1889,] states that 320 hymns of the present Hymnal have been discarded; the correct number is 283. The *Standard of the Cross* [May 18, 1889,] says that the report contains about 130 hymns, which are in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*; there are really 313. The same number of the same paper says that about seventy-five from Bickersteth's *Hymnal Companion* are in the report; the correct number is 264.

Such sticklers for liturgic purity in hymns as the *Churchman* [April 27, 1889,] and the *Living Church* [May 11, 1889,] complain because

I would not live alway
When gathering clouds around I view
Triumphant Zion lift thy head

are omitted in the Report. If we are to have only liturgic hymns in the Hymnal, surely the Committee did well to drop those named.

The Rev. G. B. Johnson [*Churchman*, June 1, 1889,] takes the Committee to task for certain alterations of hymns. Now, without defending alterations in general, it is hardly fair to charge the Committee with alterations not

made by it. For instance, the alteration in "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go;" the line

The day is gone, its hours have run,

is not an alteration made by the Committee; but can be found in Bickersteth's *Hymnal Companion*, and Thring's *Church of England Hymn Book*. The lines

Let not our works by strife be soiled,
Nor by deceit our hearts ensnared,

can be found in Thring's *Church of England Hymn Book* and *Church Hymns* (S. P. C. K.). In the sixth verse, the line,

Through night and darkness near us be,

is from *Church Hymns* (S. P. C. K.). The *Ritualistic Hymnal Noted* has it

Sweet SAVIOUR, bless us ; night is come,
Throughout its darkness near us be

and the equally *Ritualistic People's Hymnal* leaves the verse out altogether. So far from the Committee standing alone in altering to that form, the line

Mary and Philip near us be

I do not find those exact words even in Roman Catholic Hymnals. The *Popular Hymn and Tune Book* leaves the verse out altogether. The *Parochial Hymn Book* and the *Crown of Jesus* have it

Mary and Joseph near us be.

As to the hymn

O come and mourn with me awhile

and the charge that it has been "cruelly mangled," presumably by the Committee; a reference to other Hymn Books shews the number of verse, used by each to be

Hymnal,	4
Hymns Ancient and Modern,	6
Church Hymns, (S. P. C. K.),	6
Hymnal Companion,	7
Church of England Hymn Book,	5
People's Hymnal,	10

Church Hymnal (Irish),	4
Sarum Hymnal,	6
Hymnary,	7
Hymnal Noted,	10

and of Roman Catholic Hymnals

Catholic Hymnal (Paulist),	6
Popular H. and T. Book,	6
Parochial Hymn Book,	12

It will thus be seen that the "mangling" has not been done by the Committee. As to the change in the last line of each verse from "*Love*" to "*LORD*," I find only three of the twelve Hymnals which (as will be seen further on) have been used for comparison, follow the original; and, strangely enough, the three using the word "*Love*," are the *Low Church Hymnal Companion*, the *Ritualistic People's Hymnal*, and the nondescript *Hymnary*. The change in the last line of the fourth verse is from Thring's *Church of England Hymn Book*, and only the *Hymnal Companion* and the *Hymnary* give that line correctly. The alteration of Faber's "*O Paradise*—"

We shall not wait for long ;
E'en now the loving ear can catch,

can be found in *Hymnal Companion* and *Church of England Hymn Book*.

The same writer returns to the charge in the *Churchman* [July 6, 1889], and complains of the alteration of Wesley's lines—

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee,

to

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unillumined *LORD* by Thee

—this alteration is not by the Committee, but can be found in Barnby's *Hymnary*.

I have examined these alterations at length, because I find that Mr. Johnson is not the only one who has laid upon the Committee the blame of making alterations which have really been made by others. I will not pretend that

I have examined every alteration which can be found in the Report; but I certainly have followed up many, and so far as I have gone I find few of which I can gain no trace beyond the Report. The chief changes really made by the Committee seem to be the alteration from the singular to the plural; the verses added to "Nearer my GOD to Thee," and the alteration of the two first lines of "JESUS lives! no longer now."

The Rev. F. M. Bird has written for the *Churchman* a series of articles on the Report, which are instructive, entertaining, and (the later ones especially) fair and candid. Of his ability as a hymnologist there can be no doubt, and the Committee will probably give his articles the attention they deserve. It appears to me, however, that much as I have been interested in his articles they do not form a basis upon which to found an opinion. They are written too much from the hymnologist standpoint, and look too much at a hymn as a literary production. To follow his articles takes no little time, as the quotation of a hymn by its number compels the handling of perhaps several hymnals at a time. To this plan of his, which was, of course, adopted to save space, may be attributed some errors, such as attributing [*Churchman*, July 20, 1889,]

God the all-terrible! King who ordainest

to Ray Palmer, and also to H. F. Chorley. But why such a mistake should be made as stating that [*Churchman*, May 11, 1889,]

Fountain of good, to own Thy love,

was discarded by the Committee, when it can be found (slightly altered in the first line, it is true) in the Report [No. 296] is not apparent.

Again [*Churchman*, July 20, 1889], he falls into the mistake made by so many, of crediting

So rest, our rest,

to the Rev. W. Mercer, when R. Massie is the translator. In the case of

Blesséd art thou who passed before,

which he, in the same number, attributes to *Mrs. H. Carey Brock*, I think he is wrong. *Mrs. Carey Brock* herself attributes it to *Mrs. H. Brock*. My recollection of the family is that *Mrs. H. Brock* and *Mrs. Carey Brock* are two persons, being the wives of, I think, brothers.

Again [*Churchman*, May 11, 1889], is it not rather disingenuous to complain of the omission of

O sacred head now wounded,

without, at the same time, admitting that another translation of the same hymn had been substituted? I point out these errors reluctantly, but because coming from a man of such acknowledged ability as Mr. Bird, they are likely to be accepted as fact.

Some may possibly think I have been a little too severe upon the critics of the Report, but a moment's thought will show to the contrary. Instead of just submitting the Report to the Convention without any notice to the Church, the Committee published it in order that they might get the benefit of a wider range of criticism than they otherwise could. What is the result? The leading Church papers without a moment's thought or consideration jumped upon it savagely, made some remarks about it which were pretty wide of the truth, did all in their power to create a prejudice against it, and yet in only one instance (the articles of Rev. F. M. Bird, in the *Churchman*) has there been any attempt to give a fair presentment of the case. Misstatements have been allowed to go by uncorrected, and the crudest ideas with regard to what constitutes a Hymnal for a Church have been set forth with turgid grandiloquence.

Having disposed of the critics, a little attention can now be paid to the Report itself. I have thought the fairest way to deal with the Report is to institute a comparison between it and the best Anglican Hymnals. While not in any way thinking it desirable or necessary to slavishly copy the Anglican Church, yet her formularies are ours, and we have the same need and opportunities for the use of Hymns. Our Hymnal will be none the worse

if it shall appear that much, if not all of its contents, has the sanction of our mother Church.

The Report is really divided into two parts. The part devoted to Church use contains (leaving out the Litanies) 551 hymns; only about twenty more than the present one. The remaining hymns are for children, missions, and various special purposes.

A very careful comparison inclines me to the opinion that in the main the Committee has used in the compilation of the Hymnal the six following books:

The Hymnal in present use.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.
The Church of England Hymn Book.
Church Hymns (S. P. C. K.).
The Hymnal Companion.
The Children's Hymn Book.

But wishing to give the fullest and fairest examination of the Report, I have carefully compared it with the following Hymnals:

The Hymnal in present use.
Hymns Ancient and Modern.
Church Hymns (S. P. C. K.).
The Church of England Hymn Book (Thring's).
The Hymnal Companion (Bickersteth's.)
The People's Hymnal.
The Children's Hymn Book.
The Church Hymnal (Irish).
The Anglican Hymn Book.
The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book.
The Hymnary (Barnby's).
The Sarum Hymnal.

No comparison has been made with any American book (except the Hymnal), as very few of them show any marks beyond those of scissors and paste; and the books selected for comparison are fairly representative of the different sections of low, moderate, and high Church. The comparison, when made, gives the following results:

Hymns which appear in one of these books,	157
“ “ two “	102
“ “ three “	63

Hymns which appear in four of these books,	45
" " five " 	39
" " six " 	39
" " seven " 	30
" " eight " 	33
" " nine " 	30
" " ten " 	23
" " eleven " 	30
" " twelve " 	21
" " none " 	76

It is gratifying to notice how large a proportion of the hymns in the Report appear in several of these books, which really means they have received the sanction of the Anglican Church. One fact, however, must be carefully borne in mind, or we lose considerable of the value of such a list: a very large proportion of these hymns are copyright in England, and the compilers of one book would, in some cases, refuse the use of hymns to the compilers of others. So that the absence of a recent hymn from one or more of these books does not prove the hymn to be unacceptable or unworthy a place in any or even all the others. In the face of such a shewing it is hardly fair to accuse the Committee of making a mere jumble of hymns.

Indeed, these accusations seem to me to have been made by the various Church papers in a fit of fright caused by a somewhat bold departure on the part of the Committee from the narrow lines which certain editors appear to have *assumed* would be followed.

A step further in the examination will be to see how far the Report will bear comparison with some of these books, from a liturgic point of view. In one or two cases the arrangement is not easily compared, but taking those which distinctly provide for the various Christian seasons, the result is as follows:

	Report.	Hymnal.	Anc. and Mod.	Ch. Hymns.	Ch. England.	People's.	Children's.	Irish.	West. Abbey.	Anglican.	Hymnary.
Morning,	9	5	9	11	13	4	17	8	10	10	13
Evening,	17	20	23	18	32	16	19	20	15	15	22
Lord's Day,	12	23	8	17	11	6	17	6	5	8	—
Advent,	14	15	10	10	11	17	5	13	16	15	32
Christmas,	11	12	12	12	7	14	13	11	4	10	21
Circumcision,	2	2	2	1	2	5	2	5	1	4	8
New Year,	—	2	3	6	8		5	2	2	5	2
Epiphany,	12	14	9	8	9		7	4	6	9	22
Septuagesima,	6	—	3	1	3		6	1	—	4	5
Lent,	7	24	16	10	9		8	35	20	22	21
Palm Sunday,	—	18	2	—	3	—	2	—	—	2	—
Passion,	14		17	—	15	—	9	—	—	10	33
Easter,	19		25	13	13	15	6	6	28	14	35
Rogation,	5		3	3	2	3	—	—	3	3	4
Ascension,	6		8	5	9	11	7	9	7	10	16
Whitsuntide,	4	13	8	5	17	10	4	6	8	10	12
Trinity,	6	9	3	3	8	5	6	14	4	8	7
Saint's Days,	54	8	50	45	58	35	29	13	32	30	52
Ember Days,	7	2	7	3	5	—	1	3	3	2	6
Baptism,	6	7	7	10	6	5	6	4	3	3	6
Confirmation,	10	13	3	7	3	2	11	4	6	5	4
Holy Communion,	18	8	24	18	14	22	8	14	6	12	14
Matrimony,	3	2	4	4	3	2	—	2	2	2	1
Burial,	8	4	8	8	7	8	7	3	4	3	5

This table has not been made up from an analysis of the books, but is simply taken from the "Contents" of each. In the Report there is, at the end of the hymns devoted to each section, a list of hymns appended, which are to be found in other parts of the Report.

The next step will be to examine the sources from whence the hymns are derived, which has been done in the following manner :

Metrical Psalms (including the few old English hymns, such as Bishop Ken's, Crossman's),	19
Translations from Latin and Greek (mostly by Neale and other modern translators),	67
Translations from the German (which includes some usually attributed to Wesley),	19

The Evangelical School (including Wesley, Watts, Toplady, Kelly, Montgomery),	103
Modern Churchmen (including Bishops Mant and Heber, Dean Milman and the Tractarians),	343
Miscellaneous (including Bonar, Macduff),	103
The American (which are put separately, because few of them appear in English books),	34

It is always well to look at a subject from as many standpoints as possible, and the following table will be interesting, shewing, as it does, how many of the hymns contained in the Report are to be found in the Hymnals used for comparison :

The Hymnal in present use,	246
Hymns Ancient and Modern,	313
Church Hymns (S. P. C. K.),	337
The Church of England Hymn Book (Thring's),	318
The Hymnal Companion (Bickersteth's),	264
The People's Hymnal,	147
The Children's Hymn Book,	168
The Church Hymnal (Irish),	223
The Anglican Hymnal,	164
The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book,	197
The Hymnary (Barnby's),	210
The Sarum Hymnal,	159
In none of these books,	72

Having thus made a tolerably exhaustive analysis of the Report, the same method will be applied to those hymns in the Hymnal in present use which have been discarded by the Committee. And first the following table will shew how the hymns appear in the Hymnals used for comparison :

Hymns which appear in one of these books,	48
" " two " 	20
" " three " 	13
" " four " 	10
" " five " 	5
" " six " 	11
" " seven " 	2
" " eight " 	2
" " nine " 	3
" " ten " 	1
" " eleven " 	—
" " twelve " 	—
" " none " 	168

When the same hymns are traced to their sources, the result is:

Metrical Psalms,	55
Translations from Latin and Greek,	18
Translations from the German,	6
The Evangelical School,	130
Modern Churchmen,	27
Miscellaneous,	29
American,	18

The following table shews how many of these dropped hymns are used in each of the Hymnals previously named:

Hymns Ancient and Modern,	38
Church Hymns (S. P. C. K.),	32
The Church of England Hymn Book (Thring's)	34
The Hymnal Companion,	55
The People's Hymnal,	16
The Children's Hymn Book,	11
The Church Hymnal (Irish),	42
The Anglican Hymn Book,	27
The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book,	29
The Hymnary,	24
The Sarum Hymnal,	20
In none of these books,	175

As the charge that the Report is too bulky has been pretty freely made it will be interesting to compare it with various other Hymnals in use here and in England.

AMERICAN HYMNALS.

The Report,	688
The present Hymnal,	529
Reformed Episcopal,	541
Evangelical Lutheran,	588
Presbyterian,	972
Hymns of the Faith (Andover),	629
Carmina Sanctorum,	746
The Evangelical Hymnal,	613

ENGLISH HYMNALS.

Hymnal Ancient and Modern (new edition),	638
Church Hymns (S. P. C. K.),	925
The Church of England Hymn Book,	743
The Hymnal Companion,	550
The People's Hymnal,	600
The Hymnary,	645

The Sarum Hymnal,	320
The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book,	400
The Anglican Hymn Book,	404
The Church Hymnal (Irish),	475
The Hymnal Noted,	588
Presbyterian (English),	575
Wesleyan Methodist,	1026
Unitarian,	797
Swedenborgian,	750
The Parochial Hymn Book (Roman Catholic),	632

The compilation of the foregoing tables and analysis has taken considerable time, and in making them I have taken all possible precautions to guard against error; but of course I cannot hope that the work is entirely free from mistake. I do not think, however, there is sufficient error to invalidate in even a small degree any of the tables.

Now in order that criticism should be fair and just, several points must be borne in mind: and first it is very necessary to recollect that the question is not

ARE WE TO HAVE AN AUTHORISED HYMNAL?

Had that been the question it might be disposed of in a very few words. Apparently, that question has been decided for us, and that decision leads to the enquiry

WHAT SHOULD A HYMNAL BE COMPOSED OF?

And right here we meet a great bone of contention. Writers, such as the Musical Editor of the *Churchman*, and some correspondents of the *Living Church*, speak grandiloquently of the ancient Church hymns, and of the mediæval Sequences, and would have little but those for use in the services of the Church. On the other hand, the *Standard of the Cross* and its congeners would have it full to overflowing of the utterances of the Evangelical school. Then, again, we are met by many who would exclude all hymns which are not direct aspirations. Many of the ancient hymns are, doubtless, very fine, and some of them would cause an aching void were they left out. But all the ancient hymns are not *Te Deums*, nor are all suitable for present use. Some of the mediæval Sequences are very good, but when clamoring for them the Musical Editor of

the *Churchman* seems to quite overlook the fact that many (as one of their names, "*Proses*," shows) were not in poetical form, and prose hymns will never be able to put poetical ones out of countenance. The Evangelical school no doubt produced many grand hymns, and the Church owes it an eternal debt of gratitude; but do not let the fact be lost sight of that a large proportion of its hymns are really unsuitable for congregational use. The attempt to force any such personal predilections upon the Church and call the result a Hymnal would be laughable if it were not so deplorable. A truce to such narrowness. The Hymnal, if we are to have one, is for the Church, not for a section only.

LET THE HYMNAL BE COMPREHENSIVE.

If a Hymnal is to be a success it must be as broad and comprehensive as the bounds of the Church are. It **must**, of course, first be liturgical. An ample supply of hymns for her varied public services must be furnished, or the Hymnal will most assuredly miss its mark. It is not sufficient that this or that school of theology or ecclesiasticism be represented; enough for the Church itself is an absolute necessity, but it must not stop there.

THE HYMNAL MUST BE FULL AND VARIED.

The Church is composed of units. Its members, individually, have their times of depression, of exaltation, of quietness. Shall a *Church* Hymnal be issued without due and suitable provision for such periods? Are not the Psalms of David full of these personalities, which so many deprecate when they occur in hymns? Shall we have a revision of the Psalter, and only use in Divine Service such as consist of praise, thanksgiving, and adoration? Does it seem incongruous that a whole congregation shall be heard singing

My soul is athirst for GOD,

or that there shall ascend to the Throne of Grace from the lips of an entire congregation such a supplication as

O give me the comfort of Thy help again

Turn us, then, O GOD our SAVIOUR and let Thine anger cease from us
How long wilt Thou forget me. O LORD?

THE HYMNAL MUST BE CHURCHLY.

It is not the province of the Church to furnish its members with all the sickly sentimentalities which some crave for, and which are frequently miscalled hymns. There is a dignity which should never be lost sight of—not a dignity which would exclude as trivial all topics but those suited for its stronger ones—the lambs of the flock, the feeble and poor in spirit, must have something—but a dignity which shall not allow anything tending to lower the sacred character of its services.

In the foregoing pages an endeavor has been made not so much to present my own views of the matter, but to give such an account of the Report as will enable the readers of THE CHURCH REVIEW to form their own opinion. If the delegates, both lay and clerical, to the General Convention can be enabled to judge for themselves of the value of the book rather than have an opinion forced upon them *ex cathedra*, so much the better for the Church at large. What is wanted is an intelligent opinion formed upon knowledge of the subject, and no article that I have seen has in even a moderate degree given help toward this. The communications of Rev. F. M. Bird in the *Churchman*, are of course very instructive and entertaining, and they are also candid and perfectly fair, but still to my thinking they do not give one a sufficient foundation upon which to build an opinion. It is not of so much consequence who wrote the hymn, as whether the hymn is suitable for use. It does not so much matter whether this or that author is represented, as whether the best of the hymns of the ages and songs of the Spirit are there. The correspondence in the various Church papers has for the most part been expositions of the private views of the writers, some of them practical, some the reverse.

It now only remains for me to offer such

CRITICISMS AND SUGGESTIONS

as I think the subject calls for :

(1) As to the number of the Hymns: One argument against the Report is the much larger number in it than in

the present Hymnal. I do not think the number at all too large. It compares favorably with other books (see pp. 224, 225).

The remark previously made about English compilers not always being allowed to use hymns appearing in other books must be borne in mind. The most cogent argument in favor of a goodly number of hymns is found in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. When first published in 1861 it contained but 273 hymns; its latest edition, just published, has 638. So again the early edition of *The Scottish Hymnal* had but 200 hymns, which has been increased to 442. *The Hymnal Noted* has been added to until it has 588 instead of 105, as at first. The *Hymnal*, issued by the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, has now 592, as against 300 in its former book. In fact there is no Hymn Book extensively used which has not a large selection. The Church has need of good hymns, and the number should not be stinted, provided good ones are given.

(2) As to the quality of the Hymns: A pretty thorough acquaintance with Hymn Books generally, and a knowledge of the Report gained by not less than twenty perusals of it leads me to express a most decided opinion in its favor. A Hymnal formed upon the various lines laid down by writers in the *Churchman*, the *Living Church*, and the *Standard of the Cross* would not only be meagre, but would make its compilers a laughing-stock. Even the Ritualistic Hymn Books join with the extreme Evangelical ones in admitting just such hymns as we are told are out of place, and the editors of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have judged it wise to add in their new edition a number of personal hymns previously excluded. Here again the Evangelical Hymn Books (and this includes what are termed in England, Dissenting ones) do not scruple to use Faber's, Caswall's, Neale's, and even advocate Litanies.

(3) As to the arrangement of the Hymns: Taking up the various points about the arrangement in the Preface to the Report, I may remark, briefly:

(a) The two-fold division of the Hymn Book is good, and reflects great credit on the Committee. As before

observed, if we are to have an authorised Hymnal, it should be one which will come in contact with Christian life at all points; not merely one to be used in church.

(b) The arrangement on p. 222, shewing the number of hymns for the various seasons of the Church Year, is, perhaps, hardly fair to the Committee, and yet I could not get the desired comparison in any other way. It must, in common fairness, be stated that in the Report at the end of the hymns for each season is appended the first line and number of hymns suitable, which can be found at other parts of the book. For instance, the Report allots but seven hymns to Lent, but appends a list of twenty-one at other parts of the book, which are suitable for that season. This, of course, makes a great difference, and the method is explained by the desire of the Committee

To place as many as possible of the hymns for the various seasons under the heading of *General*.

Much is to be said in favor of this plan, and it is certainly as practical as the one usually adopted. It also has the advantage (to use the words of the Report) that such hymns

Will more naturally come into use throughout the year.

Very true; a hymn which is really Lenten in its character may quite properly be used at some other season, but if it is put among the Lenten hymns, it will probably only be used there and then.

(4) As to the sources of the Hymns: It may be safely assumed that if the theology and poetry of the hymns be beyond reproach, the exact status of the authors is of little moment; but, if it can be shewn that a fair proportion of the hymns are by writers within the pale of the Church, such a shewing ought certainly to inspire confidence. A reference to p. 223 proves beyond doubt that the Committee has drawn largely from churchly authors. Not only are the 343 there named by such authors, but there must be included in the category nearly all the translations from the Latin and Greek, and a goodly proportion of the Evangelical school and of those by American authors. Fully two-thirds of the hymns in the Report are by authors who

may fairly be claimed by the Anglican Church (using the term in its broadest sense) as its own children.

(5) As to the text of the Hymns: This question of textual integrity is a very nice one. Hymns have been altered and will be altered, and I am not inclined to regard alterations as such very heinous matters in themselves; at least, when done properly. As pointed out by Rev. F. M. Bird in the *Churchman*, hymns have been altered, even by those who have most strenuously opposed such a practice. It is one of those matters which no protest can put a stop to, and no rule can regulate. I have before me a Hymn Book which prefers

Hark, how all the welkin rings,
to the generally accepted

Hark, the herald-angels sing.

Wesley no doubt wrote the hymn with the line in the first form, but is not the adherence to that rather pedantic? When Dr. Martineau (Mr. Kirkus' ideal editor) asks us to sing

O HOLY FATHER, Friend unseen

for Miss Elliott's touching line,

O HOLY SAVIOUR, Friend unseen

and

FATHER, I cling to Thee

for

SAVIOUR, I cling to Thee

and

O LORD, where'er Thy people meet

for

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet

Christians instinctively shrink from such alterations; but there are many merely verbal alterations, which affect neither the sense, the sentiment, the poetry, nor the theology, and these can be passed by without much remark. To descend to particulars. Bishop Ken first of all wrote his hymn [Hymnal 333].

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,

and subsequently altered it to [Report II]

All praise to Thee, my God; this night.

Personally I prefer the older form, but am I to complain of those who, like the Committee, prefer the later one? I do not see that it very much matters whether we sing as in the present Hymnal [338]

Thou art our JESUS and our all,

or whether we, following the Report [18], adopt the alteration used by the Irish *Church Hymnal*.

Thou art our SAVIOUR and our all.

Yet I think that [Report 24]

Our day of praise is done,

which the Report adopts and which is correct, is preferable to [Hymnal 346]

The day of praise is done,

as we have it in the present Hymnal; and, indeed, the whole of this hymn in the Report is just as the author wrote it, which is more than can be said of the copy in the present Hymnal. At the same time the alteration of Ellerton's Hymn [Report 36, Hymnal 169,] from

We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,

to

Once more we bless Thee, ere our worship cease,

which appears to have been done by the Committee is not to be admired, nor is it to be justified. Again, the translation [Report 99]

O Sacred Heart surrounded,

is not in any way superior to [Hymnal 87]

O Sacred Heart now wounded;

nor is the translation [Report 76]

Alleluia, song of sweetness,

to be preferred to [Hymnal 430]

Alleluia, song of gladness;

and the alteration of [Report 118]

JESUS lives! Thy threatening woe,
Death, no longer need appall us,

is no improvement upon [Hymnal 104]

JESUS lives ! no longer now
Can Thy terrors, death, appall us.

The least defensible alteration is, however, in that favorite hymn [Report 332, Hymnal 507]

Nearer my God to Thee,

where two verses, which have no sort of connection with the original, have been interpolated. I have not yet come across these two verses in any other Hymnal, and they do not add to either the sense or the beauty of the hymn. To instance every slight example of alterations would take up more room than can be spared, nor would much profit accrue. Sufficient has been pointed out for practical purposes, and to denote the line in which alterations may be made, and in which they should not (according to my way of thinking) be made.

I have but few suggestions to make, as the close examination I have had to give the book raises in my mind no little respect for the Committee. It seems to me clear that much care and attention was brought to bear upon the work. I would, however, suggest :

(1) The separation between the fourth and fifth lines of double metres is unnecessary. As a matter of fact, it has not been invariably done in the Report. Let the double metres remain double metres.

(2) The careful adding or curtailing verses of four-line hymns, so as to give each an even number of verses, has much to recommend it when looked at from a practical standpoint.

(3) The change of pronoun from singular to plural is neither necessary nor wise. Shall we alter the Psalms of David in the same way? If the hymn was written in the singular person keep it so.

(4) The hymns which, being in the present Hymnal, are omitted from the Report. A glance at the schedule on p. 224 will shew that, on the whole, the Committee has acted in this matter with great discretion. Actually, 175 of these hymns do not appear in any of the Hymnals used

for comparison, and I doubt if many are much used by the Church. A glance at the schedule appended to this review will shew which of these hymns should be added to the Report.

(5) Some of the Hymns in the Report might be dropped without any loss. I much doubt the utility of adding any of Doddridge's or Kelly's lesser-known hymns, and Bernard Barton's will not, I think, ever be much in demand. Beside these, there are several to which there are no good tunes, or are not very singable, viz:

A voice is heard on earth
As Thou didst rest, O Father,

and a few others of a similar kind. It is rather difficult to understand why [Hymnal 451]

As pants the hart for cooling springs,

Which the adaptation from Spohr so well suits, should have been dropped for [Report 434]

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,

which is not nearly so good, either poetically or musically; nor is it easy to imagine why (having used [Report 336] Sir Henry Baker's lovely paraphrase,

The King of love my Shepherd is)

the much inferior [Report 436]

The God of love my Shepherd is

should be allowed to usurp the place of Addison's [Hymnal 504]

The LORD my pasture shall prepare.

(6) There are some hymns not in either the present Hymnal or the Report, which, I think, should certainly be added

Head of Thy Church triumphant
At Thy feet, O CHRIST, we lay
In the LORD's atoning grief
O LORD, how happy we should be
O Love, who formedst me to wear
Even-song is hushed in silence
Have mercy on us, GOD, Most High
Forward, said the prophet

Daily, daily, sing the praises
 Lord, Thy children, lowly bending
 SAVIOUR, for Thy love we praise Thee
 Reverently we worship Thee
 O Saving Victim, opening wide
 Behold the Lamb of God

and last, but not least, why are not some Graces before and after meals, added. When I was a boy, *Grace* was always sung, and the sound of

Be present at our table, LORD, etc.,

still rings pleasantly in my ears.

To sum up very briefly: in my opinion, the work has been very well done, but might be improved and some little of the opposition to it disarmed, by

- (a) Dropping certain of the hymns in the Report.
- (b) Adding to it certain hymns which are in the present Hymnal.
- (c) Restore those hymns which have been taken from the present Hymnal to the shape in which they there appear.
- (d) Add a few hymns which are not in the present Hymnal or Report.

If this be done, the American Church will have a Hymnal not in any way inferior to any that has been published. The book never can and never will please everybody, but it must be *practically* good if it is to be of service. The theoretical notions of so many can never be carried into practice. *Hymns Ancient and Modern* is sadly open to criticism of that kind, and yet it is becoming more and more the Hymn Book *par excellence*. It is no small praise of this Report, that to a great extent it has been built on the same lines.

THE FINAL REPORT

is now before me. The changes made from the *Preliminary Report* are neither many nor startling. A number of hymns have been dropped, and about an equal number added. Those dropped are for the most part hymns but little known, and those added are chiefly well-known hymns from the present *Hymnal* and from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. All *Amens* have been struck out, and the arrangement of the hymns has been slightly altered. The hymn

JESUS lives ! no longer now,
has been restored to its original form; and in Bishop
Mant's hymn

For all Thy saints, O LORD,
the first line of the first and second verses have been
changed to their original form. For some reason difficult
to understand, the first line of the hymn

And now the wants are-told,
has been altered to

Now that the wants are told,
which is certainly no gain in any way. A decided im-
provement is made by the substitution of

The ancient law departs,
for the one which was in the *Preliminary Report*

O blessed day when first was poured ;
but why

All people that on earth do dwell,
should be omitted to make room for

With one consent let all the earth,
passes understanding. Why not have both?

A few mere verbal alterations have been made, as, for
instance, in the second line of

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
the word *sins* has been substituted for *crimes*, but these are
few and unimportant.

Only a few of the hymns which have been dropped
will be missed, but surely the Committee could and should
have kept

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be,
the latter one especially, being a general favorite.

As to the added hymns, the Committee has evidently
taken advantage of some of the criticisms offered, and
most will be glad to see (to name a few of the best known)

Another six days' work is done,
Come HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,

Come HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly dove,
 Come ye that love the LORD,
 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Calm on the listening ear of night,
 Forty days and forty nights,
 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 I think when I read that sweet story,
 It came upon the midnight clear,
 JESUS and shall it ever be,
 Now from the altar of our hearts,
 O for a closer walk with GOD,
 O, for a thousand tongues to sing,
 Once more, O LORD, Thy sign shall be,
 There is a fountain filled with blood,

and, I suppose, the restoration of

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem rise,
 will meet with the approval of some. I never could see
 that it had a place in a Christian Hymn Book. It is essen-
 tially Judaic, and might with small loss be left out.

Many, however, will regret that Faber's hymn

Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling,
 has not been added. It is true, it is not strictly a hymn,
 and Bishop Alexander, of Derry, well says of it:

This hymn combines every conceivable violation of every conceivable
 rule with every conceivable beauty,

but to many it is a choice lyric. Its great popularity, no
 doubt, sprang (as in many another case) from the tunes
 set to it, but it has a beauty of its own. It is vague
 (incoherent, if you like), but as the well-known A. K. H. B.
 says (speaking of the compilation of the *Scottish Hymnal*),
 in an article in *Blackwood*, for May, 1889:

It was helpfulness, not literary elevation, at which we had to aim,
 and there is no doubt that many a time the strains of that
 hymn, as they faded away with the retiring footsteps of
 the choristers, have done much to fasten upon the con-
 gregation the solemnities of the service just ended.

Some, no doubt, will wish for Luther's noble hymn,
 which in the present Hymnal is represented by Bishop
 Whittingham's translation:

A mountain fastness is our GOD,

but much as (personally) I admire the German chorals, yet I think the remark of a very acute English writer on Church music will apply very well to the Church in the United States. He says:

Enthusiasts have imagined that the German choral singing can be naturalised in England, but our congregational music has an altogether different spirit,

and that even in Germany it has undergone a change is evident from the remarks made by a speaker at the Congress of the German Protestant Church-Song Union at Stuttgart, in 1882:

Slowly and draggingly does our Protestant congregational singing creep along, only a faint reflection of its former freshness and life. Hymns of praise and thanksgiving are sung like funeral hymns. Even our great hymn of warfare and confession, "Ein' feste Burg," is sung on festive occasions in a manner which shows no trace of the stirring times in which it was born.

It is rather strange, and I think much to be regretted, that the Committee did not strike out

As pants the wearied hart for cooling streams,
and restore

As pants the hart for cooling streams.

There is no really good tune for the former, and there is not likely to be one for it, which will vie in beauty and popularity with that sweet adaptation from Spohr, which is usually sung to the latter.

So, too, one wonders why the hymn

The God of love my Shepherd is,
was not made to give place to Addison's

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
and a place should have been found for

Go to dark Gethsemane,
if not for

Bound upon the accursed tree.

It seems to me a pity to lose Byrom's fine Christmas hymn

Christians awake, salute the happy morn,

the more especially as it has a tune which admirably suits it. And surely room could have been found for

Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled,

which is better known, and certainly quite as good a hymn as

Let no hopeless tears be shed,
Blesséd art Thou who passed before,

which are the hymns allotted for the burial of a child. The absence of Keble's beautiful marriage hymn

The voice that breathed o'er Eden,

linked as it is to Gauntlett's fine tune, will be much regretted. The two marriage hymns which are given are not much known, and are certainly not superior to this one. So, too, of the same author's Whitsuntide hymn

When God of old came down from Heaven.

It seems difficult to understand upon what principle it was omitted. It is true it is not a hymn of praise, but the rule which would exclude this would exclude many others.

I never could see that

Work for the night is coming

had a proper place in a Christian Hymnal Book. To me it has a heathenish sound.

And, again, such hymns as

Head of Thy Church triumphant,
In the LORD's atoning grief,

and others mentioned on pp. 233, 234, would have been a decided gain.

After all, the really regrettable part of the Report is—

- (1) The needless departure in some well-known Hymns from the text in the present Hymnal.
- (2) The interpolation of the two verses in "Nearer, my God to Thee."
- (3) The omission of a few favorite hymns.

Sufficient has, I think, been said by way of blame, and this article may well conclude by a few words on what the Committee really has done; and first, on making the comparisons as before, I find that the sources of the hymns contained in the Final Report and omitted from the present Hymnal are as follows:

	<i>Report.</i>	<i>Omitted.</i>
Metrical Psalms,	27	62
Translations from Latin and Greek,	64	16
Translations from German,	21	10
The Evangelical School,	111	99
Modern Churchmen,	329	30
Miscellaneous,	81	30
American,	51	15

and that the number of the Hymns in the Final Report or dropped from the present Hymnal to be found in the Hymnals used for comparison are as follows:

	<i>Report.</i>	<i>Omitted.</i>
Hymnal in present use,	268	—
Hymns Ancient and Modern,	318	33
Church Hymns, (S. P. C. K.),	307	30
The Church of England Hymn Book,	304	32
The Hymnal Companion,	279	45
The People's Hymnal,	147	16
The Children's Hymn Book,	160	10
The Church Hymnal (Irish),	234	37
The Anglican Hymnal,	166	25
The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book,	196	25
The Hymnary,	203	21
The Sarum Hymnal,	161	27
In none of these books,	70	158

and that the Hymns in the report and omitted from the Hymnal in present use appear in the Hymnals used for comparison as follows:

	<i>Report.</i>	<i>Omitted.</i>
Hymns which appear in one of these books,	152	46
“ “ two “	99	16
“ “ three “	57	11
“ “ four “	52	10
“ “ five “	41	4
“ “ six “	38	7
“ “ seven “	31	2
“ “ eight “	35	2
“ “ nine “	29	2
“ “ ten “	22	3
“ “ eleven “	28	1
“ “ twelve “	25	—
“ “ none “	70	158

These tables shew, I think most conclusively, that so far from the Committee having (as some of the Church papers have intimated) done their work in a hasty and ill-

considered manner, they have proceeded cautiously and discreetly, with the edification of the Church as their objective point.

The work of the Committee may be summed up as follows:

(1) They have given us a goodly selection of hymns, which in the main avoids, on the one hand, what the Rev. F. M. Bird (*Churchman*, July 13, 1889,) aptly calls

The dull, heavy, and wooden long metres from the Latin,

which are so much admired by the extreme Ritualist, and, on the other hand, those jingles and trivialities so much in favor with the extreme Evangelicals of the present day.

(2) They have given us a Hymn Book formed on the model of Anglican books which have had a strong and severe test and have stood it.

(3) The hymns used are in the main drawn from the most approved sources of the Anglican Church (using that term in its broadest sense).

(4) They have given us a Hymnal, which, when looked at without partisan predilections, will be found to afford full scope for all the aspirations, and a full supply for all the opportunities of a devout Churchman.

(5) The hymns are singable ones. Those few which did appear to be lacking in this respect have been nearly all dropped.

(6) They have given us a Hymn Book far superior to the one in use, and one which the General Convention would do well to adopt. A perfect Hymn Book will never be made. Even *Hymns Ancient and Modern* omits hymns which many would like to see in a Hymnal.

In order to give an opportunity for a careful examination of the Final Report, before the General Convention meets, I append the first line of each hymn, giving, also, the name of the author, and shewing in which of the following books it is used:

- (1) Hymnal in present use;
- (2) *Hymns Ancient and Modern*;
- (3) *Church Hymns* (S. P. C. K.);

- (4) The Church of England Hymn Book (Thring's);
- (5) The Hymnal Companion (Bickersteth's);
- (6) The People's Hymnal;
- (7) The Children's Hymn Book;
- (8) The Church Hymnal (Irish);
- (9) The Anglican Hymn Book;
- (10) The Westminster Abbey Hymn Book;
- (11) The Hymnary (Barnby's);
- (12) The Sarum Hymnal;

and have also appended the first lines of the omitted hymns treated in the same manner.

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS IN THE FINAL REPORT.

- A charge to keep I have (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 7.
 A few more years shall roll (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 A voice is heard on earth of (*Rev. J. D. Burns*), 5.
 Abide with me, fast falls the (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Above the clear blue sky (*Rev. J. Chandler*), 2, 3, 4, 7, 8.
 According to Thy gracious word (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9.
 Across the sky the shades of night (*J. Hamilton*), 4.
 All glory, laud and honor (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 All hail the power of Jesus' name (*Rev. E. Perronet*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.
 All praise to Him who built (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 11.
 All praise to Thee, eternal Lord (*Tr. German*).
 All praise to Thee, my God, this night (*Bp. Ken*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 All praise to Thee O Lord (*Rev. H. W. Beadon*), 10, 11, 12.
 All unseen the Master walketh (*T. MacKellar*).
 Alleluia, Alleluia, hearts to heaven (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 Alleluia, sing to Jesus (*W. C. Dix*), 2, 3, 4.
 Alleluia, song of sweetness (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12.
 Almighty Father, bless the word (), 1.
 Almighty Father, hear our cry (*Bp. Bickersteth*), 2, 4, 5, 11.
 Almighty God, whose only Son (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 2, 7.
 An exile for the faith (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 11, 12.
 Ancient of Days, who sittest (*Bp. Doane*).
 Angels from the realms of glory (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9.
 Angel-voices ever singing (*Rev. F. Pott*), 2, 3, 4, 11.
 And will the great eternal God (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 Another six days' work is done (*Rev. J. Stennett*), 1.
 Another year is dawning (*Miss F. R. Havergal*).
 Approach my soul the mercy seat (*Rev. J. Newton*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9.
 Arise, O Lord, and shine (*Rev. W. Hurn*), 3, 4, 9.
 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake (*W. Shrubsole*), 1, 5.

Art thou weary, art thou languid (*Tr. Greek*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

As every day Thy mercy spares (*W. Shrubsole*), 1, 4.

As pants the wearied hart for (*Bp. Lowth*), 1.

As when the weary traveller gains (*Rev. J. Newton*), 1, 4, 5.

As with gladness men of old (*W. C. Dix*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Ashamed of Thee, O dearest Lord (*Bp. How*), 4.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep (*Mrs. Mackay*), 1, 4.

At even when the sun did set (*Rev. H. Twells*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11.

At the cross her station keeping (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 4, 6, 9, 11, 12.

At the Lamb's high feast we sing (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12.

At the Name of Jesus (*Miss Caroline M. Noel*), 2.

Awake and sing the song (*Rev. W. Hammond*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 8.

Awake, awake, O Zion (*B. Gough*), 6.

Awake my soul, and with the sun (*Bp. Ken*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Awake my soul, stretch every nerve (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 1, 5.

Before Jehovah's awful throne (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10.

Behold a humble train (), 1.

Behold the Master passeth by (*Bp. How*), 2, 3, 4, 7.

Bishop of the souls of men (*Rev. G. Moultrie*), 2, 4, 6, 11.

Blesséd art thou, who passed before (*Mrs. H. Brock*), 7.

Blesséd City, heavenly Salem (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12.

Blesséd Saviour, Thou hast taught us (*Rev. G. Thring*), 4.

Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 3, 11.

Blest are the pure in heart (*Rev. J. Keble*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Blest be the tie that binds (*Rev. J. Fawcett*), 1.

Blest day of God, most calm (*Rev. J. Mason*), 1, 5, 6, 9.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 5, 6, 8.

Bow down Thine ear, Almighty Lord (*T. E. Powell*), 3, 4.

Bread of Heaven on Thee we feed (*J. Conder*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 12.

Bread of the world in mercy broken (*Bp. Heber*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 8.

Brief life is here our portion (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Brightest and best of the sons (*Bp. Heber*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Brightly gleams our banner (*Rev. T. J. Potter*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11.

Call Jehovah thy salvation (*J. Montgomery*), 1.

Call them in, the poor, the wretched (*Miss Anna Steele*), 4.

Calm on the listening ear of night (*Rev. E. H. Sears*), 1.

Children of the heavenly king (*J. Cennick*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

Christ above all glory seated (*Tr. Latin*), 3, 4, 12.

Christ by heavenly hosts adored (*Rev. H. Harbaugh*).

Christ for the world we sing (*Rev. S. Wolcott*).

Christ is coming, let creation (*Rev. J. R. Macduff*).

Christ is made the sure foundation (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12.

Christ is risen ! Christ is risen (*Rev. A. T. Gurney*), 2, 3.

Christ our King to heaven ascendeth (*Rev. J. H. Hopkins*).

- Christ the life of all the living (*Tr. German*), 11.
 Christ the Lord is risen again (*Tr. German*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 11.
 Christ the Lord is risen to-day (*Miss Jane E. Leeson*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9,
 10, 11, 12.
 Christ, whose glory fills the skies (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Come, Christian children, come (*Miss Dorothy A. Thrupp*), 3, 7.
 Come gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove (*S. Browne*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 Come Holy Ghost, Creator blest (*Tr. Latin*), 2.
 Come Holy Ghost, our souls inspire (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10,
 11, 12.
 Come, Holy Spirit, come (*J. Hart*), 1, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 Come Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 5, 8, 9.
 Come let us join our cheerful songs (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10.
 Come let us sing the song of songs (*J. Montgomery*), 6.
 Come magnify the Saviour's love ().
 Come my soul thou must be waking (*Tr. German*), 1, 3, 9, 11, 12.
 Come my soul thy suit prepare (*Rev. J. Newton*), 1, 2, 5, 8.
 Come O Saviour to Thy table (*Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick*), 3.
 Come praise your Lord and Saviour (*Bp. How*), 4, 7.
 Come pure hearts in sweetest (*R. Campbell*), 1, 2, 11.
 Come, quickly come, dread Judge (*Rev. L. Tuttielt*), 1.
 Come Thou Almighty King (), 1.
 Come Thou Holy Spirit come (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 9, 12.
 Come to our poor nature's night (*G. Rawson*), 2, 3, 4, 5.
 Come unto Me ye weary (*W. C. Dix*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.
 Come ye faithful raise the anthem (*J. Hupton and Rev. J. M. Neale*), 2, 3, 6,
 11, 12.
 Come ye faithful raise the strain (*Tr. Greek*), 2, 3, 11.
 Come ye thankful people come (*Dean Alford*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 11, 12.
 Come ye that love the Lord (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 5, 8, 10.
 Conquering kings their title take (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 5.
 Creator of mankind ().
 Creator Spirit by Whose aid (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 12.
 Crown Him with many crowns (*M. Bridges*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11, 12.
- Day of wrath, that day of mourning (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Days and moments quickly flying (*Rev. E. Caswall*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 11.
 Draw Holy Ghost, Thy seven-fold veil (*Rev. J. Keble*), 1, 11, 12.
 Draw nigh and take the body of the Lord (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 11.
 Dread Jehovah, God of nations (*C. F. [1804]*), 1, 5.
- Earth has many a noble city (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 7.
 Eternal Father, strong to save (*W. Whiting*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 Eternal God, we look to Thee (*Rev. J. Merrick*), 4, 10.
 Every morning mercies new (*Rev. G. Phillimore*), 4, 11.
- Fair waved the golden corn (*Rev. I. H. Gurney*), 2, 2, 4, 5, 7, 11.

- Far down the ages now (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 2, 3.
 Far from my heavenly home (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11.
 Father before Thy throne of light (*Rev. F. W. Farrar*), 2, 3, 5, 10.
 Father hear Thy children's call (*Rev. T. B. Pollock*), 2, 3.
 Father lead us day by day (*J. P. Hopps*),
 Father of all from land and sea (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 2.
 Father of heaven, whose love profound (*Rev. E. Cooper*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8,
 9, 10, 12.
 Father of heaven who hast created all (*Tr. German*), 3, 4.
 Father of love, our guide and friend (*Rev. W. J. Irons*), 4, 6, 7, 10, 11.
 Father of mercies, bow Thine ear (*Rev. B. Beddome*), 1.
 Father of mercies, God of love (*Mrs. Alice Flowerdew*), 2, 4, 5, 10, 12.
 Father of mercies, in Thy word (*Miss Anna Steele*), 1, 2, 5, 8.
 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss (*Miss Anna Steele*), 1, 2, 5, 8, 10.
 Father, who mak'st Thy suffering sons (*Bp. Coxe*).
 Fierce raged the storm of wind (*Rev. H. W. Beadon*), 3, 10, 11, 12.
 Fling out the banner, let it float (*Bp. Doane*), 6, 11.
 For all the saints who from their (*Bp. How*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 12.
 For all Thy love and goodness (*F. J. Douglas and Bp. How*), 3, 4, 7, 10.
 For all Thy saints, a noble throng (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 2, 7.
 For all Thy saints, O Lord (*Bp. Mant*), 2, 3, 5, 8.
 For ever with the Lord (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10.
 For the beauty of the earth (*F. S. Pierpoint*), 3, 7, 11.
 For thee, O dear, dear country (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 For Thee O God, our constant praise (*Mel. Psalms*), 1.
 For Thy mercy and Thy grace (*Rev. H. Downton*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Forty days and forty nights (*Rev. G. A. Smytten*), 1, 2, 3, 7, 9, 11, 12.
 Forward be our watchword (*Dean Alford*), 2, 4, 5, 10, 11.
 Forward go in glad accord (*Rev. L. Tuttiett*), 3.
 From all that dwell below the skies (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 3, 5, 8, 10.
 From all Thy saints in warfare (*Earl Nelson*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 12.
 From glory unto glory (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 2.
 From Greenland's icy mountains (*Bp. Heber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 11, 12.
 From the eastern mountains (*Rev. G. Thring*), 4, 7.

Glorious things of thee are spoken (*Rev. J. Newton*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9,
 10, 11, 12.

Glory be to God, the Father (*Rev. H. Bonar*).

Glory be to Jesus (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12.

Glory, glory everlasting (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 8.

Glory to the blessed Jesus ().

Glory to the Father give (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 6, 7.

Glory to Thee, O Lord (*Mrs. E. Toke*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 9, 10, 12.

Go forward, Christian soldier (*Rev. L. Tuttiett*), 3, 7, 9, 12.

Go, labor on, spend and be spent (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 5.

God Almighty in Thy temple (*Rev. R. H. Baynes*), 7.

God bless our native land (*Rev. J. S. Dwight*), 1.

- God, in heaven, hear our singing (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 7.
 God is love, His mercy brightens (*Sir J. Bowring*), 4.
 God is love; that anthem olden (*Rev. J. S. B. Monseff*), 3, 4.
 God moves in a mysterious way (*W. Cowper*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 God, my Father, hear me pray (*Rev. J. Holme*), 9.
 God, my king, Thy might confessing (*Rev. W. Goode*), 1.
 God of mercy, God of grace (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11.
 God of mercy, throned on high (*Henry Neele*), 4, 5, 6, 9.
 God of our fathers, bless this land (*Rev. J. H. Hopkins*).
 God of the living, in Whose eyes (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2, 3, 4.
 God that madest earth and heaven (*Bp. Heber and Abp. Whately*), 1, 2, 3,
 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 God the Father, God the Son (*Rev. R. F. Littledale*), 2, 7.
 Golden harps are sounding (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 7.
 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd (*Miss Jane E. Leeson and J. Whitte-*
more), 2, 3, 7, 11, 12.
 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, 10, 11.
 Grant us, O our heavenly Father (*Rev. G. Thring?*), 4.
 Great Creator, Lord of all (*Rev. T. B. Pollock*), 7.
 Great God of our salvation (*Abp. Benson*).
 Great God to Thee my evening song (*Miss Anna Steele*), 1.
 Great God what do I see and hear (*Tr. German and Rev. W. B. Collyer*), 1,
 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Great King of nations hear our prayer (*Rev. J. H. Gurney*), 2, 3, 5, 10.
 Great Shepherd of the sheep ().
 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah (*Rev. W. Williams*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10,
 11, 12.
 Guide Thou, O God, the guardian (*Rev. G. Phillimore*) 3, 10.
- Hail the day that sees Him rise (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10,
 11, 12.
 Hail, Thou long expected Jesus (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
 Hail, Thou once despised Jesus (*J. Bakewell*), 1, 3, 5, 6, 8.
 Hail, Thou source of every blessing (*Rev. B. Woodd*), 3, 4, 5, 12.
 Hail to the Lord's anointed (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Hail to the Lord Who comes (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2, 7.
 Hark, a thrilling voice is sounding (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.
 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord (*W. Cowper*), 1, 2, 5, 7, 9, 10.
 Hark, ten thousand voices (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 8, 9.
 Hark, the glad sound the Saviour (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,
 10, 11, 12.
 Hark, the herald-angels sing (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 11, 12.
 Hark, the loud celestial hymn (*Rev. C. A. Walworth*).
 Hark, the song of jubilee (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 4, 5, 8, 10, 12.
 Hark, the sound of holy voices (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10,
 11, 12.

- Hark, the swelling breezes (), 5, 7.
 Hark, the voice eternal (), 4.
 Hark, what mean those holy voices? (*Rev. J. Cawood*), 1, 4, 8, 9.
 Have mercy, Lord, on me (*Mel. Psalms*), 1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 He is risen, He is risen (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 1, 6, 9, 11, 12.
 He leadeth me, O blessed thought (*J. H. Gilmore*).
 Heal me, O my Saviour, heal (*Rev. G. Thring*), 3, 4, 9, 10, 11.
 Hear Thy children's hymn of praise (*Rev. E. A. Curteis*), 7.
 Hear us, Thou that broodest (*Rev. G. Thring*), 4.
 Heavenly Father send Thy blessing (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 2, 3, 4, 7, 9.
 Heavenly Shepherd Thee we pray (), 4.
 Heirs of unending life (*Rev. B. Beddome*), 1.
 Here O my Lord I see Thee (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 3, 5, 8.
 Holy Father, cheer our way (*Rev. R. H. Robinson*), 2, 3, 4.
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 1, 4, 12.
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty (*Bp. Heber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9,
 10, 11, 12.
 Holy offerings rich and rare (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*), 3, 4.
 Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove (*Rev. T. B. Pollock and Rev. Dr. Littledale*), 2,
 3, 5, 6.
 Holy Spirit, Lord of Glory (*Rev. R. H. Baynes*), 3, 7.
 Holy Spirit, Lord of love (*Bp. MacLagan*), 7.
 Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 5, 10.
 Hosanna to the living Lord (*Bp. Heber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Hosanna we sing, like the (*Rev. G. S. Hodges*), 2, 7.
 How beauteous are their feet (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 How beauteous were the marks Divine (*Bp. Coxe*).
 How blessed from the bonds of sin (*Tr. German*) 2, 3.
 How oft, O Lord, Thy face hath shone (*Rev. W. Bright*), 2.
 How sweet the name of Jesus (*Rev. J. Newton*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Hushed was the evening hymn (*Rev. J. D. Burns*), 2, 3, 7.
 I am not worthy, holy Lord (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 2, 7.
 I could not do without Thee (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 2, 5.
 I heard a sound of voices (*Rev. G. Thring*).
 I heard the voice of Jesus say (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11.
 I hunger and I thirst (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*), 5.
 I lay my sins on Jesus (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 5, 6, 8.
 I love Thy kingdom Lord (*Dr. T. Dwight*), 1.
 I need Thee, precious Jesus (*Rev. F. Whitfield*), 5, 6, 8, 11.
 I think when I read that sweet story (*Mrs. J. Luke*), 1, 5, 7, 8.
 If thou wouldst life attain (*Rev. E. Caswall*), 4, 11.
 I'm but a stranger here (*Rev. T. R. Taylor*), 4, 5, 6, 8.
 In exile here we wander (*Rev. W. Cooke*), 4, 11.
 In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord (*Rev. W. Bullock*), 2, 4.
 In His temple now behold Him (*Tr. German*), 3, 4, 5, 7, 12.
 In the hour of trial (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12.
 In the name which earth and (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 3.
 In the vineyard of our Father (*T. MacKellar*), 1.

In token that thou shalt not fear (*Dean Alford*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Inspirer and hearer of prayer (*Rev. A. M. Toplady*), 1.

It came upon the midnight clear (*Rev. E. H. Sears*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 12.

It is finished, blessed Jesus (*Bp. MacLagan*), 2, 7.

Jerusalem, my happy home (), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Jerusalem the golden (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus and shall it ever be (*Rev. J. Grigg*), 1, 5, 8.

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Jesus came, the heavens adoring (*Rev. G. Thring*), 4, 8.

Jesus cast a look on me (*Rev. J. Berridge*), 9.

Jesus Christ is passing by (*Rev. J. D. Smith*), 9.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus from Thy throne on high (*Rev. T. B. Pollock*), 5, 7.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour (*Rev. F. W. Faber*), 2, 6, 7.

Jesus high in glory (*Rev. J. Erskine Clarke*), 3, 4, 6, 7, 9.

Jesus, I live to Thee (*Rev. H. Harbaugh*).

Jesus in Thy dying woes (*Rev. T. B. Pollock*), 3, 4, 5.

Jesus, King of glory (*W. H. Davison*).

Jesus, life of those who die (*Rev. T. B. Pollock*), 2, 3, 4.

Jesus lives! no longer now (*Tr. German*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus, Lord of life and glory (*J. J. Cummins*), 2, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus, Lord, Thy praise we sing (), 11.

Jesus, lover of my soul (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus, meek and gentle (*Rev. G. R. Prynne*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus, merciful and mild (*T. Hastings*).

Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all (*Rev. H. Collins*), 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Jesus my Saviour look on me (*Rev. J. R. Macduff*), 1, 3, 8, 12.

Jesus my strength, my hope (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 5, 8.

Jesus, name of wondrous love (*Bp. How*), 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, 12.

Jesus, our risen King (*Rev. J. Allen*), 4.

Jesus Saviour ever mild (*Eds. H. A. and M.*), 2.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus still lead on (*Tr. German*), 3, 4, 5, 6, 8.

Jesus, tender Shepherd (*Mrs. M. L. Duncan*), 1, 5, 7, 8.

Jesus, the very thought is sweet (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 5, 6, 11.

Jesus, the very thought of Thee (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12.

Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 12.

Jesus Thy boundless love to me (*Tr. German*).

Jesus to Thy table led (*Rev. R. H. Baynes*), 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9.

Jesus where'er Thy people meet (*W. Cowper, altered*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 12.

Jesus with Thy church abide (*Rev. T. B. Pollock*), 2, 3, 4, 5.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 5.

Just as I am, without one plea (*Miss C. Elliott*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10.

King of glory, Saviour dear (*Mrs. Mitchell*), 7.

King of saints, O Lord incarnate (*Rev. W. Cooke and Rev. B. Webb*), 11.
 King of saints, to Whom the number (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2, 3, 4, 7.

Laboring and heavy laden (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*).

Lamb of God, for sinners slain (*Bp. Woodford*), 11, 12.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 12.

Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace (*Bernard Barton*).

Lead, kindly Light, amid the (*Card. Newman*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us (*J. Edmeston*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art (*Miss. C. Elliott*), 3, 5, 8, 10.

Let me with light and truth be blessed (*Met. Psalms*), 1.

Let no hopeless tears be shed (*Tr. Latin*), 4, 7.

Let saints on earth in concert sing (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 5, 8, 10, 12.

Lift the strain of high thanksgiving (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2, 3, 4.

Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates (*Tr. German*).

Light's abode, celestial Salem (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 11, 12.

Lo! God is here! let us adore (*Tr. German*), 2, 3, 5, 12.

Lo! He comes with clouds (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Lo! round the throne a glorious band (*Mrs. M. L. Duncan*), 2, 4, 5, 11.

Lo! the voice of Jesus (*A. E. Evans*), 3.

Lo! what a cloud of witnesses (*J. Logan*), 1.

Look from Thy sphere of endless day (*W. C. Bryant*).

Looking upward every day (*Miss Mary Butler*), 7.

Lord, a Saviour's love displaying (*Rev. E. Hawkins*), 4, 7, 10.

Lord, as to Thy dear cross we flee (*Rev. J. H. Gurney*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10.

Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing (*Hon. and Rev. W. Shirley*), 1, 3, 4, 5,
 8, 9, 10.

Lord, for ever at Thy side (*J. Montgomery*), 1.

Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping (*Rev. H. Downton*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10.

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing (*Mrs. E. Codner*), 2, 5.

Lord, in this Thy mercy's day (*Rev. I. Williams*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead (*Rev. J. Keble*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10,
 11, 12.

Lord, it belongs not to my care (*R. Baxter*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 12.

Lord, it is good for us to be (*Dean Stanley*), 4.

Lord Jesus, by Thy passion ().

Lord Jesus, think on me (*Rev. A. W. Chatfield*), 2, 4.

Lord Jesus on the holy mount (*Rev. J. Anketell*).

Lord Jesus, when we stand afar (*Bp. How*), 3, 4.

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went (*Dr. Crosswell*), 1.

Lord of all being; throned afar (*O. W. Holmes*).

Lord of all power and might (*Rev. H. Stowell*), 5.

Lord of glory, Who hast brought us (*Mrs. E. S. Alderson*), 2.

Lord of our life, and God of our salvation (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12.

Lord of the church, we humbly (*E. Osler*), 4, 8, 9, 10.

Lord of the harvest hear (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1.

Lord of the harvest, it is right (*Rev. S. J. Stone*), 2.

Lord of the harvest, once again (*J. Austice*), 2, 4, 10, 12.

Lord of the harvest, Thee we hail (*Rev. J. H. Gurney*), 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 Lord of the hearts of men (*Bp. Woodford*), 11, 12.
 Lord of the living harvest (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*), 3, 7.
 Lord of the worlds above (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 12.
 Lord pour Thy spirit from on high (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 2, 4, 10, 11.
 Lord speak to me that I may speak (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 2, 4, 5.
 Lord, Thy children guide and keep (*Bp. How*), 3, 4, 7, 10.
 Lord, Thy word abideth (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 2, 3, 7, 8, 12.
 Lord, to Thee glad songs of praise (), 7.
 Lord, when we bend before Thy throne (*Rev. J. D. Carlyle*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.
 Lord, while for all mankind we pray (*Rev. J. R. Wreford*).
 Lord, who at Cana's wedding feast (), 4.
 Lord! who throughout these forty days (*Mrs. C. F. Hernaman*), 7.
 Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee (*F. S. Key*), 1.
 Love divine, all love excelling (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.
 Love of Jesus all divine (*Rev. F. Bottome*).
 Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep (*Miss Jane E. Leeson*), 2.

My faith looks up to Thee (*Dr. Ray Palmer*), 1, 4, 5, 8, 9.
 My Father for another night (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 2, 5, 7.
 My God, accept my heart this day (*M. Bridges*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 7.
 My God, and is Thy table spread (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 My God, I love Thee: not because (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 6, 9, 11.
 My God I thank Thee Who hast made (*Miss. A. A. Proctor*), 4, 5.
 My God, my Father, while I stray (*Miss C. Elliott*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 My God permit me not to be (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1.
 My hope is built on nothing less (*J. Rees?*), 5.
 My soul, be on thy guard (*Rev. G. Heath*), 1.
 My spirit on Thy care (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*).
 My times are in Thy hands (*W. F. Lloyd*), 5, 8, 10.

Nearer my God to Thee, (*Mrs. S. F. Adams*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 New every morning is the love (*Rev. J. Keble*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 No change of time shall ever shock (*Mel. Psalms*), 1, 4, 8, 9.
 Not by Thy mighty hand (*Bp. Woodford*), 4, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 Not to the terrors of the Lord (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1.
 Now a new year opens (*Rev. S. C. Clarke*), 7.
 Now from the altar of our hearts (*Rev. J. Mason*), 1.
 Now thank we all our God (*Tr. German*) 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Now that the daylight fills the sky (*Tr. Latin*) 2, 3, 4, 7.
 Now that the wants are told (*Rev. W. Bright*), 2.
 Now the day is over (*Rev. S. Baring-Gould*) 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8.
 Now the dreary night is done ().
 Now the laborer's task is o'er (*Rev. J. Ellerton*) 2, 3, 4, 5, 10.

- O Bread of life, from heaven (*Rev. P. Schaff*).
 O Brightness of the immortal (*Tr. Greek*), 3, 4.
 O brothers, lift your voices (*Bp. Bickersteth*), 5, 8.
 O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord (*Tr. Latin*).
 O come, all ye faithful (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 O come and mourn with me awhile (*Rev. F. W. Faber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12.
 O come, O come, Emmanuel (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 6, 9, 11.
 O day of rest and gladness (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 O Father bless the children (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2.
 O for a closer walk with God (*W. Cowper*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 10.
 O for a thousand tongues to sing (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 2, 3, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 O Fount of good, to own Thy love (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11.
 O God, in whose all-searching eye (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 1, 4, 9, 11.
 O God of Bethel, by Whose hand (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12.
 O God of life, Whose power benign (*Rev. A. T. Russell*), 4, 9, 11.
 O God of love, O King of peace (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 1, 2, 3, 8.
 O God of mercy, God of might, (*Rev. J. Keble*), 4, 9, 10.
 O God, our help in ages past (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 O God, our Strength, our Hope, our Rock (*Bp. Bickersteth*).
 O God, the Rock of Ages (*Bp. Bickersteth*), 5.
 O God, unseen yet ever near (*E. Osler*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 O gracious Saviour, bless us ().
 O happy day that stays my choice (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 1, 8.
 O Heavenly Father, mindful of the love (*Rev. W. Bright*), 2.
 O heavenly Jerusalem (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 6, 7.
 O Heavenly Word, eternal Light (*Tr. Latin*), 2.
 O holy, holy, holy, Lord (*Rev. J. W. Eastburn*), 1.
 O holy Jesus, Prince of peace (*Rev. Brown-Borthwick*), 3.
 O Holy Ghost, Thou God of peace (*Rev. I. Williams*), 3, 4.
 O holy Saviour, Friend unseen (*Miss C. Elliott*), 4, 5, 8.
 O Jesus, crucified for man (*Bp. How*), 2, 3, 4, 7.
 O Jesus, God and man (*Rev. F. W. Faber*), 6, 11.
 O Jesus, I have promised (*Rev. J. B. Bode*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8.
 O Jesus, King most wonderful (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12.
 O Jesus, Lord most merciful (*Rev. J. Hamilton*), 4, 6, 8.
 O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10.
 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost (*Bp. Bickersteth*), 1, 5.
 O Jesus, Thou art standing (*Bp. How*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11.
 O Jesus, we adore Thee (*Rev. A. T. Russell*).
 O Lamb of God! still keep me (*J. G. Deck*).
 O Light, Whose beams illumine all (*Rev. E. H. Plumptre*), 2, 4, 7.
 O little town of Bethlehem (*Rev. Phillips Brooks*).
 O Lord, be with us when we sail (*Rev. E. A. Dayman*), 2, 3, 4, 8, 11, 12.
 O Lord of heaven, and earth and sea (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11.
 O Lord of Hosts! almighty King (*O. W. Holmes*), 4.
 O Lord of Hosts! Whose glory fills (*Rev. J. M. Neale*), 1, 2, 4, 6, 11.

- O Lord our strength in weakness (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 2.
 O Love divine, that stooped to share (*O. W. Holmes*), 4.
 O Love that casts out fear (*Rev. H. Bonar*).
 O mighty God, Creator, King (*Rev. G. Thring*), 4.
 O mother dear, Jerusalem (*D. Dickson*), 1.
 O One with God the Father (*Bp. How*), 3.
 O Paradise, O Paradise (*Rev. F. W. Faber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11.
 O Rock of Ages, one Foundation (*Rev. H. A. Martin*), 3.
 O sacred head surrounded (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11.
 O Saviour! precious Saviour (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 2, 4.
 O Saviour, Who for man hast trod (*Tr. Latin*), 2.
 O Son of God, our Captain of salvation (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2, 3, 4.
 O Son of Man, Thyself once crossed (*Rev. J. F. Thrupp*), 3.
 O Spirit of the Living God (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 9, 10.
 O Thou before Whose presence (*Rev. S. J. Stone*), 2.
 O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows (*Rev. T. Haweis*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8,
 9, 10, 11.
 O Thou, in Whom alone is found (*H. Ware, Jr.*), 4.
 O Thou, in Whom Thy saints repose (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 3, 4.
 O Thou, that hear'st when sinners cry (*Rev. I. Watts*), 2.
 O Thou, the contrite sinners' Friend (*Miss C. Elliott*), 4, 5, 9, 10, 12.
 O Thou, through suffering perfect made (*Bp. How*), 3.
 O Thou, to Whose all-searching sight (*Tr. German*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 10.
 O Thou, Who by a star didst guide (*Rev. J. M. Neale*), 5, 7.
 O Thou, Who didst with love untold (*Mrs. E. Toke*), 3, 4, 11.
 O Thou, Who gav'st Thy servant grace (*Bp. Heber*), 4, 11.
 O Thou, Who madest land and sea (*Rev. G. Thring*), 4.
 O Thou, Who through this holy week (*Rev. J. M. Neale*), 3.
 O Thou, Whose own vast temple stands (*W. C. Bryant*).
 O Very God of Very God (*Rev. J. M. Neale*), 11.
 O wondrous type! O vision fair (*Tr. Latin*).
 O Word of God incarnate (*Bp. How*), 1, 3, 5, 8, 11, 12.
 O'er the distant mountains breaking (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*).
 Of the Father sole-begotten (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12.
 Oft in danger, oft in woe (*H. K. White*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul (*Met. Psalms*), 1.
 Oh, blest was he, whose earlier skill (*Bp. How*), 3, 7.
 Oh, come loud anthems let us sing (*Met. Psalms*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 11.
 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink (*Rev. W. H. Bathurst*), 2, 5.
 Oh, happy band of pilgrims (*Tr. Greek*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11.
 Oh, help us Lord; each hour of need (*Dean Milman*), 2, 3, 4, 8, 10, 12.
 Oh, render thanks to God above (*Met. Psalms*), 1, 5, 8, 10.
 Oh, that the Lord's salvation (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 3, 8.
 Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow (*A. Monod*), 2, 5.
 Oh, what if we are Christ's (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 2, 8, 12.
 Oh, where shall rest be found (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 4, 8.
 Oh, why should Israel's sons once (*Rev. J. Joyce*), 1, 5.
 Oh, worship the King (*Sir R. Grant*), 1, 2, 4, 9, 11, 12.

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry (*Rev. J. Chandler*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12.

On our way rejoicing as we (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*), 3.

On the resurrection morning (*Rev. S. Baring-Gould*), 2, 3, 4.

On the waters dark and drear (*W. C. Dix*), 2, 3.

On this day, the first of days (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 7.

Once in royal David's city (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be (*Bp. Doane*), 1.

One sweetly solemn thought (*Miss P. Carey*), 5.

Only one prayer to-day (*W. C. Dix*), 6.

Onward, Christian soldiers (*Rev. S. Baring-Gould*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12.

Onward, Christian, through the region (*Rev. S. Johnson*).

Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed (*Miss H. Auber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Our day of praise is done (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Our Lord is risen from the dead (), 1, 5, 8, 9.

Out of the deep I call (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 2, 3.

Peace, perfect peace in this dark world (*Bp. Bickersteth*), 2, 5.

Pity on us, heavenly Father (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*).

Pleasant are Thy courts above (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 11.

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Praise, praise ye the Name of Jehovah ().

Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore Him (*Rev. J. Kemphorne*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Praise to God, immortal praise (*Mrs. A. L. Barbauld*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 9, 12.

Praise to the heavenly Wisdom (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2.

Praise we, the Lord, this day (), 1, 2, 3, 7, 12.

Prince of peace, control my will (*Miss M. A. S. Barber*).

Raised between the earth and heaven (), 4.

Rejoice, rejoice, believers (*Tr. German*), 1, 5.

Rejoice, the Lord is King (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10.

Rejoice, ye pure in heart (*Rev. E. H. Plumptre*), 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, 11.

Rejoice, ye sons of men! (*Bp. How*), 3.

Resting from His work to-day (*Rev. T. Whytehead*), 1, 2, 9.

Revive Thy work, O Lord (*Rev. A. Midlane*), 5.

Ride on! ride on in majesty! (*Dean Milman*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Rise crowned with light, imperial Salem (*A. Pope*), 1.

Rise, my soul, and stretch (*Rev. R. Seagrave*), 1.

Rock of ages cleft for me (*Rev. A. M. Toplady*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Round the Lord in glory seated (*Bp. Mant*), 1, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 12.

Safe upon the billowy deep (*Prof. H. Coppée*).

Saviour, again to Thy dear Name (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11.

- Saviour, blessed Saviour (*Rev. G. Thring*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12.
 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing (*J. Edmeston*), 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us (*Rev. G. Duffield*), 1, 6, 8.
 Saviour, source of every blessing (*Rev. R. Robinson*), 1.
 Saviour, sprinkle many nations (*Bp. Cox*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.
 Saviour, teach me day by day (*Miss Jane R. Leeson*).
 Saviour, when in dust to Thee (*Sir R. Grant*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Saviour, when night involves (*Rev. T. Gisborne*), 1.
 Saviour, who Thy flock art feeding (*Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg*), 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9.
 Saw you never in the twilight (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 4.
 See the Conqueror mounts in (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 See the destined day arise (*Bp. Mant*), 1, 2, 5, 8, 11.
 Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless (), 1.
 Shepherd of tender youth (*Tr. Greek*).
 Shepherd, with Thy tenderest love ().
 Shine on our souls, eternal God (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 10.
 Shout the glad tidings (*Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg*), 1.
 Sinful, sighing to be blest (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*), 4, 5.
 Sing alleluia forth in duteous (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11.
 Sing my soul, His wondrous love (), 1.
 Sing, oh! sing, this blessed morn (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 7.
 Sing praise to God, Who reigns (*Tr. German*), 2, 4.
 Sing with all the sons of glory (*Rev. W. J. Irons*), 4, 10.
 Sing, ye faithful, sing with (*Rev. J. Ellerton*) 3.
 So rest, our rest (*Tr. German*), 4, 11.
 Softly now the light of day (*Bp. Doane*), 1.
 Soldiers of Christ, arise (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Soldiers of the cross, arise! (*Bp. How*), 2, 3, 4, 9.
 Son of God, eternal Word (*Bp. Wordsworth*).
 Son of Man, to Thee I cry (*Bp. Mant*), 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.
 Songs of praise the Angels sang (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.
 Songs of thankfulness and praise (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 10, 12.
 Soon and forever (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*), 4.
 Souls in heathen darkness lying (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 1, 7, 10, 12.
 Sound aloud Jehovah's praises (*Rev. H. A. Martin*), 3.
 Sovereign ruler of the skies (*Rev. J. Ryland*), 1, 10.
 Speed Thy servants, Saviour (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 4, 5, 8, 10, 12.
 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers (*Rev. A. Reed*), 5, 8.
 Spirit of mercy, truth and love () 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12.
 Stand, soldier of the cross (*Bp. Bickersteth*), 3, 5.
 Stand up, stand up for Jesus (*Rev. Geo. Duffield*), 2, 5.
 Stars of the morning, so (*Tr. Greek*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 11.
 Summer suns are glowing (*Bp. How*), 3, 4, 7, 10.
 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear (*Rev. J. Keble*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Suppliant, lo! Thy children bend (*T. Gray*) 4.
 Sweet the moments rich in blessing (*J. Allen and Hon. and Rev. W. Shirley*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go (*Rev. F. W. Faber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12.

Tarry with me, O my Saviour (*Mrs. C. S. Smith*).

Ten thousand times ten thousand (*Dean Alford*), 2, 5.

The ancient law departs (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 12.

The Angel sped on wings of light (*Bp. How*), 3.

The Church has waited long (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 3, 5, 6, 8, 11.

The Church's one foundation (*Rev. S. J. Stone*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 11.

The cross is on our brow (*W. C. Dix*), 9, 11.

The day is gently sinking to a close (*Bp. Wordsworth*), 1, 4, 10, 11.

The day is past and over (*Tr. Greek*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

The day of resurrection (*Tr. Greek*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12.

The earth, O Lord, is one wide field (*Rev. J. M. Neale*), 2, 7.

The foe behind, the deep before (*Rev. J. M. Neale*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12.

The God of Abraham, praise (*T. Olivers*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8.

The God of love my Shepherd is (*G. Rawson*), 4.

The grave itself a garden is (*Bp. Wordsworth*).

The head that once was crowned with thorns (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

The Heavenly King must come (*Rev. H. A. Martin*), 3.

The King of love my Shepherd is (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8.

The Lord is King; lift up your voice (*J. Conder*), 3, 8, 10.

The morning bright with rosy light (*Rev. T. O. Summers*), 4, 5, 7, 8.

The radiant morn hath passed away (*Rev. G. Thring*), 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11.

The roscate hues of early dawn (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

The royal banners forward go (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 6, 9, 11, 12.

The saints of God, their conflict past (*Bp. MacLagan*), 2, 3, 4, 7.

The shadows of the evening hours (*Miss A. A. Proctor*), 1, 4, 10.

The son of consolation (*Mrs. M. Coote*), 3.

The Son of God goes forth to war (*Bp. Heber*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

The spirit in our hearts (*Bp. Onderdonk*), 1, 5, 6.

The strain upraise of joy and Praise (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12.

The strife is o'er, the battle done (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11.

The sun is sinking fast (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11.

The world is very evil (*Tr. Latin*), 1, 2, 4, 10, 11.

The year is swiftly waning (*Bp. How*), 3, 4, 10.

Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 12.

There is a blessed home (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12.

There is a fountain filled with blood (*W. Cowper*), 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10.

There is a green hill far away (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10.

There is a land of pure delight (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10.

There is a Name I love to hear (*Rev. F. Whitfield*), 5, 8.

There is one way, and only (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 2.

There's a friend for little children (*Rev. A. Midlane*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old (*Rev. E. H. Plumptre*), 2, 3, 4, 8, 11.

Thine forever, God of love (*Mrs. M. F. Maude*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

- This day, by Thy creative word (*Bp. How*), 3, 7, 8, 11.
 This day the wondrous mystery (*Rev. E. Caswall*), 11.
 This is a day of light (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12.
 Those eternal bowers man hath (*Tr. Greek*), 3, 5, 6.
 Thou art coming, O my Saviour (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 2, 5.
 Thou art gone up on high (*Mrs. E. Toke*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Thou art the Christ, O Lord (*Bp. How*), 2, 3.
 Thou art the way, to Thee alone (*Bp. Doane*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Thou didst leave Thy throne (*Miss E. E. S. Elliott*), 7.
 Thou, God, all glory, honor, power (*Met. Psalms*), 1, 8, 12.
 Thou hidden love of God (*Tr. German*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 10.
 Thou knowest Lord, the weariness (*Miss J. Borthwick*), 5, 11.
 Thou standest at the altar (*E. W. Eddis*), 3.
 Thou to Whom the sick and dying (*Rev. G. Thring*), 2, 3, 4.
 Thou Who at Thy first Eucharist (*Capt. Turton*), 2.
 Thou, Who on that wondrous journey (*Dean Alford*), 4.
 Thou Who sentest Thine apostles (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2, 4.
 Thou Who the night in prayer ().
 Thou Who with dying lips (*Miss E. Wigglesworth*), 7.
 Thou Whose almighty word (*Rev. J. Marriott*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Though faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way (*Rev. J. N. Darby*).
 Three in one, and One in three (*Rev. G. Rorison*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11.
 Through the day Thy love has (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Through the night of doubt (*Rev. S. Baring-Gould*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
 Thy kingdom come, O God (*Rev. L. Hensley*), 1, 2.
 Thy life was given for me (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 2, 3, 4, 7.
 Thy temple is not made with hands (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*).
 Thy way, not mine, O Lord (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12.
 Till He come, oh, let the words (*Bp. Bickersteth*), 5, 8.
 To bless Thy chosen race (*Met. Psalms*), 1, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 To-day thy mercy calls us (*O. Allen*), 3, 6.
 To hail Thy rising, Sun of life (*Rev. J. Morison*), 1.
 To Him who for our sins was slain (*Rev. A. T. Russell*), 1, 3, 8.
 To Zion's hill I lift my eyes (*Met. Psalms*), 1.
 To the Name of our salvation (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12.
 To Thee, O Comforter divine (*Miss F. R. Havergal*), 2.
 To Thee, O Father, throned on high (*Bp. Doane*),
 To Thee, O God, we Gentiles pay (*Tr. Latin*), 11.
 To Thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise (*W. C. Dix*), 2, 3, 6.
 To Thee our God we fly (*Bp. How*), 2, 3, 8.
 Triumphant Lord, Thy work is (*Rev. W. J. Irons*), 40.

- Wake, harp of Zion, wake again (*J. Edmeston*), 4.
 We come, Lord, to Thy feet (*Lady L. Whitmore*), 5.
 We give Thee but Thine own (*Bp. How*), 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11.
 We love the place, O God (*Rev. W. Bullock*), 2, 3, 5, 6, 11, 12.
 We march, we march to victory (*Rev. G. Moultrie*), 6, 11.
 We plough the fields and scatter (*Tr. German*), 2, 3, 4, 7, 8.
 We praise Thy Grace, O Saviour (*Bp. How*), 3, 7.

- We sing the glorious conquest (*Rev. J. Ellerton*), 2, 3.
 We sing the praise of Him who died (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9.
 We walk by faith and not by sight (*Dean Alford*), 10.
 We would see Jesus; for the shadows, () 5.
 Weary of earth and laden with my sin (*Rev. S. J. Stone*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11.
 Weary of wandering from my God (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 2, 5.
 Welcome, happy morning, age (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 5, 11.
 Welcome, sweet day of rest (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 5.
 What thanks and praise to Thee we owe (*Bp. MacLagan*), 2.
 What time the evening shadows fall (*Rev. J. W. Hewett*), 2.
 When all Thy mercies, O, my God (*J. Addison*), 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 When at thy footstool, Lord, I bend (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 2, 10.
 When doomed to death the apostle lay (*W. C. Bryant*).
 When from the East the wise men came (*Rev. J. H. Hopkins*).
 When I survey the wondrous cross (*Rev. I. Watts*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 When morning gilds the skies (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 6, 11.
 When our heads are bowed with woe (*Dean Milman*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 When the bright morn I see (*Mrs. Alleyne*).
 When the weary, seeking rest (*Rev. H. Bonar*), 8, 10.
 When Thou, O Lord, didst send (*Bp. Wordsworth*).
 Where'er have trod Thy sacred feet () 3, 4.
 Where the angel hosts adore Thee (*W. Denton*), 3.
 While o'er the deep Thy servants (*Bp. Burgess*).
 While shepherds watched their flocks (*Met. Psalms*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 While Thee I seek, protecting power (*Miss H. M. Williams*), 1.
 Who are these in bright array (*J. Montgomery*), 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10.
 Who are these like stars appearing (*Tr. German*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11.
 Winter reigneth o'er the land (*Bp. How*), 3, 7.
 With broken heart and contrite sigh (*C. Elven*), 1, 3.
 With joy we hail the sacred day (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*).
 With one consent let all the earth (*Met. Psalms*), 1, 8.
 With tearful eyes I look around (*Miss C. Elliott*).
 Within the Father's house (*Bp. Woodford*), 2, 10, 11, 12.
 Work, for the night is coming (*Miss A. L. Walker*), 7.
 Ye servants of the Lord (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11.

**FIRST LINES OF THE HYMNS IN THE PRESENT HYMNAL,
 WHICH ARE NOT IN THE REPORT.**

- A glory gilds the sacred page (*W. Cowper*).
 A mountain fastness is our God (*Tr. German*), 8, 10.
 Adored forever be the Lord (*Met. Psalms*).
 Again the Lord of life and light (*Mrs. A. L. Barbauld*), 11.
 Ah, how shall fallen man (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Ah, not like erring man is God (*Bp. Onderdonk*).

All glorious God, what hymns of praise (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow (*J. Moultrie*), 3, 4, 9, 10.
 Almighty God, I call to Thee (*Tr. German*).
 Almighty Lord before Thy throne (*Miss A. Steele*).
 All people that on earth do dwell (*Mel. Psalms*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 Although the vine its fruit deny (*Bp. Onderdonk*), 6.
 Am I a soldier of the cross (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 And are we now brought near to God (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 Angel bands, in strains sweet sounding (*J. DeWolfe*).
 Angels, roll the rock away (*Rev. T. Scott*), 9.
 Arise, my soul, with rapture rise (*S. J. Smith*).
 As by the light of opening day (*Rev. J. Newton*).
 As now the sun's declining rays (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 11, 12.
 As o'er the past my memory strays (*Bp. Middleton*).
 As, panting in the sultry beam (*J. Bowdler*).
 As pants the hart for cooling streams (*Mel. Psalms*), 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.
 As the sweet flower that scents the morn (*Cunningham*).
 Awake, my soul, to joyful lays (*Rev. S. Medley*), 5.
 Awake, our souls! away our fears (*Rev. I. Watts*), 8.
 Awake, ye saints, awake (*Rev. T. Cotterill and Miss E. Scott*).

Before the ending of the day (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 11.
 Before the Lord we bow (*F. S. Key*), 8.
 Begin, my soul, the exalted lay (*Rev. J. Ogilvie*).
 Behold the glories of the Lamb (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Behold the Lamb of God (*M. Bridges*), 2, 3, 11.
 Behold the morning sun (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Behold the Saviour of mankind (*Rev. S. Wesley, Sr.*).
 Be still, my heart, these anxious cares (*Rev. J. Newton*).
 Bless God, my Soul, Thou Lord, alone (*Mel. Psalms*).
 Bound upon the accursed tree (*Dean Milman*) 4, 5, 10.
 Breast the wave, Christian (*J. Stammers*), 6.
 By cool Siloam's shady rill (*Bp. Heber*), 5, 7, 9, 10.

Christ is our corner-stone (*Tr. Latin*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8.
 Christian! dost thou see them (*Tr. Greek*), 2, 3, 6, 8, 11, 12.
 Christians, awake, salute the happy morn (*J. Byrom*), 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 11.
 Come hither, ye faithful (*Tr. Latin*).
 Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come (*Tr. Latin*).
 Come, Holy Ghost, eternal God (*Tr. Latin*), 2.
 Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son (*Tr. Latin*), 11.
 Come see the place where Jesus lay (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 4, 9.
 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy (*J. Hart*), 5, 8.

Dawn purples all the East with light (*Tr. Latin*).
 Day of judgment, day of wonders (*Rev. J. Newton*), 9.
 Deign this union to approve (*Rev. W. B. Collyer*).
 Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord (*J. Hart*).

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Pierce was the wild billow (*Tr. Greek*), 4, 5, 6, 8, 11, 12.
 For ever here my rest shall be (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 5.
 For the Apostles' glorious company (*Bp. How*).
 Forth from the dark and stormy sky (*Bp. Heber*), 4.
 Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 2, 3, 5, 8, 10, 11.
 From every stormy wind that blows (*Rev. H. Stowell*), 5.

Go forth, ye heralds, in My Name (*J. Maxwell*).
 Go to dark Gethsemane (*J. Montgomery*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 God is our Refuge in distress (*Met. Psalms*).
 God of my life, O Lord most high (*Met. Psalms*).
 God of my life, to Thee I call (*W. Cowper*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8.
 God of our fathers, by Whose hand (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 God's perfect law converts the soul (*Met. Psalms*).
 God's temple crowns the holy mount (*Met. Psalms*).
 Grace! 'tis a charming sound (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 8.
 Great God, this sacred day of Thine (*Miss A. Steele*).
 Great God, with wonder and with praise (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Great is our guilt, our fears are great (*Miss A. Steele*).

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear (*Met. Psalms*).
 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling (*Rev. F. W. Faber*), 2, 4,
 5, 6, 7, 8.
 Hark! the voice of love and mercy (*J. Evans*), 5, 8, 12.
 Hasten, sinner! to be wise (*Rev. T. Scott*).
 Hasten the time appointed (*Miss J. Borthwick*).
 He that has God his guardian made (*Met. Psalms*).
 Head of the hosts in glory (*M. Bridges*).
 Hear what the voice from heaven declares (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 He's blest, whose sins have pardon gained (*Met. Psalms*).
 He's come, let every knee be bent.
 High on the bending willows hung (*Rev. T. Cotterill?*).
 His mercy and His truth (*Met. Psalms*).
 Holy Father, Great Creator (*Bp. Griswold*).
 Holy, holy, holy Lord (*J. Montgomery*), 4.
 How bless'd are they who always keep (*Met. Psalms*).
 How bright these glorious spirits shine (*W. Cameron from Rev. I. Watts*),
 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 How firm a foundation, ye saints (*G. Keith?*).
 How long shall earth's alluring toys (*Miss A. Steele*).
 How oft, alas! this wretched heart (*Miss A. Steele*).
 How vast must their advantage be (*Met. Psalms*).
 How will my heart endure (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 How wondrous and great (*Bp. Onderdonk*).

I love my God, but with no love of mine (*Tr. French*).

I sing the almighty power of God (*Rev. I. Watts*), 8, 9.
 I would not live away; I ask not (*Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg*).
 I'll praise my Maker with my breath (*Rev. I. Watts*), 5.
 I'll wash my hands in innocence (*Met. Psalms*).
 In loud exalted strains (*B. Francis*).
 In mercy, not in wrath (*Met. Psalms*).
 In Thee I put my steadfast trust (*Met. Psalms*).
 Instruct me in Thy statutes, Lord (*Met. Psalms*).
 Is there a lone and dreary hour (*Mrs. C. Gilman*).
 It is not death to die (*Tr. French*).

Jehovah reigns, let all the earth (*Met. Psalms*).
 Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls (*Tr. German*).
 Jesus, I my cross have taken (*Rev. H. F. Lyte*), 5.
 Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness (*Tr. German*), 5, 8.
 Joy fills the dwelling of the just (*Met. Psalms*).

Lift up your heads, eternal gates (*Met. Psalms*), 3, 4.
 Lift your glad voices in triumph (*H. Ware*), 6.
 Light of those whose dreary dwelling (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 6, 8, 10.
 Like Noah's weary dove (*Rev. W. A. Muhlenberg*).
 Lo! hills and mountains shall bring forth (*Met. Psalms*).
 Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 8.
 Lord, for the just Thou dost provide (*J. Addison*).
 Lord God, the Holy Ghost (*J. Montgomery*), 2, 5.
 Lord God, we worship Thee (*Tr. German*), 11.
 Lord! in the morning Thou shalt hear (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Lord, let me know my term of days (*Met. Psalms*).
 Lord, shall Thy children come to Thee (*Bp. Hinds*), 4, 5, 8, 10.
 Lord, spare and save our sinful race ().
 Lord, teach us how to pray aright (*J. Montgomery*), 2, 3, 5.
 Lord, when this holy morning broke (*Rev. O. Heginbotham?*).

Magnify Jehovah's name (*J. Montgomery*).
 May God accept our vow (*Met. Psalms*).
 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour (*Rev. J. Newton*), 2, 5.
 My God, how endless is Thy love (*Rev. I. Watts*), 4, 5.
 My God, how wonderful Thou art (*Rev. F. W. Faber*), 2, 3, 6, 7, 11.
 My God! Thy covenant of love (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 My grateful soul shall bless the Lord (*Met. Psalms*).
 My hope, my all, my Saviour Thou (*S. Ecking*).
 My hope, my steadfast trust (*Met. Psalms*).
 My opening eyes with rapture see (*J. Hutton*).
 My Saviour, hanging on the tree (*Rev. J. Newton*).
 My sins, my sins, my Saviour (*Rev. J. S. B. Monsell*), 6.
 My soul, for help on God rely (*Met. Psalms*).
 My soul, inspired with sacred love (*Met. Psalms*), 10.
 My soul with patience waits (*Met. Psalms*).

Not for the dead in Christ we weep (*Mrs. A. L. Barbauld*).

Now may He who from the dead (*Rev. J. Newton*), 8.

Now may the God of grace and power (*Rev. I. Watts*).

O, all ye people, clap your hands (*Mel. Psalms*), 9.

O, could I speak the matchless worth (*Rev. S. Medley*).

O, for a heart to praise my God (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10.

O God! creation's secret force (*Tr. Latin*).

O God! my gracious God to Thee (*Mel. Psalms*), 8.

O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent (*Mel. Psalms*).

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord (*Mel. Psalms*), 2, 3, 4, 10.

O God of truth, O Lord of might (*Tr. Latin*), 2.

O gracious God, in whom I live (*Miss A. Steele*).

O happy is the man who hears (*Michael Bruce*).

O, in the morn of life, when youth (*J. Logan*).

O let triumphant faith dispel (*J. Logan*).

O Lord, the Holy Innocents (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*).

O Lord, Thy mercy, my sure hope (*Mel. Psalms*), 5.

O praise the Lord in that blest place (*Mel. Psalms*).

O praise ye the Lord (*Mel. Psalms*), 2, 4, 12.

O that my load of sin were gone (*Rev. C. Wesley*).

O Thou to Whom all creatures bow (*Mel. Psalms*).

O Thou Who didst prepare (*Mrs. Tonna*).

O to grace how great a debtor (*R. Robinson*).

O 'twas a joyful sound to hear (*Mel. Psalms*), 3.

O with due reverence let us all (*Mel. Psalms*).

O Wisdom! spreading mightily (*Tr. Latin*), 3, 12.

O Root of Jesse; Ensign Thou (*Tr. Latin*), 3, 12.

O Israel's Sceptre! David's Key (*Tr. Latin*), 3, 12.

O Day-Spring and Eternal Light (*Tr. Latin*), 3, 12.

O King! Desire of nations! come (*Tr. Latin*), 3, 12.

O Lawgiver! Emmanuel! King (*Tr. Latin*), 3, 12.

O write upon my memory, Lord (*Rev. I. Watts*).

O'er mountain-tops the mount of God (*J. Logan*).

O'er the gloomy hills of darkness (*Rev. W. Williams*).

On Zion and on Lebanon (*Bp. Onderdonk*).

One sole baptismal sign (*G. Robinson*).

Once more the solemn season calls (*Tr. Latin*), 2.

Once the angel started back (*Tr. Latin*).

Pain and toil are over now (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*).

Peace troubled soul whose plaintive moan (*Hon. and Rev. W. Shirley*).

Praise to God, who reigns above (*Rev. R. M. Benson*), 2.

Praise, O praise our God and King (*Rev. Sir H. W. Baker*), 2.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire (*J. Montgomery*), 4, 5, 10.

Quiet, Lord, my forward heart (*Rev. J. Newton*), 4, 5.

Rich are the joys which cannot die (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).

Ruler of Israel! Lord of might (*Tr. Latin*), 12.

- Safely through another week (*Rev. J. Newton*).
 Salvation doth to God belong (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 Salvation ! O the joyful sound (*Rev. I. Watts*), 8.
 Seek, my soul, the narrow gate (*Bp. Onderdonk*).
 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 2.
 Since I've known a Saviour's name (*Rev. C. Wesley*).
 Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep (*Bp. Onderdonk*).
 Sinners ! turn, why will ye die (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 3.
 Sons of men, behold from far (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 3, 5, 9, 12.
 Sow in the morn thy seed (*J. Montgomery*), 5.
 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Star of peace, to wanderers weary (*Mrs. J. C. Simpson*).
 Stay, Thou long-suffering spirit, stay (*Rev. C. Wesley*).
 Supreme in wisdom as in power (*J. Logan*).
 Sweet is the work, my God, my King (*Rev. I. Watts*), 3.
- Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd (*Tr. German*), 2, 3, 7.
 That day of wrath, that dreadful day (*Sir W. Scott*), 2, 4, 5, 10, 11, 12.
 The atoning work is done (*Rev. T. Kelly*), 12.
 The day is past and gone (*J. Leland*), 11.
 The gentle Saviour calls, (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 8.
 The God of life, Whose constant care (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord (*Rev. I. Watts*), 3, 5.
 The Lord descended from above (*Met. Psalms*).
 The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God (*Met. Psalms*).
 The Lord Himself, the mighty Lord (*Met. Psalms*).
 The Lord my pasture shall prepare (*J. Addison*), 5, 8, 9, 10.
 The Lord our God is clothed with might (*H. K. White*).
 The Lord, the only God, is great (*Met. Psalms*).
 The Lord unto my Lord thus spake (*Met. Psalms*).
 The Lord will come ; the earth shall quake (*Bp. Heber*), 5, 6, 9.
 The mighty flood that rolls (*J. Logan*).
 The rising God forsakes the tomb (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 The servants of Jehovah's will (*Met. Psalms*).
 The spacious firmament on high (*J. Addison*), 5, 9, 10.
 The voice of free grace (*Rev. R. Burdsall*).
 The voice that breathed o'er Eden (*Rev. J. Keble*), 2, 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12.
 The winged herald of the day (*Tr. Latin*).
 Thee will I love, my strength, my tower (*Tr. German*), 6, 8.
 There is a fold whence none can stray (*Rev. J. East*).
 This life's a dream, an empty show (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 This stone to Thee in faith we lay (*J. Montgomery*), 9.
 Thou art my hiding place, O Lord (*Rev. T. Raffles*).
 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known (*Met. Psalms*), 9.
 Thou, Whom my soul admires above (*Rev. I. Watts*).
 Through all the changing scenes of life (*Met. Psalms*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10,
 11, 12.
 Thus God declares His sovereign will (*Met. Psalms*).

Thy bitter anguish o'er (*Tr. German*).
 Thy chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain (*Met. Psalms*).
 Thy presence, Lord, hath me supplied (*Met. Psalms*).
 Thy word is to my feet a lamp (*Met. Psalms*).
 Time hastens on, ye longing saints (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).
 'Tis finished, so the Saviour cried (*Rev. S. Stennett*).
 'Tis my happiness below (*W. Cowper*).
 To Jesus, our exalted Lord (*Miss A. Steele*).
 To our Redeemer's glorious name (*Miss A. Steele*), 8.
 To Thy temple I repair (*J. Montgomery*), 4, 9.
 To-morrow, Lord, is Thine (*Rev. P. Doddridge*), 5.
 Triumphant Sion! lift thy head (*Rev. P. Doddridge*).

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes (*Rev. I. Watts*).

Watchman! tell us of the night (*Sir J. Bowring*).
 We build with fruitless cost, unless (*Met. Psalms*).
 We give immortal praise (*Rev. I. Watts*), 9.
 What a strange and wondrous story.
 Whate'er my God ordains is right (*Tr. German*).
 When gathering clouds around I view (*Sir R. Grant*), 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10.
 When God of old came down from Heaven (*Rev. J. Keble*), 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,
 9, 10, 11.
 When His salvation bringing (*J. King*), 5, 7, 8, 11.
 When I can read my title clear (*Rev. I. Watts*), 5.
 When I can trust my all with God (*J. Conder*).
 When Jesus left His Father's throne (*J. Montgomery*), 5, 8.
 When, Lord, to this, our western land (*Bp. Onderdonk*).
 When, marshall'd on the mighty plain (*H. K. White*).
 When musing sorrow weeps the past (*G. T. Noel*).
 When through the torn sail the wild tempest (*Bp. Heber*), 2, 8, 11, 12.
 When wounded sore, the stricken soul (*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*), 2, 4, 9, 10.
 While with ceaseless course the sun (*Rev. J. Newton*), 4.
 Who is this that comes from Edom (*Rev. T. Kelly*).
 Who place on Sion's God their trust (*Met. Psalms*).
 With glory clad, with strength arrayed (*Met. Psalms*), 3, 4, 8.
 With joy shall I behold the day (*J. Merrick*).
 Witness, ye men and angels, now (*Rev. J. Beddome*).

Ye boundless realms of joy (*Met. Psalms*), 4, 5, 8, 9, 12.
 Ye Christian heralds go, proclaim (*B. H. Draper*).

JAS. WARRINGTON.

ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.

The authorities on Hymns differ very frequently, and the labor of compiling the lists appended to my article was so great, that mistakes were inevitable. Having very carefully again checked these lists, a few corrections of Hymns in the Final Report are appended :

Christ the Lord is risen to-day (*Rev. C. Wesley*), 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

Come magnify the Saviour's love (*E. Osler*).

Creator of mankind (*Tr. Latin*).

Every morning mercies new (Following *Thring's Ch. of England Hymn Book* and *Barnby's Hymnary*, I gave *Rev. G. Phillimore* as the author. *Bird* and *Duffield* say it is by *Rev. H. Bonar*. Not having a copy of *Bonar's Hymns* handy, I am unable to decide which is correct), 4, 11.

Hark the swelling breezes (*H. B. [? Mrs. Carey Brock]*), 5, 7.

Hark the voice eternal (*Rev. G. Thring?*), 4.

Heavenly Shepherd, Thee we pray (*C. G. Woodhouse*), 4.

Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn (*Rev. W. H. Havergal*), 5, 10.

In His temple now behold him (*Bird* says of this "probably by John Moultrie." *Thring* and *Bickersteth* say it is a translation from the German of *Scheffler*), 3, 4, 5, 7, 12.

Jesus Christ is passing by (*Rev. J. D. Smith*), *not in No. 9*.

Jesus high in glory (There seems to be considerable difference about this hymn. *The Anglican Hymn Book* credits it to *Rev. J. Erskine Clarke*, and I followed that book, as its credits are carefully made. *The People's Hymnal*, *The Children's Hymn Book* and *The Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Hymn Book* say it is *American*; but I do not find it in *Duffield*. *Thring* credits it to *F. W. Harris*).

Lamb of God, for sinners slain (*Bird*, and *Capt. Biddle* in his "Help," credit this to *Bp. Wordsworth*, but I do not find it in his *Holy Year*. Both *The Hymnary* and *The Sarum Hymnal* credit it, as I have done, to *Bp. Woodford*, and as the latter was one of the Editors of *The Sarum Hymnal*, the credit is likely to be correct).

Lord Jesus by Thy passion (*Book of Hours*, New York, 1881).

Lord Jesus think on me (*Thring* says this is a translation from *Synesius*, but I have followed *Hymns Ancient and Modern*).

Lord, lead the way the Saviour went (I followed *Bird* in spelling the author's name with two "s," but a copy of his poems, which came into my hands only a day or two ago, spells the name "Croswell").

Now the dreary night is done (*Rev. A. Midlane*.)

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry (*Tr. Latin*).

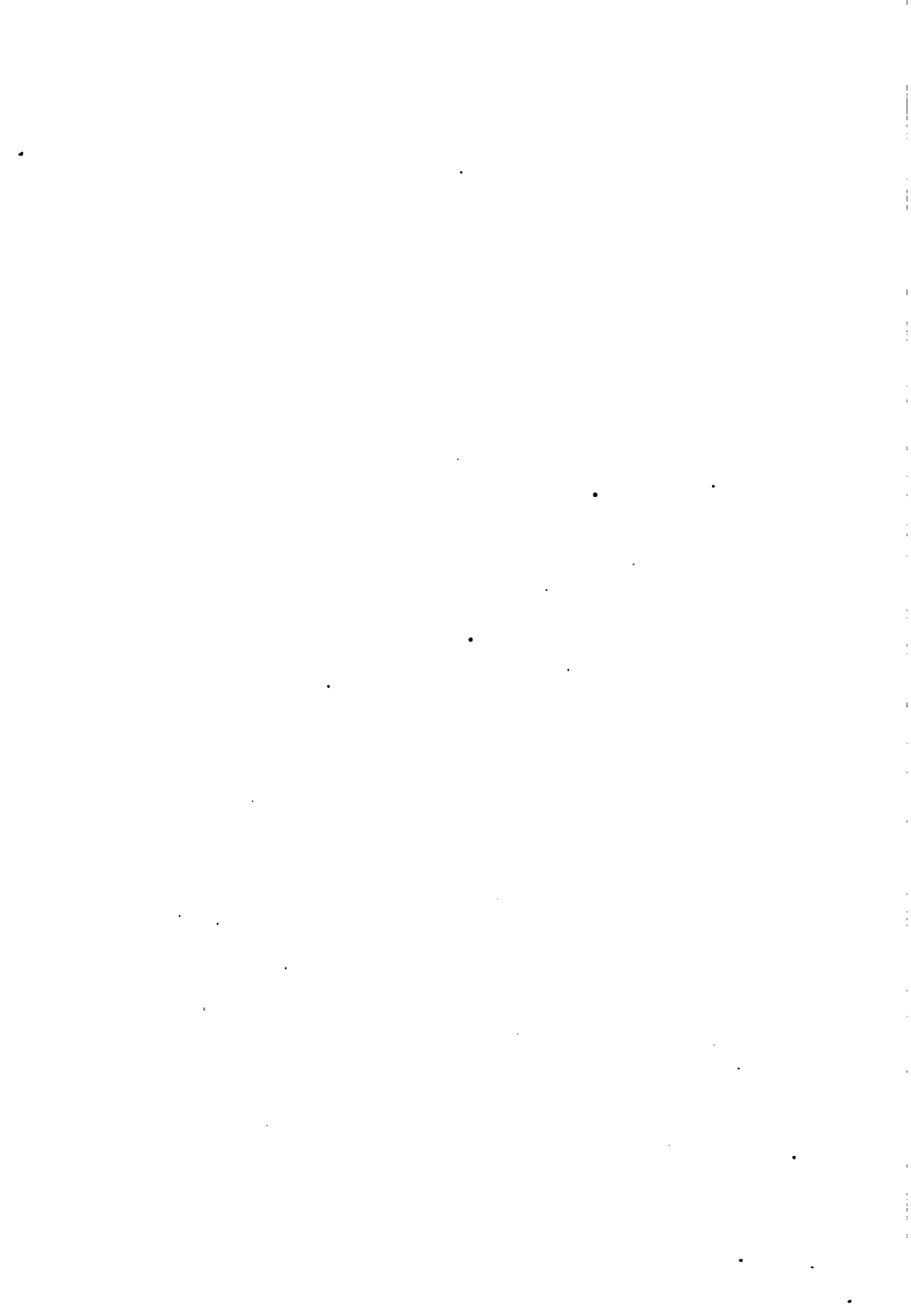
Our Lord is risen from the dead (*Rev. C. Wesley*).

Raised between the earth and heaven (*W. B. Smith*).

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us (*Miss Dorothy A. Thrupp*).

Triumphant Lord, Thy work is done (*Rev. W. J. Irons*), 4.

With joy we hail the sacred day (*Miss Harriet Auber*).



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COMMENTS

ON

“THE HYMNAL REVISED AND
ENLARGED.”

BY

A LAYMAN.

1889.



COMMENTS

ON

“THE HYMNAL REVISED AND ENLARGED.”

A LAYMAN desires to set forth his views respecting the volume above named. He is aware that it is a “preliminary report” only, but at the same time he is confronted with the fact that it is the only evidence he has of the ideas entertained by “the committee on the hymnal appointed by the General Convention of 1886,” as to the hymns which they deem best suited for the service of song in the Episcopal churches of the United States. When he reads the names of the committee, and knows, by such reading, that some of the ablest men in the Episcopal church approve of the work in question, he shrinks almost abashed from his purpose. He finds that a poet who is also the son of a poet is the chairman of the committee, and he finds also that those associated with the chairman, are men noted in the world of religion, of literature, of letters, and of taste. The layman remembers, however, that he is of those who occupy the pews, of those who take part in the worship of the house of God, of those who are to be aided or hampered in their hours of worship, by the results of the labors of this committee. And so remembering, he gains courage.

For thirty years he has taken a part, sometimes with the spirit, and at other times with the voice and spirit, in rendering the hymns which are permitted to be sung in the churches. He hopes that he represents the average taste of Christian intelligence in the matter of Christian

song, and in this confidence he reposes. He is not prepared however, to announce as fact or as his opinion, any fixed criteria in hymnography, for the reason, that whatever rules might be presented as to hymn writing would necessarily be liable to exceptions so numerous as to render the rules of but little use.

It is safe to premise, that the services of the church, as generally conducted, consist of prayer, of praise, and of preaching. Prayer may be regarded as the offering to God, of adoration, confession, supplication and thanksgiving, usually in prose, and the forms appropriate for the different phases of the prayer-service of the church, are scattered through the Prayer-book, couched in language chaste, plain, and simple, yet well befitting the fatherhood as well as the magnipotence of him to whom the offering is presented.

A definition of preaching is, an oral public delivery of instruction pertaining to the duties which men owe to one another and to God. The preacher's domain is circumscribed only by the needs of humanity and by the divine obligations which rest upon him and which control his work.

In the liturgy of the church, certain forms of praise are prescribed, which are readily recognized in the canticles and as occurring in the special offices contained in the Book of Common Prayer. But beyond these, the church enjoys the privilege of including within its service, words of praise expressed in a rhymic and rhythmic form, to be set to appropriate tunes, and so regulated that not only the choir but the people may sing them. In the hope that this portion of the service may be improved, the work above referred to has been prepared.

In presenting our views as to the different hymns in "The hymnal revised and enlarged," we shall mention, chiefly, those that, in our opinion, should be omitted, and as to those that are not referred to, it is to be understood that no objection is raised by us to their adoption.

Hymn 4, "Framer of the light," is not lyrical. As evidence of this statement, let any one attempt to sing the fourth stanza :

Onward to the goal
Lead each striving soul,
Upheld by strength divine Thy grace supplies ;
While it still is day,
May we win our way
Towards the mark and our high calling's prize.

What is called hymn 5, is not properly speaking, a hymn. It is a soliloquy or, more properly, an address in a poetic form, to the soul. It possesses none of the characteristics of a hymn, but rhyme and a certain rhythm not particularly agreeable.

Hymn 6, "Now that the daylight fills the sky," is not lyrical, and the connected form of the first three stanzas is not pleasing. The third and fourth lines of the second stanza are defective in rhyme.

No. 16 should be omitted. In it Christ is addressed and is asked to dispel "our woes." The statement is made respecting the condition of those making the address, that some of them "are sick," "some are sad," "some have never loved," "some have lost the love they had," "some are pressed with worldly care," "some are tried," "some are torn with grievous passions," "some have found the world is vain," "some have friends who give them pain," "none are wholly free from sin," some "are conscious most of wrong within," and "none have perfect rest." This production has no element of a hymn. The minutiae of affliction with which it abounds and which are detailed with mawkish particularity, unfit it for the public service of song. There may be spiritual conditions which would render such a composition acceptable, but these conditions are not such as pertain to an assemblage of Christian worshippers.

Stanzas one, five and six of hymn 24 are entirely acceptable. The second stanza is objectionable, how-

ver, in that it is too highly figurative, and unduly picturesque in detail. It is in these words:

Around the throne on high
Where night can never be,
The *white-robed harpers* of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

The third and fourth stanzas institute a comparison between the praise of mortals and the "ceaseless hymns" which the "white-robed harpers of the sky bring." The element of fancy is the basis of the comparison and this basis is too unreal to warrant the conclusion reached.

In hymn 27 there is a singular commingling of the subjectivity of all worshippers with personal subjectivity. The hymn begins by declaring that "we praise," and by referring to "every heart" and to "us," but the last four stanzas are the address of an individual to the Deity.

There is a straining after an effect in hymn 35, which is wholly at variance with the simplicity that should obtain in productions which are to be sung by the people. The simplicity of the prayers of the church is their crowning excellence. As much simplicity as can well comport with rhymic and rythmic expression should obtain also in our hymns.

The *Dies iræ* is a poem of great strength, and majesty, and assertion. The translation of it that appears in hymn 44, is an attempt to imitate in English the rhyme and rhythm of the original, and the attempt is successful. But it is the successful rendering of a poem from one language into another. The metre of this poem does not fit it for singing in the church; the poem itself is too long for such a purpose; and to omit any of its stanzas, would be to destroy its continuity and its oneness. But the chief objection to admitting this poem in a hymnal, is that it does not belong there, and cannot properly be placed there. It is not a hymn in any proper sense. It is a grand, and concise and terror-striking poetic description of the final judgment, that and that only.

The highly figurative character of hymn 46 renders its presence objectionable. In it believers are called on to do things which to hundreds of worshippers convey no ideas but those most vague and uncertain. Some of the injunctions are to "rejoice;" to let their "lights appear;" to be "up ! pray, and watch, and wrestle," because the "Bridegroom is arising." Believers are also admonished to see that their "lamps are burning," and to "replenish them with oil." They are assured that "the watchers on the mountain proclaim the Bridegroom near," and are addressed also, as "wise and holy virgins." This last designation is misleading to most readers, inasmuch as the reference is to young men, and not to young women.

There are expressions in hymn 47 which are not in accordance with good taste. Creation is bidden to cease "from her groans and travail," and the admonition is given to "let no harp remain unstrung." It is no argument in favor of the first of these expressions to refer to the statement of St. Paul, "that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," because there are many prose statements in the Bible which cannot be made to assume a poetic form, and which would not be tolerated in ordinary conversation. The second expression is wholly figurative, as harps are not ordinarily used in worship, and even if they were, it would hardly be deemed consistent with the dignity of worship to introduce in a hymn a direct or an indirect injunction to put their strings in good order.

The following hymn, 48, is decidedly Jewish in its tendency, and would seem to be adapted to the Israelitish idea that Christ has not as yet appeared, but is to come at some time in the future. However this production may be viewed, it can readily be spared from the Hymnal for other reasons, among which may be mentioned the constant repetition and coupling of the words "Emmanuel" and "Israel" as a rhyme, and the difficulty

of singing a composition the ending of each stanza of which is so abrupt and uncouth.

The objections made to hymn 47, apply with equal force to hymns 49 and 50. Is there a living being in good health, who as a true Christian man, seeking the good of others, and striving to do his best and to enjoy the good, and the true, and the beautiful in this world, could truthfully sympathize with the sentiment of these hymns while uniting with others in the public worship of God? In a complaining, fault-finding spirit, the interlocutor is made to ask, in the first stanza of the 49th hymn,

Oh, why these years of waiting here,
These ages of delay?

Then follows an invocation,

Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of Thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

In hymn 50, the declaration is made, that

The whole creation groans,

and the church is styled "a friendless stranger" who waits in loneliness to see her absent Lord. Then follows this statement respecting the past and present condition of the church,

Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in garb of widowhood
She weeps a mourner yet.

We know of no reason why any intelligent human being, particularly a believer in Christianity, should be called on to endorse these sentiments, and there is no reason why any one should sing what he does not believe.

In the first stanza of hymn 56, mention is made "of the Father" and "of the things that are, that have been

and that future years shall see," but with what intention such mention is made is not apparent. In other portions of this hymn the same effort to produce an effect is visible that is seen in hymn 35.

Hymn 59 is a touching little poem concerning the condition of Bethlehem at the time of the birth of our Saviour, accompanied with allusions to the events which then occurred, and ending with appropriate prayers, but the combination thus made does not produce a hymn.

Very graphic interior pictures of different occurrences pertaining to the nativity, are developed in hymns 65 and 67, but the conclusion applicable to them is the same that is reached in connection with hymn 59.

The story of the visit of the young Christ to the temple, and his conversation with the doctors is told in hymn 72; in hymn 73 is an account of the marriage at Cana; while the miraculous interposition by which the tempest was stilled, forms the subject of hymn 74. A narrative is not a proper subject for a hymn, and these poetic narratives do not form an exception to the rule.

It is stated in hymn 77, that,

In exile here we wander
In heaven is our abode.

Exile is a forced separation from one's native country. The idea conveyed by these lines is that we have been forced from heaven, our native country, and compelled to dwell on earth. This claim can only be put forward in a metaphorical sense, and even then the metaphor is not consistent with itself, because it is only by reference to Adam's original abode that we, his descendants, can refer to ourselves as exiles from heaven, and even then the only heaven from which we, through Adam, can be said to have been exiled was an earthly paradise. In another line of this hymn it is stated, not only that we are exiles on earth, but that we "here as exiles groan." It may be true that some individual Christians groan,

but a whole congregation do not ordinarily desire to declare, in public worship, that they "as exiles groan."

The poverty of expression that is exhibited in hymn 81 is very striking and forbidding. This is especially noticeable in the first two lines of the first stanza,

Thou, who on that wondrous journey
Sett'st Thy face to die,

and in the first two lines of the second stanza,

Thou, Who that dread cup of suffering
Didst not put from Thee.

Hymn 82 lacks spontaneity in thought, in form, and in expression, and moreover it is not lyrical. The line

That Thou wilt by Thine own dear name,

and the line

And on the cross Thou hast died,— and there,

are not to be sung with ease, and the same is true of the stanza,

Thine, Lord, the life that paid the cost
For all the lives Thou cam'st to save ;
And Thine the life that bought the lost
From all the terrors of the grave :
Thou Lord of life, Thou Life divine,
Give us the life that lives in Thine.

The artificialness and lack of simplicity in hymn 91, unfit it for public worship. The exact meaning and application of the first stanza we do not comprehend, and we are at a loss to know to what particular song or songs of David reference is made in the third stanza. As to the fourth and fifth stanzas, the strained poetic imagery which in them is apparent may suit the taste of a highly sublimated and metaphorical Christianity but is altogether too allegorical to be of any aid in the public devotions of an ordinary layman. As a translation of a mediæval poem, we may accept it as pervaded with the spirit of the original, but its place is not among the songs of the modern church.

Hymn 93 is a sermon on future and everlasting punishment, and has not a single element constituting a song of praise or adoration. Pulpit utterances may announce doctrinal opinions as to the hereafter of the wicked, but with what appropriateness can an assemblage of worshippers be called on to sing to and with one another, words like these :

O sinner, mark, and ponder well
 Sin's awful condemnation ;
 Think what a sacrifice it cost
 To purchase thy salvation ;
 Had Jesus never bled and died,
 Then *what could thee and all betide*
But uttermost damnation ?

For reasons that must be obvious to every Protestant mind, we should deem it best to omit the translation of the Stabat Mater that appears in hymn 100.

An historical picture of the death of Christ, of the repose of his body in the rock-hewn sepulchre and of his resurrection is delineated in hymn 104, in connection with an imaginary grouping around him, in heaven, of patriarch, priest, prophet and the crucified robber. But the result of this combination as here given is not a hymn nor is such result entitled to a place in the proposed volume.

Another artificial, unspontaneous and stilted production is hymn 105. The introduction of parentheses in stanza four is inelegant and the so-called hymn is not even lyrical.

The conceits which obtain in hymn 106 are out of place. Of simplicity, not enough is to be found in this production to make it worth preserving as a hymn.

We are told in hymn 119, that

Christ has triumphed and we conquer
 By his mighty *enterprise*.

This last word is not well chosen and detracts greatly

from whatever merit the hymn may possess. The rhythm of this line is bad

Christ is risen, Christ, the *first fruits*,
as the accent has to be placed on the word *first*. Mention is also made of "the furrows of the grave," and Christ is asked to shed "rain and dew" "from the brightness of Thy face."

We do not care to discuss the propriety of the conduct of compilers who alter hymns to suit their own ideas. We are of the opinion that if a hymn is defective, it should not be allowed a place in a hymnal. But there are instances in which one stanza or more stanzas than one may be omitted without detriment to what remains. We think the allusions to Enoch, Aaron, Joshua and Elijah, in the third and fourth stanzas of hymn 122, detract from the value of the hymn. Only when the necessity is absolute, would we admit in hymns the names of any existences except of those who are objects of worship. In the instance in question, a reference to certain historical personages in whose lives occurred certain events resembling events in the career of our Saviour while on earth, does not tend to elevate the soul in worship or praise. On the contrary such reference weakens the general effect of the hymn. For these reasons we should omit stanzas three and four of this hymn. We should also change "Thou hast" to "He has" and "Thee" to "Him," in the fifth stanza.

The second line of the second stanza of hymn 124, reads "This day Thou *wentest* home to God." The use of the word *wentest* may be defended as gramatical but it does not add to the beauty of the hymn as here used.

The meaning of the first two lines of the sixth stanza of hymn 126, does not appear. These lines read,

O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear.

The hymns for "Other Feasts and Fasts" number

from 138 to 210, both included. Many of these are intended for use on Saints' days, but the general hymn for Saints' days, numbered 183, is a noble composition and provides appropriate hymnic expression for these special occasions. For this reason, there is no good ground for retaining hymns 139, 140, 141, 142, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 151, 152, 157, 161, 162, 163, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182 and 188. This statement as to the non-retention of these hymns, must not be regarded as arising from a general condemnation of them all. As literary productions some of them are worthy of praise, but in no one of them can there be discerned the elements that are essential to a hymn appropriate for public worship. The lack of lyrical character is plainly seen in hymn 163, but the main faults of these hymns are to be found in the fact that in them an attempt is made to set forth the differing phases in the lives of the saints, and in the further fact that to descriptiveness has been sacrificed the hymnic idea. Peculiarly striking is the minuteness in detail that prevails in hymn 179. St. Luke being the subject, reference is made to his "earlier skill," to "the suffering frame," to "deadlier woes," to the "true Physician," to the "sick and wounded," to "wholesome medicine," to "the leprosy of sin," to souls "cold and dead," to "palsy's numbing chain," to "fever," to "hot passion's wilful fire," to "Jesus, healer of all ills," and to His "all-cleansing grace." While hymn 183 remains, words fitly spoken and appropriately commemorative of the saints are provided in its glowing sentences, and these sentences so far superior to the hymns we have enumerated for omission, not only dwarf these hymns by comparison but render their presence unnecessary.

The idea of singing hymn 149 privately or publicly is almost revolting. That this hymn should have been awarded a place in the proposed hymnal reflects seriously upon the taste of the compilers of the volume. The

strangest fact of all is that any one should have supposed that a devotional feeling could be aroused by such a production, or that any good purpose could be subserved by detailing in verse the minutiae of the circumcision. The lesson of this composition is, that Christ's atonement for man began with the circumcision of Christ. The incidents that marked the eighth day after the birth of Christ are referred to in this manner :

O blessed day, when *first was poured*
The blood of our redeeming Lord !

Scarce born to this our world of woe
His precious blood begins to flow.

Thus *early He the victim lies,*
The Lamb marked out for sacrifice.

—— His woes begin.

The *wound He* through the Law *endures.*

At the close is the petition

Lord, *circumcise our hearts,* we pray
 And take what is not Thine away.

We do not envy the mental or spiritual conformation of him who could complacently and with approval on a day of public worship, announce this hymn from the chancel as a part of the service, and commit its rendering to the young men and maidens, old men and children who as laymen and laywomen might be in attendance on the occasion.

Of the hymns for "The Purification," numbers 153, 154 and 156, are not required. They lack the simplicity of form and expression which the subject demands. The incident which they commemorate in the life of Christ is amply provided for by hymn 155.

In hymn 158, adapted for the feast of the Annunciation, we are told in the second stanza,

For God upon her low estate
 Had looked with royal favor ;
 And *all earth's kindreds celebrate*
The mighty gift He gave her.

We very much doubt the truthfulness of the last two lines, and further than this, we cannot deem it desirable that some of the peculiar statements in the hymn should be admitted to a place in the proposed volume.

For the new feast—that of “The Transfiguration”—three hymns are presented, numbers 171, 172, 173. Of these, the narrative composition, number 172, can well be omitted.

The last four lines of hymn 189 present this peculiar collocation :

Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
That we may forevermore
God the Father, *God the Son*, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

The fifth stanza of this hymn should be omitted, and this omission would, in reality, detract nothing from the hymn that is required, but would leave it improved and complete.

The second line of the third stanza of hymn 192, should read,

Then hear the welcome words, ‘Well done!’

The statement in the first stanza of hymn 194 is, that there are a few laborers only, to reap on the earth—which is *one wide field of Christ's chosen seed*—the crop which is prepared to yield its fruit. Then follow petitions for the presence of laborers, and for the proper endowment and conduct of bishops, priests and deacons. If the earth is, in reality one wide field of Christ's chosen seed, it would seem to be a foregone conclusion that from this “chosen seed” laborers sufficient should necessarily spring to reap the crop.

Inasmuch as the practice of anointing is not followed in the Episcopal church, the use of the word “Anointer,” in the first line of the fifth stanza of hymn 193, and of the word “anoint” in the first line of the third stanza of hymn 197, can well be dispensed with.

In the second stanza of hymn 198, we can submit to being counselled to have all our "lamps bright" and to "trim the golden flame," but we object to being admonished publicly, either by the choir-boys or by a chorus of men and women, or by the whole congregation, to

Gird up your loins as in His sight.

Here we draw the line, and we boldly announce that no metaphor derived from any ancient mode of dressing should be employed to convey spiritual instruction. The idea of the use of a girdle thus developed, is complemented by the idea of the use of a supporter, as expressed in hymn 202, line three of stanza four,

•The hopes that soothe, *the fears that brace.*

In the latter hymn, we fail to comprehend the meaning of the last stanza :

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heavens and earth
We never may forego.

The order for the Holy Communion as laid down in the Prayer book, is so full in itself, so permeated with expressions adapted to the occasion, and so redolent of the solemnity which obtained at the institution of the sacred feast and which has always accompanied its proper commemoration, that the hymns selected for use at this service should be simple in form, and of a metre to which tunes melodious and harmonious can be easily adapted. Of the eighteen hymns under the heading "Holy Communion," we should omit from the proposed work all, except numbers 214, 216, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 226 and 227. We object to hymn 213, because of the offensive and unpoetic collocation in the first line of the first stanza,

Once, only once, and once for all.

We object to hymn 228, on account of the mode of the

use and the frequent repetition of "Till He come." The other hymns which we would omit are written in metres to which it would be difficult to adapt singable tunes. Moreover, we are not pleased, in hymn 218, with the employment of the word "misusings," or of the phrases "do Thine utmost," "tainting mischief" and "food, so awful and so sweet."

In hymn 234, the compilers may be at liberty to change the fourth line of stanza the second, from

Thy faith avouched to-day,
to

Thy faith declared to-day.

If they do not feel that they can with propriety make the alteration, it would be well to drop the hymn.

Very objectionable is stanza five of hymn 236:

The fiend, the flesh, the world,
We swear to give them fight:
Our Monarch's banner floats unfurled:
Who fails with that in sight?

and stanza six, of the same hymn, is expressed in an involution so peculiar as to render its meaning doubtful:

Who fails with Jesus Christ
For leader and for guide:
For food, for treasure all unpriced,
And friend who ne'er denied?

The accent is imperfect in the second line of stanza second of hymn 247:

To Thee, O Jesus, throned beside
Thy Father's *right hand*, here we cry,

and in the last line of the same stanza, which reads,

Its lost *godlikeness* is restored,

the use of the word "godlikeness" is inelegant, while the comparison instituted in the last four lines of this stanza is by no means pleasing.

The metre employed in hymn 251, for the treatment

of an event as solemn as that of the burial of the dead, is too trivial, and the singing of this hymn to any tune that might be composed, would be ineffective and disturbing. Besides there are expressions in the hymn that are far from felicitous. Take for instance,

For a space the *tired* body
Lies with *feet toward the dawn*,
and
Father, sister, child and mother
Meet once more.

The body, when dead, cannot be called *tired*, for the use of that word presupposes a capacity for the recognition of weariness. The position of the body in the grave is not always with "feet toward the dawn." The enumeration of the relationship of those who may meet at the resurrection is neither poetic nor capable of complete statement in a hymn.

Hymn 253 presents a strange commingling of fact and fancy. Very commonplace is the first line of the first stanza:

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping.

The rhyming of "steeple" and "people" is sufficiently apt but far from elegant, and does not suggest that solemnity of thought which a hymn for the burial of the dead demands. As to the statement of the effect of the arrival in heaven of one who has died, we leave the reader to judge. We cite the two stanzas to which this comment refers:

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets, the holy people
Are passing to and fro;
And saying as they meet, rejoice ! another,
Long waited for is come :
The Saviour's heart is glad : a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home.

The first four lines of the third stanza of hymn 266 contain common-place expressions and are not in keeping with the rest of the hymn. They are as follows :

Fair shall be Thine earthly temple :
 Here the *careless passer-by*
Shall bethink him, in its beauty,
 Of the holier house on high.

The union referred to in the last stanza we do not understand. It is stated in these words :

Praise to Thee, eternal Spirit,
Binding all that lives in one ;
 Till our earthly praise be ended,
 And the eternal song begun !

The questions, with which three of the stanzas of hymn 270 end, are not pleasing in a hymn. In the second stanza, we are treated to this statement of the Christian church in the world :

Though pilgrim *hearts are moaning*
 The sin and strife of earth,
The whole creation groaning
In travail-pangs of birth.

In the third stanza, the relative positions of Satan and the church are thus described :

Though more the devil rages
 As nearer draws his hour,
 Hid in the Rock of ages
 We bide His wrath and power.

Hymn 290, descriptive and historical, abounding in references to miraculous interposition, and interceding for the bestowal of spiritual comfort now as in former days physical relief was sought for, is inappropriate for public worship.

The characteristics of hymn 294 differ from those of 290, but the former is no more fitted for public worship than is the latter. Hymn 294 is an argument in rhyme, proving most satisfactorily the duty of almsgiving, and

would be very effective if read as a pendant to a sermon on beneficence.

Among the hymns for "National festivals and fasts" is number 301, beginning

O Lord of Hosts ! Almighty King !
Behold the *sacrifice* we bring.

The hymn is spirited and majestic, but at the same time one is left in doubt as to the nature of the sacrifice alluded to and which God is invoked to behold.

The address to the Deity in the third stanza of hymn 305,

O Thou, Who *canst* not slumber,

is peculiar, as is also the beginning of hymn 307,

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Jesus, our Redeemer hear.

In the latter hymn, the statement is, to say the least, egotistical, that announces the faithful conduct for a year of those who may constitute the congregation. If, however, the intention of the hymn is to express thankfulness for the mercy and grace which Jesus has bestowed, that idea could be expressed by changing the hymn so as to read,

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Granted through another year.

The weak sentimentality apparent in hymn 308, unfits it for the worship of the house of God. Some parts of this production are a good specimen of that puerility in composition which, in some quarters, is deposing the hymnic expression of a manly and vigorous Christianity.

The declarations of devotion in hymns 316, 317, 318, 335, 336, 353, 355 and 356, although fitted to certain conditions in the Christian life, are not such as would be adopted by ordinary Christians when engaged in public

worship. They are thoroughly subjective and are better adapted to exceptional situations consequent upon searching introspection than for general use. Of course some hymns of this nature must be accepted, but the number should not be made unnecessarily large and those least fervently subjective should be preferred.

The well known hymn beginning,

Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?

which is number 218 in the Hymnal now in use, has been omitted from the proposed hymnal. A hymn based on the same theme is, however, offered, in number 326 of the proposed hymnal, beginning,

Ashamed of Thee ! O dearest Lord.

Many, we know, will join with us in the wish that the former hymn be restored, whether hymn 326 is retained or omitted

Hymn 334 is deservedly liked, but we have often wished that the third stanza could be changed. Jewish children when weaned may have become "lowly" or "humble," but we well know that weaning does not affect Gentile children in this manner. We suggest as a substitute for the third stanza, the following :

Lowly as a little child,
Trusting to a mother's love,
By no subtleties beguiled,
From Thee let me never rove.

The repetition in the third and sixth lines in each of the eight stanzas of hymn 339, of the words

May Jesus Christ be praised !

becomes very wearisome in reading, and cannot but be wearisome and ineffective in singing.

Hymn 352 is in the nature of a soliloquy, excepting in the last stanza which is supplicatory in character. As a

poem it is effective and consolatory, but it is not appropriate for public worship.

The absence of lyrical character in hymn 358, renders its presence objectionable, and the peculiar collocation in the last two lines of the fifth stanza is another reason for its rejection. These lines are in this form,

Pray we, that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, *kept to us always.*

Hymns 362, 363, 364, 365, 387, 388 and 390 are bewildering rhapsodies, suggestive of the Moody and Sankey emanations, which may temporarily arouse the nervous and excitable, but which to the reflective reader will afford but little if any comfort, and cannot, by any possibility, elevate the service of public devotional song.

Hymn 368, in long metre, is engaged with the same theme that in hymn 450 is treated in common metre. Hymn 368 is not felicitous and should be omitted, while hymn 450 which is highly pleasing should be retained.

The Holy Ghost is addressed in hymn 400, as follows :

O Finger of the Hand divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine.

Mystical metaphor may serve a certain purpose in Rosicrucian literature, but we seriously object to its presence in Christian poetry and especially in what is recommended as appropriate for Christian song.

A singular commingling of positions is noticeable in hymn 412. It is said of "*martyred saints*" that, now

— *on the bosom of their God,*
They rest in perfect love.

Of those who are Christians, the statement is made,

Bright shall *the crown of glory* be
When we have borne the cross,

but in the closing stanza of the hymn a willingness for a humbler place is declared in the lines,

And let us *rest beneath Thy feet,*
Where *saints and angels live.*

The heavenly Jerusalem presents a fruitful theme for devotional poetry, and has not been neglected. Hymns 416, 417, 427 and 430, descriptive of that blessed abode, might prove acceptable were there not so many better hymns on the same topic. They are not required, however—hymns 423, 424, 425, 426, 428 and 429 having supplied, with lavish yet with direct and simple statement, all that the spiritualized imagination may conceive as composing the beauty and splendor of the golden city.

The difficulty which must necessarily be experienced in providing hymn 419 with a vehicle of song on which it may be readily borne by a worshipping assemblage, unfits it for a place in the hymnal of the future.

Hymn 420 is a good poem in the spirit of one of Macaulay's Lays of ancient Rome, but it is a poor hymn.

In hymn 421—the familiar lyric

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?

—we have an instance of a mediocre hymn that has woven itself into the hearts of the people through the music to which it is wedded. So pleasing is this music, with such a wild yet alluring swing does it make its appeal to the heart, that it would serve to float effectually a hymn of much less merit than that which it now adorns.

We have already stated that we do not favor the retention of hymn 336. We are of a similar opinion concerning hymn 436. They are both unsatisfactory versions in rhyme of the beautiful Psalm, the 23d. Better than either of these compositions is hymn 504, in the present Hymnal, beginning,

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,

and for what reason this hymn is omitted it is difficult to conceive. We strongly urge its restoration.

The Divine love is a theme precious and comforting to all Christians. And yet there are occasions, and they are by no means rare, when the evidences of that love are not clear to human cognition. Under such circumstances, many would derive comfort from the expression in song, of the words with which Tennyson introduces the life-drama, "In Memoriam :"

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul according well,
May make one music as before.

This lyric and other lyrics composed on a plan in which less attention is paid to the minute relation of incident and experience, and a wider scope given to the grandeur of Christianity, if introduced in our hymnals would tend to develop healthier sentiments and more correct ideas of the correlation of Christian thought and action.

Wearisome details, to which we have already referred as objectionable, appear in hymn 443 and place it in the list of the hymns which should be omitted.

Religious sentimentality should not be cultivated as a high development of the religious life, and its expression in song should be limited. So many hymns of this character appear in the proposed hymnal, that care should be taken by the thoughtful reviser to eliminate those of this nature that are the most pronounced. We should reject, as of this class, hymn 452.

Hymn 467 consists of four stanzas of four lines each, in common metre, and within this limited compass the word "power" is used four times, and the words "glory," "honor" and "worthy" three times each.

If the noble lyric 469, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," has a place in the hymnal that shall be adopted, and if hymn 460 be allowed there, there will be no necessity for retaining hymn 468 which is a poor imitation of hymn 460.

Among the hymns to which it will be difficult, if not impossible, to adapt appropriate music that can be readily learned and sung by a congregation of worshippers, are 481, 482, 510 and 531, and they should, for this reason, be omitted.

Elliptical expressions, especially in hymns, should be avoided. The opening of hymn 509 is defective in this particular :

What time the evening shadows fall
Around the Church on earth.

The word "what" is used with a like meaning in hymn 270 :

What time the tempests gather,
Light, love, peace, praise be here.

The rhapsodical character of hymn 516 is neither effective nor well designed. Can any one gain a definite idea of what is intended to be conveyed by this stanza ?

Hail, *blessed Jubilee* !
 Thine, Lord, the glory be :
 Alleluia !
 Thine was the mighty plan ;
 From Thee the work began ;
 Away with praise of man !
 Glory to God !

Then we are treated to these lines,

Onward shall be our course,
 Despite of *fraud or force* ;
 God is before.

We are at a loss to know the application of these lines in hymn 520 :

See the rivers four that gladden
 With their streams the better Eden
 Planted by our Lord most dear.

By the "rivers four," the gospels are doubtless intended, but if the writer is to be understood as declaring that this earth is "the better Eden," we cannot commend the comparison either as felicitous or correct.

Compositions 521 and 522 are not acceptable as hymns, but for different reasons. The first is a rhymed narrative, presumably based on the story of the transfiguration, and ending with an invocation. In the second, "walketh" is supposed to rhyme with "speaketh," and we are told that,

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,

while the general effect of the composition is not agreeable or of sufficient value to call for its retention.

It is difficult to imagine the reasons that led the compilers to insert in this volume the spasmodic effusion, beginning "Soon and forever" and numbered 535. It is simply and only an address to Christians in poetic form, conveying the information that in the hereafter which will begin soon and last forever, they will be with Christ, and drawing a comparison between the condi-

tions of the present and the rewards of the future. It is consolatory in thought, but contains a few, only, of the elements that are requisite for a hymn.

The last stanza of hymn 548 reads,

Bliss, all bliss excelling,
When the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Finds its promised goal ;
Where *in joys unheard of*
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

If this hymn is to be retained we should suggest a change in the above stanza, as follows :

Where, with voices blended,
Saints and angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Twelve litanies are presented in this volume, very full and of great length. The shortest contains four the longest twenty-three stanzas. Some of them are very artificial, and of this number is 557. Here the attempt is made to obtain a rhyme for the word "sake" in every stanza. As a result we are treated to lines such as these:

By the tears, whose loving kindness
From His human eyes *did brake*.

By the thorns, that mocking crowned Him,
By the bloody sweat that *brake*.

There are four litanies pertaining to the "Incarnate Life." Of these, 557 and 558 can well be omitted as they are very much inferior in expression to the other two. To speak frankly on this subject, we are at a loss to know for what occasions any of these supplicatory compositions are designed. "The Litany or General Supplication," which by the rubric is to be used after Morning Service, on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays,

is an all-embracing prayer, suited to the varying needs of the petitioner, and consecrated by the use of generations of Christian people. None of these twelve versified litanies are needed in any way for the complete service of the church, unless it may be hymn 562, which may be appropriate on Good Friday, for the very special service adopted by some churches on that day. The droning music that ordinarily accompanies compositions of this character, is apt to beget weariness and repulsion. A rhythmical litany, distinctively as such, has no place in any proper hymnody of the church. The hymns of the church should be, mainly, songs of devotional praise, and when any fast is of a nature so solemn as to call for a modification in the service of song, then the rhymic hymn may be omitted and the musical service limited as may best comport with the occasion.

The hymns for "Children's services and Sunday schools" are from 564 to 611, both numbers included. Hymns for such a purpose, that are puerile or beyond a child's comprehension, or that savor of sham, namby-pambyism, familiarity or cant, should not be allowed a place in such a selection. We know of no brief composition more difficult to write, than a hymn designed expressly for the use of children.

The form of a portion of stanza four of hymn 570 is too familiar, and would not tend to solemnize the thoughts of a child of the period. The stanza reads :

Glory to the blessed Jesus !
 He Who is our way
Went up in a cloud to heaven
 On Ascension day.

In hymn 579 is to be found a statement as to the Church on earth and the Church in heaven. They are called "two families of love," and the former is declared to be engaged "in battle sharp and sore," "against the devil and his might," while the latter "at rest, with war

hath done." Then follows a prayer. As a whole, this production is not suited for the use of children. It may be styled a metaphorically didactic composition in rhyme — not a hymn — and is out of place in a service for children or in a Sunday school.

The use of a word in a hymn in such wise, that the necessities of the metre will cause a wrong pronunciation of the word, should always be avoided. The accent in the word "magnify" is properly on the first syllable. In hymn 585, the necessities of the metre require the accent to be placed on the last syllable of this word, thereby causing it to be mispronounced. We cite one stanza of the hymn :

Day by day we magnify Thee,
When to Thee our hymns we raise ;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

There is a singular contradiction in statement, in hymn 591. In the first and third stanzas children, joining with the highest order of loving and intellectual intelligences—"cherubim and seraphim"—"exalt the incarnate Word;" shout "Hosanna!"; "raise the pealing hymn to David's Son and Lord"; praise the lavishness and vastness of His gifts as "Sovereign, Prophet, Priest"; and magnify him by declaring that His blood is their life, His word their feast, and His name their "only plea." All this wealth and sublimity of adoration is accompanied by this statement :

Hosanna ! Lord *our feeble tongue*
No lofty strains can raise ;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who *meekly chant* Thy praise.

In hymn 602, the only evidence of any kind apparent, that the hymn is intended for the use of children, is the word "children" in the first line :

Lord, Thy *children* guide and keep.

But by this word, so used, young persons are not necessarily intended, but rather those who are in spiritual relationship with the Father of all. The expressions which pervade the whole hymn show that none could employ the hymn intelligently, except those whose knowledge and experience are far beyond the ordinary knowledge and experience of youth.

The portion of the proposed hymnal devoted to "Parochial Missions," contains thirty-four hymns. Many of these should be omitted as too highly sensational and rhapsodical, or as too subjective. Hymns appropriate for parochial mission work can easily be found outside of compositions whose tendency is to furnish a temporary excitement to the feelings, only. The result of the constant use of such productions is to unfit the mind for that calm and thoughtful contemplation of things divine which is essential to the establishment of a strong, pure and well-poised character. Holding these views, we should counsel the rejection of hymns 612, 613, 616, 620, 621, 622, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 638, 639 and 644. In the case of hymn 625, not only is the composition amenable to all the faults which attach to a rhapsody of words, but the poetic and sensitive mind is shocked by the attempt which the hymn reveals of finding a rhyme for the word "Jesus," in "frees us," "precious," "diseases," "releases," "embraces," "breezes" and "praises." Hymn 636, also of the "Parochial Missions" class, could be, with much propriety, rejected. The doctrinal involutions which form its chief characteristics, are not acceptable to the reader and would not become any more acceptable when sung by an assemblage at a parochial mission meeting.

When one remembers the actions that have been brought in the courts, to stop the ringing of church-bells, on the ground of the annoyance caused thereby to persons who were ill, and remembers, also that, in several

instances, injunctions have been granted restraining such ringing, one reads with no little amusement the reference to the supposed effect of the sound of the church-bells on the sick, as set forth in hymn 651 :

Earth's rejoicings, bright and holy,
Shall be signed with joyful peal ;
And the music from the steeple
Shall our faith and love reveal.

*They who languish, sick and lonely,
Shall be minded, as they sigh,
Of the Church's one communion,
God's true home and family.*

Poems fraught with the themes of peace and consolation are enshrined in hymns 658 and 659, and the recital of these poems to or the perusal of them by the suffering, would doubtless aid and strengthen the suffering in bearing their afflictions with patience and resignation, but it would be difficult to adapt to these poems music, which would prove a vehicle for carrying the words in a graceful and sympathetic manner, either for private use or for public devotion. And if appropriate music were provided, these poems would not thereby become hymns. In number 658 is expressed a longing for the appearance of the Saviour, such a longing as might result from continued affliction or pain, and various reasons for this longing are given. Five of the six stanzas of number 659 begin with "Thou knowest," and these inform the Lord that he is cognizant of the many facts and circumstances thereafter narrated with more or less of detail. In neither of these productions is there to be found a sentiment of praise or adoration, except as worship must necessarily be implied as due to a being who is the supreme object of thought and who possesses a knowledge of all things.

In the Hymnal now in use, is to be found, at number 314, the hymn beginning,

When, streaming from the eastern skies.

It consists of eight stanzas, and has been regarded as acceptable, for many years. The compilers of the proposed hymnal have selected from it stanzas 3, 7 and 8, and have numbered these three stanzas as hymn 663. We know of no reason why the other five stanzas should have been rejected, and we hope they may be restored.

The first stanza of hymn 686 ends abruptly and leaves an unsatisfactory impression :

I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has *made me glad*.

The idea of tramp-life which is suggested by the close of this hymn is also objectionable :

And in that light of life I'll walk,
'Till travelling days are done.

A hymn, otherwise pleasing, is seriously impaired in the case of number 688, by a portion of the third stanza, which reads :

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb Who died,
And *count each sacred wound*
In hands and feet and side !

An arithmetical employment of this nature is hardly compatible with an exalted idea of heaven, or of the occupations in which its citizens are engaged. The effect which a statement like this produces upon the mind of any one who desires to engage in the worship of song is depressing, and the suggestions which are apt to arise consequent upon such a statement, are by no means in accord with religious exaltation or with the ideas of ordinary devotion.

In the "D. C. M." doxology, "divine" and "join" cannot form a correct rhyme, although the position of these two words is such as to lead to the conclusion that such a result is intended.

In comparing the proposed hymnal with the Hymnal

now in use, we have been impressed with the fact, that many hymns in the latter work that have woven themselves into the hearts of the people, and have become a part of their religious thought, are not to be found in the proposed hymnal. Why these hymns should have been omitted we do not know. We append a list of such of these omitted hymns as we think should be made a part of any hymnal that may be adopted, and we have no hesitation in expressing the confident belief that the great body of worshippers in the Episcopal church, will unite in the same opinion. In this list, the hymns referred to are distinguished by the first line of each hymn, the number of each such hymn being prefixed to each first line :

- 365. A glory gilds the sacred page.
- 156. Again the Lord of life and light.
- 471. Am.I a soldier of the Cross.
- 433. Angel bands, in strains sweet sounding.
- 101. Angels, roll the rock away.
- 242. Arm these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord.
- 473. Awake, our souls ! away our fears.
- 148. Awake, ye saints, awake.
- 364. Behold the morning sun.
- 26. Calm on the listening ear of night.
- 128. Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
- 401. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare.
- 462. Come, ye that love the Lord.
- 381. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.
- 167. Dismiss us with Thy blessing, Lord.
- 403. From every stormy wind that blows.
- 273. Go forth, ye heralds, in My Name.
- 194. God is our refuge in distress.
- 502. God moves in a mysterious way.
- 326. God of our fathers, by Whose hand.
- 469. God shall charge His angel legions.
- 144. Holy, Holy, Holy Lord.
- 398. How firm a foundation, ye saints.
- 152. In loud exalted strains.
- 22. It came upon the midnight clear.
- 218. Jesus, and shall it ever be.
- 497. Jerusalem ! high tower thy glorious walls.

- 108. Lift your glad voices in triumph.
- 115. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.
- 324. My God, how endless is Thy love.
- 57. My God, permit me not to be.
- 158. My opening eyes with rapture see.
- 64. My sins, my sins, my Saviour.
- 413. O bless the Lord, my soul.
- 301. O come, loud anthems let us sing.
- 435. O for a closer walk with God.
- 374. O could I speak the matchless worth.
- 498. O Lord, Thy mercy, my sure hope.
- 517. O Thou to Whom all creatures bow.
- 111. Once the angel started back.
- 305. Praise, O praise our God and King.
- 36. Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise.
- 59. Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep.
- 54. Sinners! turn, why will ye die.
- 150. Sweet is the work, my God, my King.
- 361. The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord.
- 504. The Lord my pasture shall prepare.
- 516. The Lord our God is clothed with might.
- 508. The spacious firmament on high.
- 384. The voice of free grace.
- 204. To Jesus, our exalted Lord.
- 143. We give immortal praise.
- 70. Weary of wandering from my God.
- 250. When gathering clouds around.
- 46. When marshall'd on the nightly plain.
- 314. When streaming from the eastern skies.
- 31. While with ceaseless course the sun.
- 427. With glory clad, with strength arrayed.
- 277. With one consent let all the earth.
- 290. Ye Christian heralds, go proclaim.

These comments are made and sent forth without reference to the views entertained by others respecting the judgment and taste evinced by the Committee on the Hymnal, in their preliminary report. The writer has been informed that much has been written concerning this report and that it has called forth both criticism and praise. Of what has thus appeared the writer has not read a line, barring a portion of an article of about two

columns in length that he found in a church paper, and this article was general in its scope, and made no allusion to any particular hymn recommended in the report. He does not know who are the authors of the hymns in the proposed work except in the case of a few of the hymns that have been long and favorably known. After reading the report with some attention, he found in it much to approve, but at the same time he became fully convinced that the dignity and beauty of the services of the church ought not to be lowered by introducing in its hymnology any specimens of mawkish sentimentality, incoherent rhapsody, or mysterious symbolism.

The Book of Common Prayer seems to him to be the most dignified, beautiful and complete manual of devotion that the world can show. Of it, Adam Clarke said: "It is, next to the Bible, the book of my understanding and my heart," and John Wesley declared, "I believe there is no liturgy in the world, which breathes more of a solid, Scriptural, rational piety than the Book of Common Prayer." In this marvellous volume, the writer finds expressed, in sublime yet glowing and sympathetic language, the majesty of the Father, the love of the Son and the in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit. He believes that the Book of Common Prayer and the Hymnal of the church should be companion volumes, and for this reason he deems it absolutely essential, that the Hymnal should present, as far as is possible, the same characteristics as the Book of Common Prayer, in simplicity of expression, in dignity of thought, in devotional spirit, in elevated worship and in fervent adoration. Should characteristics such as these pervade the Hymnal of the Church, their presence would preclude the possibility of the admission therein, of inflated sentences, commonplace statements, bewildering rhapsodies, a symbolism fatuous and deceptive or a sentimental mysticism. A Hymnal founded on the principles which are trans-

fused through the Book of Common Prayer would reflect the manliness of Christ, the beauty of a vigorous faith, the praise of the Maker of all things, the beneficence of God and the highest worship springing from a devotion real, visible and pronounced. In such a work, there would be no departure from the ideas of praise that, thus far, have kept the Episcopal church in the van of a Christianized civilization. No insidious ideas of a Romanizing tendency would be infused by means of a volume thus constituted, no lowering of the standard of a true Christianity would be suggested, no opportunity would be given for commingling the songs of Zion with the weak and puerile productions which, of late years, have been so effective in debasing Christian poetry to the level of love-sick ballads, and in introducing Christian music to the companionship of an irreverent minstrelsy.

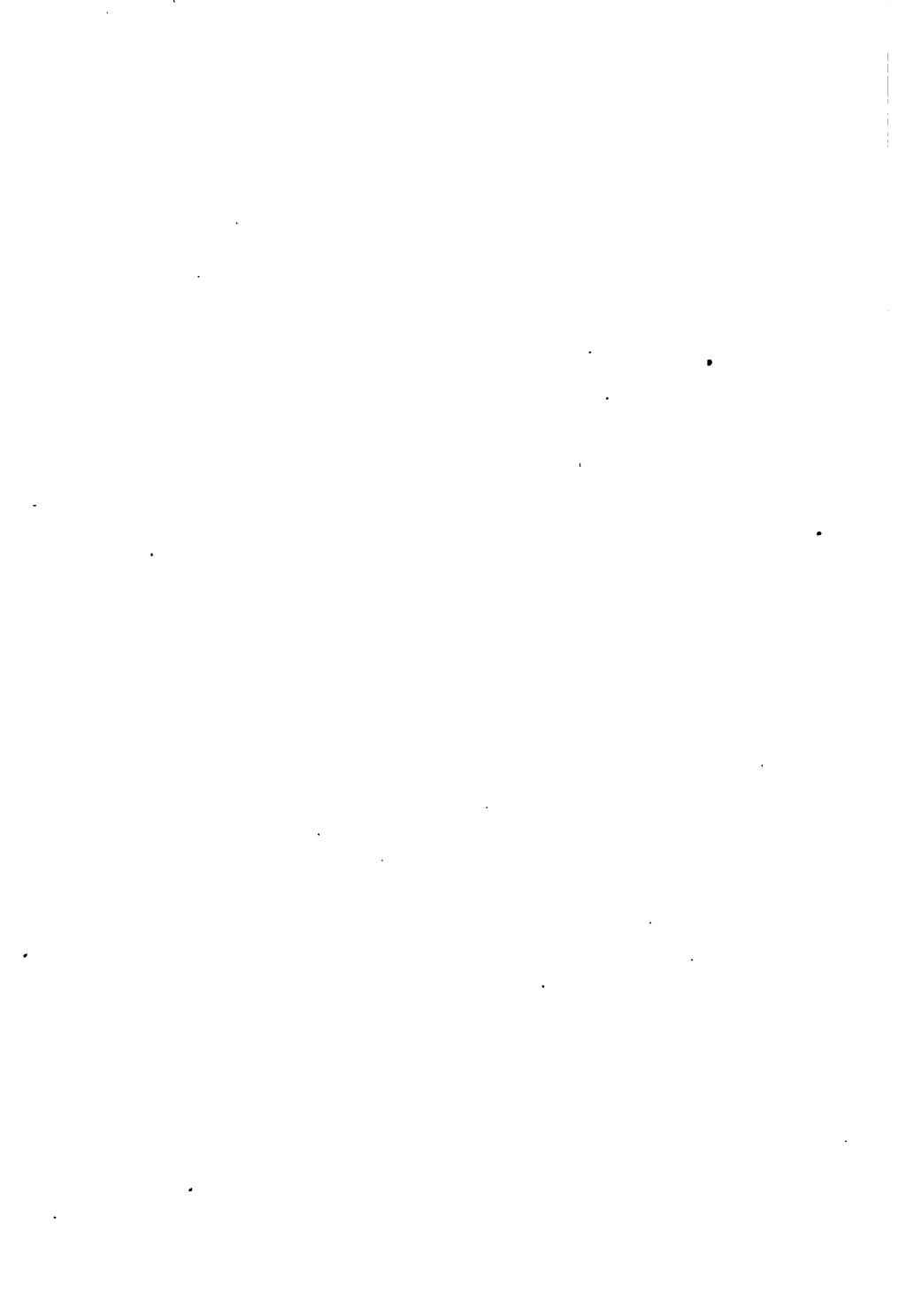
In our opinion the proposed hymnal should not be adopted. It seems to us that in forming the committee on the hymnal an error was made, in that no person was placed thereon, who, as a musical critic or composer, was competent to decide as to the lyrical character of the hymns suggested for the proposed volume. As the result of this omission, "The Hymnal, Revised and Enlarged," if adopted as it now stands, would contain many hymns to which tunes could not be adapted that would be becoming, and at the same time of a nature that would permit of their being learned and sung by a congregation. The present Hymnal, is in the main satisfactory, and we regard it as far more acceptable to the laity of the church than that with which it is proposed to supplant it.

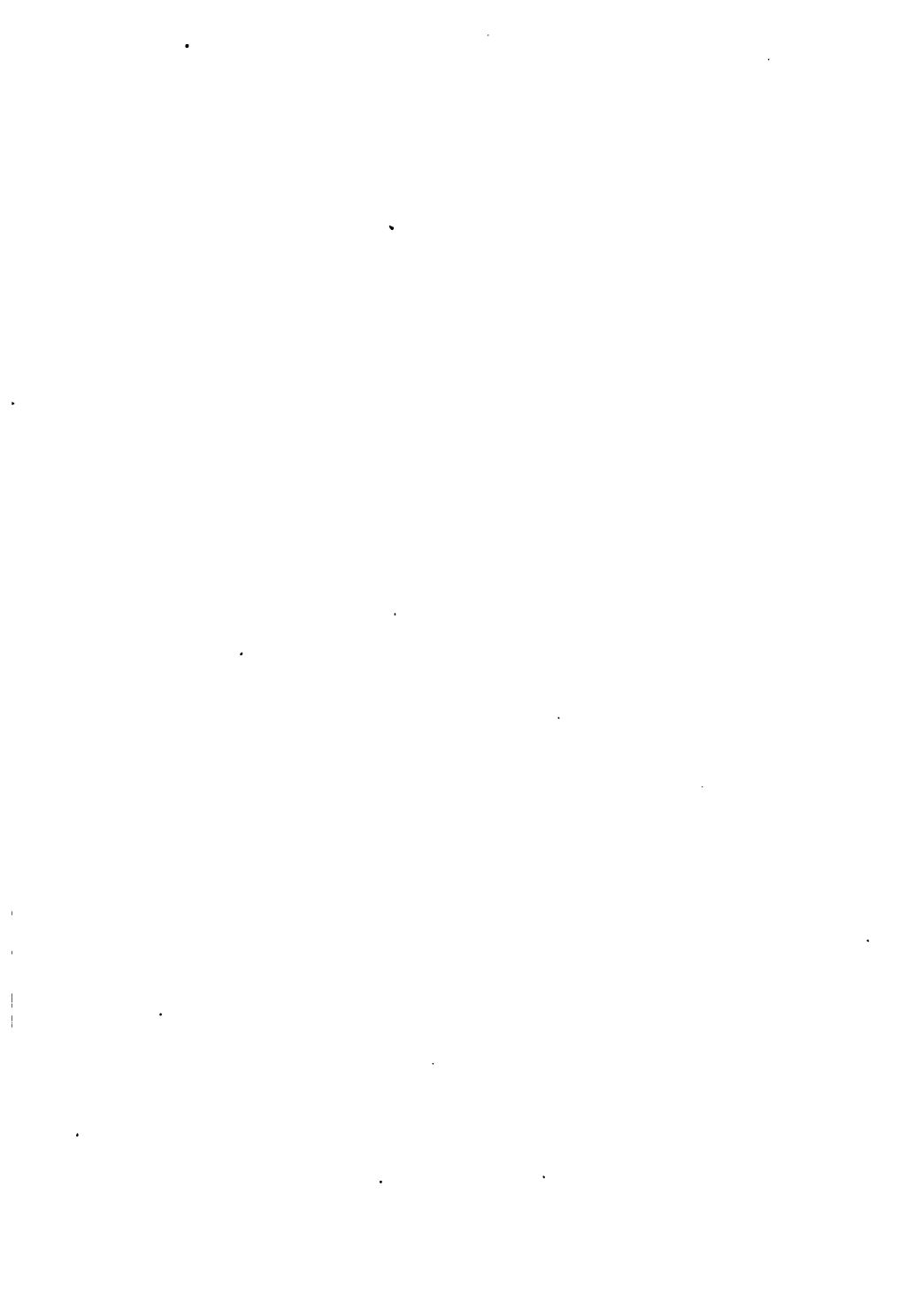
The cost of introducing a new hymnal is also a question that should be considered. We think that we make a low estimate when we state our belief that the expense to the churches will amount to at least a half a million of dollars in bringing a new hymnal into general use.

If, however, the combined wisdom, and piety and learning of the Convention that is soon to assemble should decree a new hymnal for the church, let not its use be obligatory. For nine years allow either the present Hymnal or such hymnal as may be adopted to be used, and thus save the poorer churches from a needless expenditure, and enable those churches whose condition is more prosperous to maintain their present ability to aid in sustaining worthy objects.

September 30, 1889.









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